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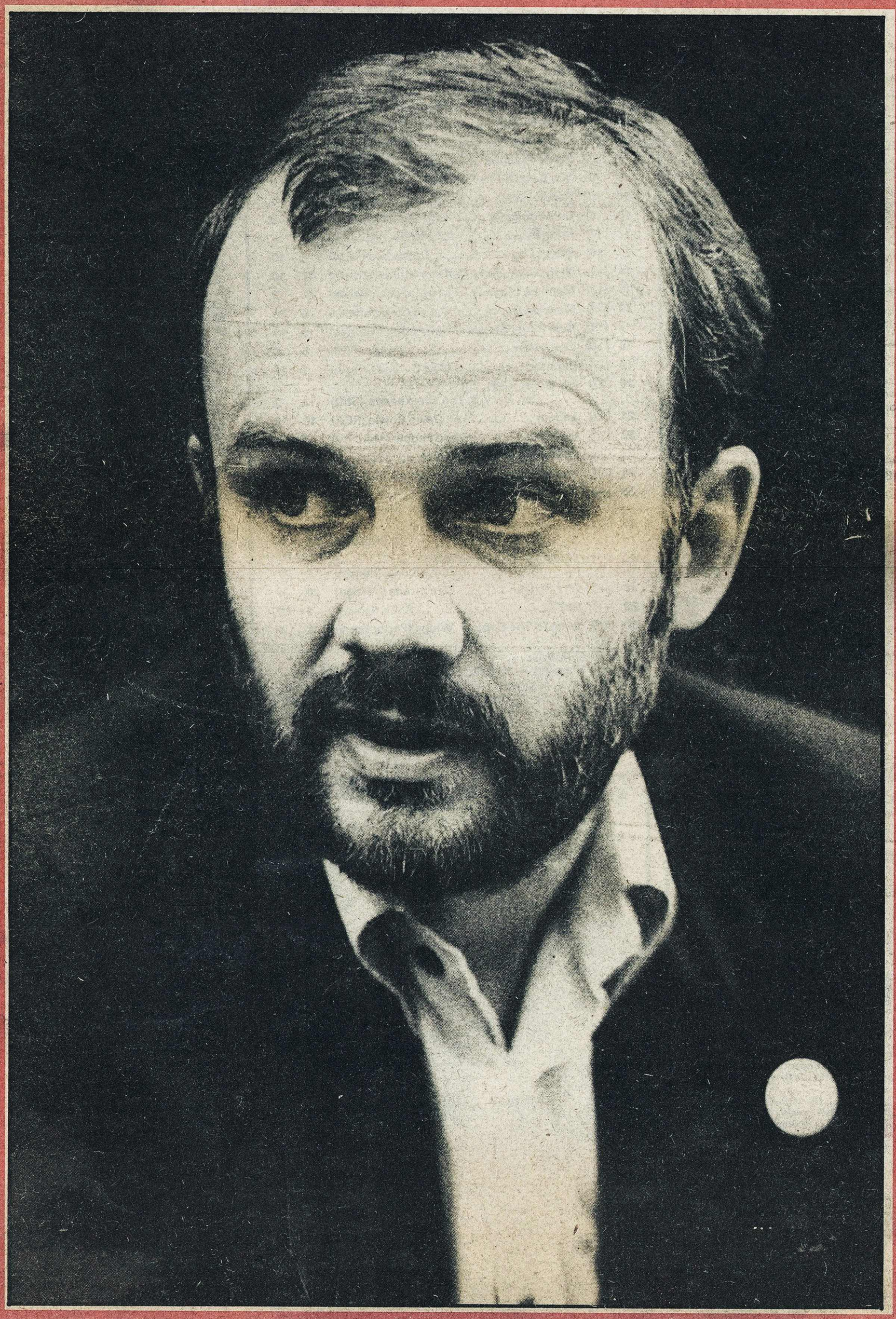
NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

Rats, Siouxsie, Ramones, Police, Nils, Buzzcocks

TOURIST INFORMATION P.3



Monty Smith impersonator John Peel poses for Pennie Smith

PEEL'S PERFUMED AIRWAVES

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

CHARTS

Week ending August 18, 1979

UK singles

This Week			Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(1)	**I Don't Like Mondays** Boomtown Rats (Ensign)	4	1
2	(7)	**We Don't Talk Anymore** Cliff Richard (EMI)	4	2
3	(21)	**Reasons To Be Cheerful** Ian Dury & The Blockheads (Stiff)	2	3
4	(2)	**Can't Stand Losing You** ..... Police (A&M)	5	2
5	(13)	**The Diary Of Horace Wimp** Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	3	5
6	(5)	**Angel Eyes/Voulez Vous** ..... Abba (Epic)	5	5
7	(17)	**Hersham Boys** ..... Sham 69 (Polydor)	2	7
8	(15)	**After The Love Has Gone** Earth Wind & Fire (CBS)	3	8
9	(4)	**Wanted** ..... Dooleys (GTO)	5	4
10	(6)	**Beat The Clock** ..... Sparks (Virgin)	3	6
11	(18)	**Duke Of Earl** ..... Darts (Magnet)	4	11
12	(19)	**Morning Dance** ..... Spyro Gyra (Infinity)	3	12
13	(23)	**Stay With Me Till Dawn** Judy Tzuke (Rocket)	3	13
14	(3)	**Girls Talk** ..... Dave Edmunds (Swan Song)	6	2
15	(—)	**Gangsters** ..... Specials (2 Tone)	1	15
16	(16)	**Good Times** ..... Chic (Atlantic)	6	5
17	(—)	**Ooh What A Life** ..... Gibson Bros (Island)	1	16
18	(—)	**Bang Bang** ..... B.A. Robertson (Asylum)	1	18
19	(8)	**My Sharona** ..... Knack (Capitol)	7	7
20	(12)	**Born To Be Alive** Patrick Hernandez (Gem/Aquarius)	6	11
21	(—)	**Angel Eyes** ..... Roxy Music (Polydor)	1	21
22	(11)	**If I Had You** ..... Korgis (Rialto)	5	11
23	(13)	**Breakfast In America** .. Supertramp (A&M)	6	8
24	(—)	**Gotta Go Home** Boney M (Atlantic/Hansa)	1	24
25	(—)	**Is She Really Going Out With Him** Joe Jackson (A&M)	1	25
26	(28)	**Just When I Needed You Most** Randy Vanwarmer (Island)	2	26
27	(—)	**Girls Girls Girls** ..... Kandidate (RAK)	1	27
28	(20)	**Bad Girls** ..... Donna Summer (Casablanca)	6	14
29	(—)	**Teenage Warning** Angelic Upstarts (Warner Bros)	1	29
30	(24)	**Sweet Little Rock N Roller** Showaddywaddy (Arista)	2	24

UP AND COMING: Rock Lobster — B-52s (Island); **Lost In Music** — Sister Sledge (Atlantic); **Money** — Flying Lizards (Virgin); **Rock Around The Clock** — Telex (Sire); **Gone Gone Gone** — Johnny Mathis (CBS); **Conscious Man** — Jolly Brothers (United Artists).

UK albums

This Week			Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(1)	**Best Disco Album In The World** Various (WEA)	6	1
2	(3)	**Discovery** ..... Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	11	1
3	(2)	**Replicas** Tubeway Army (Beggars Banquet)	9	1
4	(4)	**I Am** ..... Earth Wind & Fire (CBS)	10	2
4	(5)	**Breakfast In America** Supertramp (A & M)	21	2
6	(6)	**Voulez Vous** ..... Abba (Epic)	15	1
7	(11)	**Outlandos D'Amour** ..... Police (A & M)	14	7
8	(20)	**Some Product** ..... Sex Pistols (Virgin)	3	8
9	(10)	**The Best Of The Dooleys** ..... (GTO)	5	9
10	(8)	**Parallel Lines** ..... Blondie (Chrysalis)	44	1
11	(9)	**Communique** ..... Dire Straits (Vertigo)	10	3
12	(7)	**Bridges** ..... John Williams (Lotus)	7	4
13	(16)	**Street Life** ..... Crusaders (MCA)	4	13
14	(17)	**Night Owl** .. Gerry Rafferty (United Artists)	10	10
15	(13)	**Manilow Magic** ..... Barry Manilow (Arista)	22	2
16	(18)	**Morning Dance** ..... Spyro Gyra (Infinity)	5	16
17	(19)	**Rust Never Sleeps** ... Neil Young (Reprise)	5	14
18	(14)	**Live Killers** ..... Queen (EMI)	6	6
19	(—)	**Exposed** ..... Mike Oldfied (Virgin)	1	19
20	(27)	**Do It Yourself** Ian Dury & The Blockheads (Stiff)	13	2
21	(12)	**Lodger** ..... David Bowie (RCA)	10	6
22	(26)	**Go West** ..... Village People (Mercury)	7	21
23	(22)	**20 Golden Greats** ..... Beach Boys (Capitol)	3	22
24	(30)	**Manifesto** ..... Roxy Music (Polydor)	21	4
25	(—)	**Out Of The Blue** Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	4	3
26	(23)	**The Very Best Of Leo Sayer** (Chrysalis)	19	1
27	(—)	**Welcome To The Cruise** Judy Tzuke (Rocket)	1	27
28	(—)	**Dire Straits** ..... Dire Straits (Vertigo)	20	4
29	(—)	**B52's** ..... B52's (Island)	1	29
30	(15)	**Back To The Egg** ..... Wings (Parlophone)	8	4

UP AND COMING:
Teenage Warning — Angelic Upstarts (Warners); **Risque** — Chic (Atlantic); **Highway To Hell** — AC/DC (Atlantic); **Bop Till You Drop** — Ry Cooder; **The Singles Album** — Eddie Cochran (United Artists); **Midnight Magic** — Commodores (Motown).

US singles

U.S. SINGLES

This Week			
1	(3)	**My Sharona**	The Knack
2	(1)	**Good Times**	Chic
3	(2)	**Bad Girls**	Donna Summer
4	(7)	**The Main Event/Fight**	Barbra Streisand
5	(5)	**When You're In Love With A Beautiful Woman**	Dr Hook
6	(4)	**Ring My Bell**	Anita Ward
7	(12)	**The Devil Went Down To Georgia**	Charlie Daniels Band
8	(6)	**Gold**	John Stewart
9	(13)	**After The Love Is Gone**	Earth Wind & Fire
10	(11)	**Mama Can't Buy You Love**	Elton John
11	(15)	**Lead Me On**	Maxine Nightingale
12	(10)	**You Can't Change That**	Raydio
13	(8)	**I Was Made For Lovin' You**	Kiss
14	(16)	**Sad Eyes**	Robert John
15	(28)	**Don't Bring Me Down**	Electric Light Orchestra
16	(9)	**I Want You To Want Me**	Cheap Trick
17	(20)	**Let's Go**	The Cars
18	(27)	**Lonesome Loser**	Little River Band
19	(26)	**I'll Never Love This Way Again**	Dionne Warwick
20	(23)	**Goodbye Stranger**	Supertramp
21	(22)	**Is She Really Going Out With Him**	Joe Jackson
22	(24)	**Suspicions**	Eddie Rabbitt
23	(14)	**Makin' It**	David Naughton
24	(18)	**Ain't No Stoppin' Us Now**	McFadden & Whitehead
25	(17)	**Boogie Wonderland**	Earth Wind & Fire
26	(21)	**Chuck E's In Love**	Rickie Lee Jones
27	(29)	**Morning Dance**	Spyro Gyra
28	(25)	**Do It Or Die**	Atlanta Rhythm Section
29	(—)	**Heaven Must Have Sent You**	Bonnie Pointer
30	(—)	**Bad Case Of Loving You**	Robert Palmer

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

US albums

This Week			
1	(1)	**Get The Knack**	The Knack
2	(2)	**Bad Girls**	Donna Summer
3	(3)	**Candy O**	The Cars
4	(4)	**Breakfast In America**	Supertramp
5	(6)	**I Am**	Earth Wind & Fire
6	(8)	**Discovery**	Electric Light Orchestra
7	(7)	**Teddy**	Teddy Pendergrass
8	(5)	**Cheap Trick At The Budokan**	
9	(11)	**Million Mile Reflections**	Charlie Daniels Band
10	(10)	**The Kids Are Alright**	The Who
11	(16)	**Rust Never Sleeps**	Neil Young
12	(9)	**Back To The Egg**	Wings
13	(13)	**Live Killers**	Queen
14	(12)	**Rickie Lee Jones**	
15	(20)	**Reality — What A Concept**	Robin Williams
16	(14)	**Dynasty**	Kiss
17	(17)	**Bombs Away Dream Babies**	John Stewart
18	(18)	**The Gambler**	Kenny Rogers
19	(19)	**Mingus**	Joni Mitchell
20	(15)	**Communique**	Dire Straits
21	(21)	**Desolation Angels**	Bad Company
22	(24)	**The Main Event**	Original Soundtrack
23	(25)	**The Boss**	Diana Ross
24	(22)	**Van Halen II**	Van Halen
25	(26)	**Streetlife**	Crusaders
26	(30)	**Low Budget**	The Kinks
27	(23)	**Monolith**	Kansas
28	(29)	**Voulez-Vous**	Abba
29	(—)	**Secrets**	Robert Palmer
30	(—)	**First Under The Wire**	Little River Band

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

years 5 ago

Week ending August 13, 1974

1 When Will I See You Again ..... Three Degrees (Philadelphia)
2 Rock Your Baby ..... George McCrae (Jay Boy)
3 You Make Me Feel Brand New ..... Stylistics (Avco)
4 Summerlove Sensation ..... Bay City Rollers (Bell)
5 Rocket ..... Mud (Rak)
6 Rock The Boat ..... Hues Corporation (RCA)
7 Band On The Run ..... Wings (Apple)
8 What Becomes Of The Broken Hearted Jimmy Ruffin (Tamla Motown)
9 Amateur Hour ..... Sparks (Island)
10 Born With A Smile On My Face Stephanie De Sykes/Rain (Bradleys)

10

Week ending August 13, 1969

1 Honky Tonk Women ..... Rolling Stones (Decca)
2 Saved By The Bell ..... Robin Gibb (Polydor)
3 My Cherie Amour ..... Stevie Wonder (Tamla Motown)
4 Give Peace A Chance ..... Plastic Ono Band (Apple)
5 Make Me An Island ..... Joe Dolan (Pye)
6 Goodnight Midnight ..... Clodagh Rodgers (RCA)
7 In The Ghetto ..... Elvis Presley (Elvis Presley)
8 Conversations ..... Cilla Black (Parlophone)
9 Early In The Morning ..... Vanity Fare (Page One)
10 I Can Sing A Rainbow/Love Is Blue ..... Dells (Chess)

15

Week ending August 13, 1964

1 Do Wah Diddy Diddy ..... Manfred Mann (HMV)
2 A Hard Day's Night ..... Beatles (Parlophone)
3 It's All Over Now ..... Rolling Stones (Decca)
4 Call Up The Groups ..... Barron Knights (Columbia)
5 I Just Don't Know What To Do With Myself Dusty Springfield (Philips)
6 Tobacco Road ..... Nashville Teens (Decca)
7 Have I The Right ..... Honeycombs (Pye)
8 On The Beach ..... Cliff Richard (Columbia)
9 I Won't Forget You ..... Jim Reeves (RCA)
10 I Get Around ..... Beach Boys (Capitol)

Gangsters on the nation's airwaves in '79. Specials' Roddy Radiation (demonstrating trilby chic) snarls in two tone one time to prove it.

disco

1 Ooh! What A Life ..... Gibson Brothers (Island)
2 Morning Dance ..... Spyro Gyra (Infinity)
3 Bad Girls ..... Donna Summer (Casablanca)
4 I'm A Sucker For Your Love ..... Teena Marie (Motown)
5 The Boss ..... Diana Ross (Motown)
6 Silly Games ..... Janet Kay (Scope)
7 After The Love Has Gone ..... Earth, Wind And Fire (CBS)
8 Groovin' You ..... Harvey Mason (Arista)
9 Get Another Love ..... Chantal Curtis (Pye)
10 Space Bass ..... Slick (Fantasy)
11 Night Dancin' ..... Taka Boom (Ariola)
12 First Time Around ..... Skyy (Salsoul)
13 Dance With You ..... Carrie Lucas (Solar)
14 Let's Dance ..... Bombers (Flamingo)
15 Midnight Groovin' ..... Light of the World (Ensign)

Chart supplied by Powerhouse Disco. Tel. 01-368 9852

reggae

1 Nice Up The Dance . Papa Michigan and General Smilie (Studio 1).
2 Tune In ..... Gregory Isaacs (African Museum)
3 In The Right Way ..... Rod Taylor (Freedom)
4 Hypocrite ..... Bob Marley (Tough Gong)
5 Wood For My Fire ..... Black Uhuro (DEB)
6 Hog and Goat ..... Trinity (Belmont)
7 Homeward Bound ..... Freddie McGregor (Studio 1)
8 Pass The Chalice ..... Ranking Trevor (Wild Flower)
9 Sugar and Spice ..... Carlton and the Shoes (DEB)
10 Ambush ..... Bob Marley (Tough Gong)

Chart supplied by: Greensleeves Record Shop — 44 Uxbridge Road, Shepherds Bush, London W.12.

NEWS

TOUR MADNESS!

Edited by FRED DELLAR

Rats, Siouxsie, Ramones, Buzzcocks, Nils, Police

Bob Rat and Pets Of The Month.

Rats snub Swanage!

WITH 'I DON'T Like Mondays' still heading the *NME* charts for the third successive week, The Boomtown Rats have announced a massive British tour, including three dates at London's Hammersmith Odeon.

Currently in Hilversum, Holland, where they are recording a new album with Mutt Lange, the Rats fly back during September to appear at the following venues: Liverpool Empire (September 27 and 28), Manchester Apollo (29 and 30), Newcastle City Hall (October 2 and 3), Edinburgh Odeon (5), Dundee Caird Hall (6), Aberdeen Capitol (8 and 9), Glasgow Apollo (10 and 11), Preston Guildhall (14), Stoke Trentham Gardens (15), Leicester Granby Hall (16), Sheffield City Hall (17), Birmingham Odeon (19 and 20), Oxford New Theatre (23), London Hammersmith Odeon (25, 26 and 27), Brighton Conference Centre (28), Cardiff Sofia Gardens (30 and 31), plus an unconfirmed date at Bristol Colston Hall.

Tickets for all venues are priced at £3.00, £2.50 and £2.00 except for Stoke, Leicester and Cardiff, where admission will be one price only — £3.00. Bookings can be made at the Manchester, Liverpool, Oxford, Cardiff, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Stoke and Hammersmith box-offices from August 18 onwards. Tickets will be available at Dundee on August 25, while all other venues will accept bookings from September 3. Postal applications are available everywhere.

The Rats' follow-up to 'I Don't Like Mondays' will be released by Phonogram in late September.

Buzzcocks nix Hyde Park but set UK tour

DESPITE LAST minute attempts to salvage the gig, Buzzcocks' projected Hyde Park concert has been called off.

Most of the blame is laid at the feet of the record companies who failed to offer any support. The Buzzcocks management, facing an estimated bill of £20,000 for setting up the concert, had hoped that several record companies would guarantee the bulk of these costs, taking advantage of the promotional value of the gig which could have provided their acts with a huge audience. But in face of The Who's Wembley concert, all these companies pulled out, leaving Buzzcocks, Asgard Agency (the show's licence holders) and UA Records with the problem of coming up with the £20,000 or cancelling the show.

With this debacle out of the way, Buzzcocks are now set to embark on an autumn tour to promote their latest album, 'A Different Kind Of Tension', which is to be released by Liberty-United on September 14. Dates are: Liverpool Mountford Hall (October 2), Leeds University (3), Newcastle City Hall (4), Glasgow Apollo (5), Edinburgh Odeon (6), Aberdeen Capitol (7), Dundee Caird Hall (8), Belfast Ulster Hall (10), Portrush Kelly's (11), Cork City Hall (13), Sheffield Top Rank (21), Derby Assembly Rooms (22), Blackburn St George's Hall (23), Birmingham Odeon (24), Bradford King George's Hall (25), Manchester Apollo (27 and 28), Leicester De Montfort Hall (29), Oxford New Theatre (30), Guildford Civic Hall (November 1), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (2), Cardiff Sofia Gardens (3), Bristol Colston Hall (4), Hemel Hempstead Pavilion (5), West Runton Pavilion (7) and London Rainbow (9 and 10). Tickets for all venues go on sale this Friday (17).

"Lizzy may not play Reading"

NME 4/8/79

Now they pull out—officially

AS EXCLUSIVELY predicted two weeks ago in *NME*, Thin Lizzy have been forced to pull out of the Reading Festival.

Though denials followed *NME's* story, last Friday both the Festival organisers and Lizzy's management issued statements. The latter's read:

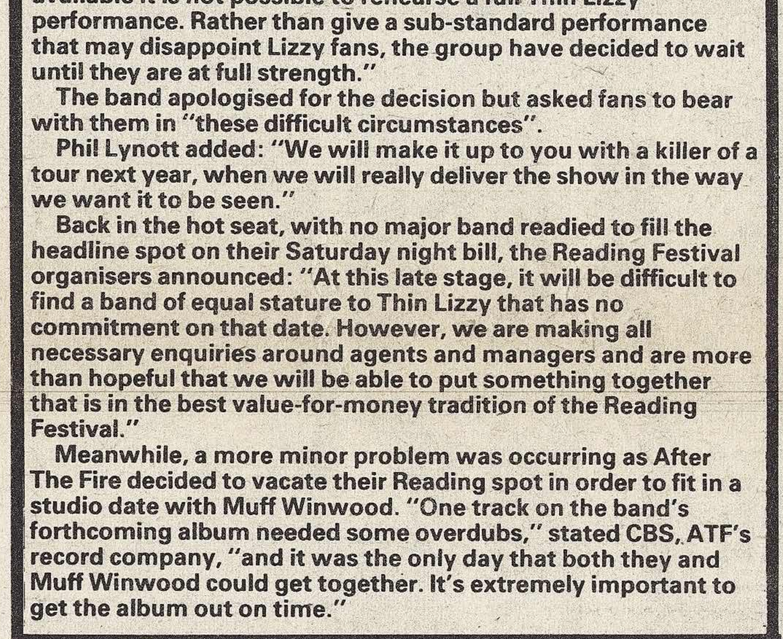
"Thin Lizzy feel that they cannot give a 100% performance unless they are playing at full strength. Midge Ure stood in as a temporary guitarist at the end of Lizzy's U.S. tour and during this period the band were only playing a 45-minute set. They have not found a permanent replacement and in the time available it is not possible to rehearse a full Thin Lizzy performance. Rather than give a sub-standard performance that may disappoint Lizzy fans, the group have decided to wait until they are at full strength."

The band apologised for the decision but asked fans to bear with them in "these difficult circumstances".

Phil Lynott added: "We will make it up to you with a killer of a tour next year, when we will really deliver the show in the way we want it to be seen."

Back in the hot seat, with no major band readied to fill the headline spot on their Saturday night bill, the Reading Festival organisers announced: "At this late stage, it will be difficult to find a band of equal stature to Thin Lizzy that has no commitment on that date. However, we are making all necessary enquiries around agents and managers and are more than hopeful that we will be able to put something together that is in the best value-for-money tradition of the Reading Festival."

Meanwhile, a more minor problem was occurring as After The Fire decided to vacate their Reading spot in order to fit in a studio date with Muff Winwood. "One track on the band's forthcoming album needed some overdubs," stated CBS, ATF's record company, "and it was the only day that both they and Muff Winwood could get together. It's extremely important to get the album out on time."



Brudders Dee Dee and Johnny

Ramonerama starts here

THE RAMONES, already due to play at the Reading Festival on August 26, have confirmed a full British tour that concludes with a London Rainbow concert on September 19.

Tour dates are as follows: Portsmouth Guildhall (August 25), Reading Festival (26), Poole Arts Centre (28), Carlisle Music Hall (September 1), Belfast Ulster Hall (3), Dublin Olympic Ballroom (4), Aylesbury Friars (8), Bristol Locarno (9), Leicester De Montfort Hall (10), Blackburn St. George's Hall (12), Glasgow Apollo (13), Manchester Apollo (14), Liverpool Empire (15), Sheffield Top Rank (17), Birmingham Odeon (18) and London Rainbow (19). Tickets for the London date are priced at £3.50, £3.00 and £2.50.

Sire Records this week release a three-track Ramones single, 'Rock And Roll High School' / 'Rockaway Beach' / 'Sheena Is A Punk Rocker,' and plans are underway for U.K. screenings of the *Rock And Roll High School* movie, in which The Ramones appear.

Siouxsie sez yes to Britain.

Siouxsie: Q here

SIOUXSIE AND The Banshees are set to tour, with warm-up dates at Bournemouth Stateside Theatre on August 29 and Aylesbury Friars on August 30.

Their official itinerary gets underway at Belfast Ulster Hall on September 5, followed by Aberdeen Capitol Theatre (7), Glasgow Apollo (8), Dunfermline Kinnema (9), Bradford St. George's Hall (12), Oxford New Theatre (14), Leicester De Montford Hall (18), Birmingham Odeon (19), Manchester Apollo (21), Malvern Winter Garden (22), Bristol Hippodrome (23), Cardiff Sophia Gardens (25), Taunton Odeon (27), Southampton Gaumont (28), Hemel Hempstead Pavilion (29), Nottingham University (October 1), Newcastle Polytechnic (3), Hull City Hall (8), Ipswich Gaumont (9), Brighton Conference Centre (10), Chelmsford Odeon (11), Lewisham Odeon (13) and London Hammersmith Odeon (15).

Support band throughout will be The Cure, though a second guest will be added at some venues. The tour is the first of four major jaunts planned for Siouxsie, with dates in America, Japan and Australia now being organised.

Police whistle stop

THE POLICE have insisted that ticket prices should be pegged at £2.00 in advance (£2.50 on the door) for their September tour, which is confirmed to play Derby Assembly Rooms (10), Blackburn King George's Hall (11), Birmingham Odeon (13), Southampton Gaumont (14), Oxford New Theatre (15), Leicester De Montford Hall (16), Swansea Top Rank (18) and Cardiff Top Rank (19) with other dates to be added. The only exception to the one price rule is at Birmignahm Odeon, where seats range from £2.60 to £1.00. Supporting on all dates are Wazmonariz.

The Police headline the first night of the Reading Festival on August 24, and after completing their British tour, head for the U.S. where they are booked for an eight-week long tally of gigs. A new single 'Message In A Bottle' will be out in mid-September, while the band's next album has reached mixing stage.

Nils on wheels

NILS LOFGREN, who kicks off the Who Wembley gig this Saturday, returns to Britain in September for a 15-venue tour.

The tour commences at Portsmouth Guildhall on September 3 and then moves on to: Leicester De Montfort Hall (4), Wolverhampton Civic Hall (5), Oxford New Theatre (6), Sheffield City Hall (7), Manchester Apollo (10), Edinburgh Usher Hall (11), Glasgow Apollo (12), Liverpool Empire (13), London Rainbow (14), Bristol Colston Hall (16), Brighton Dome (17), Ipswich Gaumont (18), Newcastle City Hall (19) and Birmingham Odeon (20).

The Lofgren tour band is formed by Nils Lofgren (guitar, vocals), Tom Lofgren (guitar), Wornell Jones (bass), Michael Zach (drums) and Tommy Thomas (keyboards), while the support band throughout will be Live Wire, an A&M signing who have a Glyn Johns-produced album out shortly.

STUDENTS

SEE PAGES 49, 50 & 51

for details of Higher Education Courses.

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WEMBLEY — THE WHO, WHAT, WHEN, WHERE AND THE STRANGLERS

PROMOTER HARVEY Goldsmith, revealing final details of The Who's Wembley Stadium concert which takes place this Saturday (18), claimed that he had come up with a special beat-the-touts plan.

Approximately 1,000 tickets for the show will be offered for sale on the day, from 10 a.m. onwards. These will be priced at £8.50 and anyone wishing to purchase them should head for turnstile F.

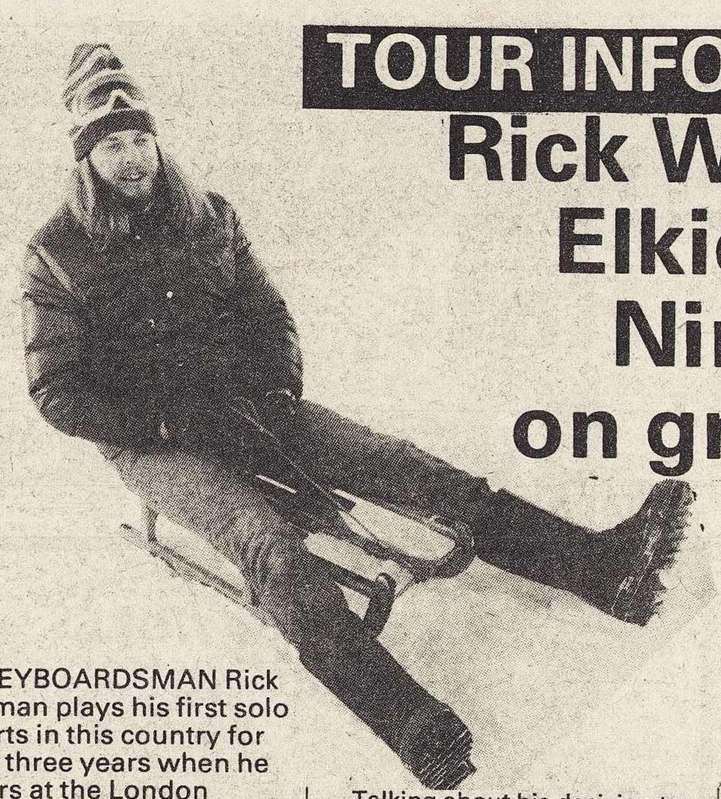
Doors open at 2 p.m. and opener Nils Lofgren appears onstage at 3.30, to be followed, in running order, by AC/DC, The Stranglers and The Who. Goldsmith claims there will be no lengthy delays and that The Who will appear onstage promptly at 8 p.m., thus enabling everyone to hear their two-hour set without worrying about the last bus or train home.

For those travelling by car, there will be ample parking facilities opposite the ground, while those coming by train can reach the Stadium by Underground (to Wembley Park or Wembley Central) or by British Rail from Euston (to Wembley Central) or Marylebone (to Wembley Complex). Bus routes 83, 92 and 182 go directly to Wembley Stadium, while routes 18, 279 and 245 pass nearby. Extra buses and trains will be laid on to coincide the end of the concert at 10 p.m.

The Who: Entwistle, Jones, Daltrey, Townshend.

TOUR INFORMATION

Rick Wakeman, Elkie Brooks, Nina Hagen on green light



YES KEYBOARDSMAN Rick Wakeman plays his first solo concerts in this country for nearly three years when he appears at the London Venue on August 20, 21 and 22.

Wakeman will be leading a five-piece unit comprising Frank Gibson (drums), Bruce Lynch (bass), Reg Brooks (sax and horn), Dave Caswell (trumpet) plus Ashley Holt (vocals), and plays one show on August 20, followed by two shows (8.30 and 11.15 pm) on the other dates.

Talking about his decision to tackle solo gigs once more, Wakeman said: "We played a concert in Montreux on July 19, which went down so well that it gave us all the feeling we wanted to do it again, just for the sheer joy of playing. We also felt that these small contact gigs would be the best way of expressing our enthusiasm."

Tickets for all shows are priced at £4.50.

NINA HAGEN, described in *NME* as "a cross between Johnny Rotten, Maria Callas and Bette Midler", flies to Britain for a one-off date at the London Lyceum on Sunday, September 9. Tickets for the show are now on sale, price £3.00.

Nina Hagen

ELKIE BROOKS returns from the States this month after recording an album with producers Leiber and Stoller, and commences her first British tour in over a year.

Claiming that this time "the music will be much rockier", Elkie gives her first concert at Hull New Theatre on August 30 and then appears at Southampton Gaumont (September 1), Birmingham Odeon (4), Manchester Apollo (5), Coventry Theatre (6), London Dominion (8, 9, 10 and 11), Leicester De Montfort Hall (14), Eastbourne Congreve (15), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (17), Wolverhampton Civic (18), Southport New Theatre (19), Glasgow Apollo (21), Edinburgh Usher Hall (22), Newcastle City Hall (23), Sheffield City Hall (25), Bradford St George's (26), Ipswich Gaumont (27), Oxford New (28) and Bristol Colston (29).

Tickets for the London show are set at £6.50, £5.50 and £4.50 and go on sale August 25, although postal applications are already being accepted. Cheques and postal orders should be made payable to Rank Leisure and accompanied by a S.A.E.

The new album, as yet untitled, plus a new single, will be released by A&M during the latter half of September.

'Nothing but the blues and nothing but the best ....Absolutely the boss' NME

B.B. KING

TAKE IT HOME

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Shake make the break

SHAKE, the band formed by ex-Rezillos Jo Callis, Simon Templar and Angel Patterson, play the Derry Festival on August 24 and then commence a series of club dates which include London Nashville Rooms (August 27), Shrewsbury Cascade (29), Sheffield Limit (30), East Retford Porterhouse (31), Middlesbrough Rock Garden (September 1), London Marquee (4), Newport Stowaway (5), Leeds Fan Club (6), Manchester Factory (7), Liverpool Eric's (8), London Nashville (10), London Marquee (17), Dunoon Queens Hall (20), and Stirling University (24). A four-track 10" EP by Shake has just been issued on Sire.

● **TOYAH,** who's appeared on-screen in *Quadrophenia* and *Jubilee,* plays a series of dates this month in support of her 'Sheep Farming In Barnet' single. The tour kicks off at Newport Village on August 10, further dates being: Birmingham Barbarella's (11), London Marquee (12), Sheffield Limit (16), London Music Machine (17), Liverpool Eric's (23), London Nashville (25), Manchester Factory (September 6), Burton-on-Trent 76 Club (7), Nottingham Sandpiper (8), and Jacksdale Grey Topper (9). Further dates are to be added.

Phil Rambow makes another comeback

Rambow returns

ONE-TIME Winkies leader Philip Rambow is set to play his 'Out Of The Dumper' tour at 12 British clubs and pubs during September. His date sheet commences at Norwich Boogie House on September 11, after which he plays High Wycombe Nag's Head (12), Leeds F Club (13), Dudley JB's (14), Birmingham Barbarellas (15), London Jope and Anchor (17 and 18), Chesterfield Fusion Club (20), Nottingham Sandpiper (21), London Nashville (24 and 25), London Marquee (26), Liverpool Eric's (27) and Sheffield Limit Club (28). Canuck singer-songwriter Rambow recently had a single "Fallen' released on EMI.

NEWS BRIEFS

BUDGIE called *NME* in high dudgeon *(near High Wycombe — Ed.)* following a report in a rival paper that the heavy-metal trio had disbanded. In fact they have just returned from Texas, where they've been working for several months, and are currently lining up a deal with a major record company. The band — now comprised of Burke Shelley (bass and vocals), Rob Kendrick (guitar and vocals) and Steve Williams (drums), appear at London's Music Machine tonight (16) and Birmingham's Barbarella's tomorrow (17), followed by these dates in September — Newcastle Mayfair (7), Retford Porterhouse (8), West Runton Pavilion (14), Northampton Cricket Club (15), St Albans Civic Hall (22) and Slough College (29).

AL GREEN is to play an extra show at the London Venue on Sunday, August 18, the performance commencing at 6 pm.

THE ONLY ONES headline at London's Lyceum on September 2 before commencing a five week U.S. tour. Support bands have yet to be named.

CLASSIX NOUVEAUX, the band formed from the remnants of X-Ray Spex, play their first gig on Thursday August 23 when they headline at the Music Machine.

THE UNTOUCHABLES, a band of unimpeachable pedigree, are currently lining up dates for September. The band features Skid Marx (ex-Blast Furnace — vocals, harmonica and sax), Lucas Fox (formerly drummer with Motorhead), Stevie Lewins (once bassist with Solid Senders) and Andy Eastwood (guitarist and another BF hero).

GENERATION X who are currently recording their third album, play a one-off gig at the Palace Lido, Douglas, Isle of Man, on August 19. Tickets are £2.50 and any info regarding ferries from Liverpool to the I.o.M. can be obtained from the I.o.M. Steamship Packet Company (051-236 3214).

BLOCKHEAD BUSTER CHAZ!!

IN AN exclusive *NME* interview Chaz Jankel, keyboardist/ guitarist and musical director with Ian Dury's Blockhead s, this week revealed that he was to quit the band at the end of the month.

Claiming that the band's music wasn't stimulating enough and was stifling his creativity, Jankel added that he wouldn't be joining any new band or taking on any commitments as a producer for some time to come. His intention is to head for South America and then travel up through North America.

He also stated that his songwriting partnership with Ian Dury was through and all he wanted at present was a "breathing space".

Jankel, who first met Dury after a Kilburn and the High Roads gig at London's Nashville Rooms, has worked with The Blockheads for three years and was the musician mainly responsible for providing Dury's lyrics with their musical settings. However, he claims his departure "doesn't mean a lot" — a sentiment echoed by Blockheads publicist Kozmo Vinyl, who explained: "Though Chaz has always been on Ian's recordings we've played more live gigs without him than with him. He left the band for a whole year once and missed several tours, including the American one. We didn't replace him and just went on as a six-piece, which we could do in the future.

"Chaz doesn't like touring. He even turned down a tour with Van Morrison once and got a job in John Lewis's selling shirts instead.

"Really it's no shock horror thing."

Chaz Jankel

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David Psychokiller

Rat Somebody

Heads for Edinburgh, Damned for Derry Fest

TALKING HEADS, Squeeze, and Steel Pulse have been added to the bill at Edinburgh's 'Big Day Out,' on September 1. The concert, which takes place at the city's Royal Showground, already features Van Morrison, The Undertones and The Chieftains, and the promoters state that one more major act is yet to be announced.

Talking Heads, whose leader David Byrne was born in Scotland — one reason he was keen to play the gig — may be playing a full British tour later this year. However, at this point in time the Edinburgh concert marks the only definite UK appearance during '79. To coincide with the visit, WEA are to release Talking Heads' 'Fear Of Music' LP, which is released on Sire on August 24. The album, mainly cut at the band's own studios in Long Island City, was produced by Brian Eno and Talking Heads and includes such guests as Robert Fripp and *Blazing Saddles* star Gene Wilder.

Van Morrison commenced his nine-date European tour in Cap d'Agde, France, last Tuesday, having spent a few days rehearsing with a band formed by Herbie Armstrong (guitar), David Hayes (bass), Pete Wingfield (piano), John Altman (woodwinds), Pete Van Hooke (drums), Toni Marcus (violin/viola) and Katy Kissoon (back-up vocals). His latest album 'Into The Music' is being rush-released by Phonogram on August 24. A 10-track LP, it was produced by Morrison and Mick Glossop.

● THE DAMNED are now confirmed to appear at the Derry Free Fest, appearing on the bill headed by The Clash and The Undertones.

"We have agreed to play," they stated, "because certain other established bands have not fulfilled their commitments to the punk movement." They also play a one-off date at Manchester's The Factory (also known as The Russell Club) on August 28, when they will be supported by Nightmares In Wax.

The Boys have pulled out of the Derry Fest but Shake and The Moon Dogs are confirmed to play, while other names are yet to be announced.

Monsters of the mini kind

THREE ACTS — Straight Eight, The Dazzlers, and The Roy Sundholm Band — are involved in the Baby Monster Tour, which opens at Birmingham's Barbarella's on August 18 and subsequently visits Scarborough Penthouse (August 24), Manchester Factory (25), West Runton Pavilion (27), London Music Machine (29), Dudley JB's (31) and East Retford Porterhouse (September 1). Straight Eight will headline at Barbarella's and then alternate with Roy Sundholm as top of the bill for the remaining gigs.

Sundholm's first LP, 'The Chinese Method', is released by Ensign next month, while Straight Eight, who are featured on BBC-TV's *In Concert* on August 22, recently issued the album 'No Noise From Here' on Pete Townshend's Eel Pie label. The Dazzlers' latest single 'Feeling Free' produced by Phil Ramone emerges from Charisma on August 24.

Blues cruise

THE AMERICAN Blues Legends '79 tour begins at Warwick University on October 3. This year's model features only Chicago bluesmen and includes Eddie C Campbell, Billy 'The Kid' Emerson, Good Rockin' Charles, Lester Davenport, Chico Chism and Little Smokey Smothers, all of whom are recording for a forthcoming album by Bear Big Records. The tour includes two London dates — The Venue on October 4 and Camden Festival on October 27. An album, 'The Blues — Vol. 3' featuring Mickey Baker, Eddie Burns, Homesick James, Dr Ross, Boogie Woogie Red and other bluesmen who have appeared on previous Blues Legend tours, is being released by Big Bear.

BP takeover

BILLY PRESTON and Billy Paul appear in concert at Hammersmith Odeon on Friday September 7. This will be the only British concert this year for both artists, each of whom will be bringing over his full American show. Preston, who is the official bill-topper despite the fact that Paul has logged more hit records in this country, has a new album 'Late At Night' released by Motown on September 7, preceded by a single 'With You I'm Born Again', culled from the soundtrack of the film *Fastbreak*.

Anti-nuke Harper

ROY HARPER and Boys Of The Lough appear at a ceilidh that forms part of an anti-nuclear rally in Edinburgh on September 15. The event organised by SCRAM (the Scottish Campaign to Resist the Atomic Menace) starts at 11 am with a march along Princes Street. Main aim of the demonstration will be to focus attention on the proposed nuclear reactor at Torness, the threat of waste dumping in Scotland, and uranium mining in the Orkneys.

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49, 50 & 51
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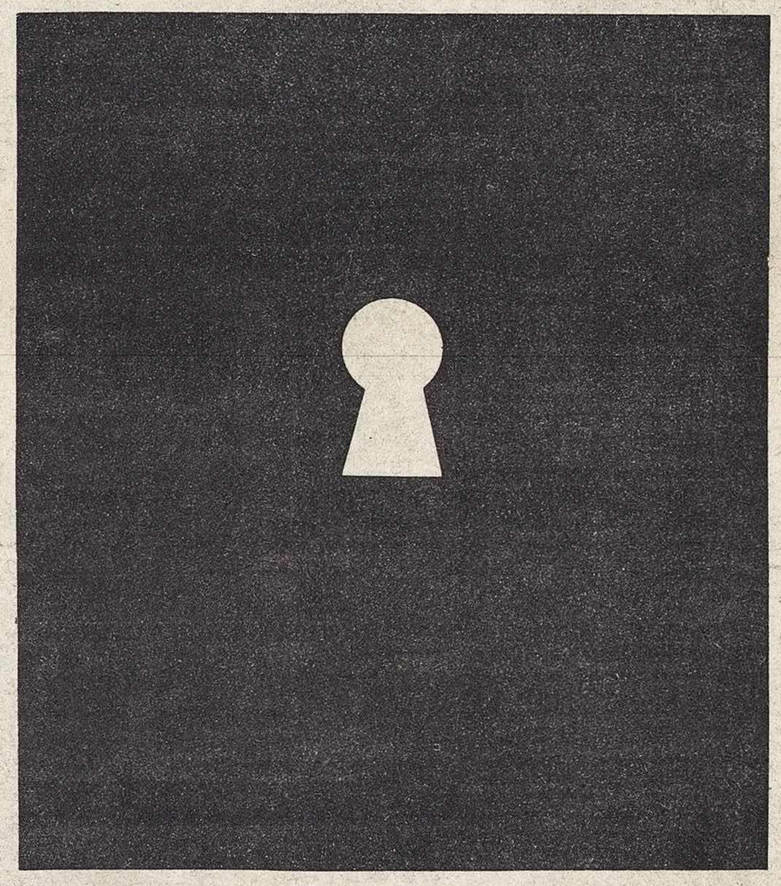

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RECORD NEWS

● **Chuck Berry,** now signed to Atlantic, has a single, 'Oh What A Thrill'/California' coming out on Friday (17). Both tracks will be included on an album titled 'Rockit', now being scheduled by WEA. Back-up musicians on the disc are Johnny Johnson (piano), Jim Marsala and Bob Wray (bass) and Kenny Buttrey (drums).

● **Mingus Dynasty,** the band formed by Charlie Mingus' widow to perpetuate her husband's unique style of music, has been signed to WEA. A septet, the band comprises former Mingus sidemen Don Pullen, Jimmy Owens, Jimmy Knepper, Danny Richmond, Joe Farrell and John Handy, plus bassist Charlie Haden.

● **Pressure Shocks** are spending the next month in Nottingham's Sin City Music Studios, where they're recording their first album for October release. All gigs have been cancelled in order to spend as much time in the studio as possible but a tour is being planned for November.

● **Ry Cooder**'s 'Little Sister' is being rush-released as a single following strong reaction to the album track by DJs. The song was originally a hit for Elvis Presley in 1961. The B-side will be a version of Arthur Alexander's 'Go Home Girl'. Discussions are currently underway to bring Cooder and his band to Britain for a full tour later this year.

● **Essential Logic** have just returned from Wales, where they have been putting together their first LP, which is to be released jointly by Rough Trade and the band's own Logic label. The album, produced by Lora Logic and Hugh Jones, contains 'Albert', 'Alkaline Loaf In The Area', 'The Order Form' and five other tracks, all of which were featured at the band's recent YMCA gig. The line-up on the album is David Wright (tenor sax) Rich Tea (drums), Mark Turner (bass) Ashley Buff (guitar) and Lora Logic (sax and vocals). The band are hoping to set up a number of live dates to coincide with the release of the album and can be contacted through Rough Trade. Meanwhile, Lora Logic continues her gigs as a member of Red Crayola.

● **Jo Jo Zep And The Falcons,** the Aussie band that toured with Elvis Costello and Graham Parker on gigs down-under, are to have their records issued here on the Rockburgh label. A 'best of' album and a single, 'So Young' will appear on September 14.

● Inspired by the success of the LSO's 'Classic Rock' LP, the **Portsmouth Sinfonia** — the world's worst orchestra — has come out of retirement to provide '20 Classic Rock Classics', released by Phonogram on September 1. Among the tracks utterly ruined are 'Pinball Wizard', 'Bridge Over Troubled Water', 'A Day In The Life' and 'Leader Of The Pack'. A single and a London Rainbow Theatre concert are also being threatened.

● Russ Ballard number, 'Since You've Been Gone', will be the A-side of **Rainbow's** new single, released August 31. The disc will be avilable in a 12" limited edition version and features 'Down To Earth' as a B-side, a song that has never appeared on any Rainbow album.

● Though he's still signed to Phonogram, **David Essex's** next single, 'World/'I Who Am I?' produced by Cat Stevens and David Gordon, is being rush-released by Liberty-United. The songs come from *Alpha — Mega,* a forthcoming stage show.

● 'Wreck My Bed', a single by Croydon country-punk duo **The Sunset Boys** is now available from D Rippingale, 15 Endsleigh Close, Selsdon, Croydon, price 75p.

● **Brown Sugar's** 'Our Reggae Music', previously a big seller in the specialist shops on the Studio 16 label, is now being given a general release on Decca.

Rock Dreams

In a caption to a photograph in our June 2 issue Dave Cowdrey was described as "Rock Dreams proprietor". Dave Cowdrey has never been a proprietor of Rock Dreams, but he used a part of Rock Dream s shop in Kings Road, Chelsea, for his business Tootwell And Stone. We regret the error.

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PASH MUSIC STORES, 5 ELGIN CRESCENT, LONDON W11

OUR PRICE TOP 60

LONDON'S ORIGINAL ALBUM CHART

THIS WEEK	LAST WEEK	TITLE	R.R.P.	OUR PRICE
1	2	SUPERTRAMP — BREAKFAST IN AMERICA	4.78	3.53
2	10	SPYRO-GYRA — MORNING DANCE	4.69	3.44
3	3	THE BEST DISCO ALBUM IN THE WORLD	5.00	4.20
4	1	TUBEWAY ARMY — REPLICAS	5.00	3.75
5	6	NEIL YOUNG — RUST NEVER SLEEPS	5.00	3.75
6	8	E.L.O. — DISCOVERY	5.49	4.24
7	9	CRUSADERS — STREET LIFE	4.69	3.44
8	21	AC/DC — HIGHWAY TO HELL	5.00	3.75
9	4	POLICE — OUTLANDOS D'AMOUR	4.78	3.53
10	7	EARTH, WIND AND FIRE — I AM	5.29	4.04
11	26	RAINBOW — DOWN TO EARTH	5.06	3.81
12	11	DIRE STRAITS — COMMUNIQUE	5.30	4.05
13	16	BLONDIE — PARALLEL LINES	4.78	3.53
14	17	RY COODER — BOP TILL YOU DROP	5.00	3.75
15	14	DONNA SUMMER — BAD GIRLS	6.50	4.75
16	5	B52's	5.00	3.75
17	NEW ENTRY	JOE JACKSON — LOOK SHARP!	4.78	3.53
18	12	RICKI LEE JONES	5.00	3.75
19	18	B.B. KING — TAKE IT HOME	4.69	3.44
20	24	CHIC — RISQUE	5.00	3.75
21	25	WHO — THE KIDS ARE ALRIGHT	9.04	6.54
22	29	COMMODORES — MIDNIGHT MAGIC	5.69	4.44
23	30	HERMAN BROOD — (Inc. lim. ed. free live LP)	4.80	3.55
24	20	J.J. CALE — 5 (Including free bootleg single)	5.00	3.75
25	19	DIANA ROSS — THE BOSS	5.29	4.04
26	32	ABBA — VOULEZ-VOUS	5.29	4.04
27	31	BLUE OYSTER CULT — MIRRORS	5.29	4.04
28	27	JUDY TZUKE — WELCOME TO THE CRUISE	4.65	3.40
29	NEW ENTRY	TUBEWAY ARMY — THE FIRST ALBUM	5.00	3.75
30	13	JONI MITCHELL — MINGUS	5.00	3.75
31	15	DAVE EDMUNDS — REPEAT WHEN	5.00	3.75
32	22	SKY	5.25	4.00
33	23	WINGS — BACK TO THE EGG	5.49	4.24
34	28	GARY BROOKER — NO MORE FEAR OF FLYING	4.46	3.21
35	34	BOB DYLAN — AT BUDOKAN	7.99	5.99
36	35	DAVID BOWIE — LODGER	5.49	4.24
37	33	ROBERT PALMER — SECRETS	5.00	3.75
38	36	QUEEN — LIVE KILLERS	8.45	6.45
39	39	ROXY MUSIC — MANIFESTO	5.31	4.06
40	40	GEORGE BENSON — LIVING INSIDE YOUR LOVE	7.50	5.75
41	38	SQUEEZE — COOL FOR CATS	4.78	3.53
42	NEW ENTRY	PAT TRAVERS BAND — LIVE!	4.63	3.38
43	41	CHARLIE — FIGHT DIRTY	5.06	3.81
44	44	NILS LOFGREN — NILS	4.78	3.53
45	43	STEEL PULSE — TRIBUTE TO THE MARTYRS	5.00	3.75
46	NEW ENTRY	ANGELIC UPSTARTS — TEENAGE WARNING	5.00	3.75
47	45	EDDIE COCHRANE — SINGLES ALBUM	5.39	4.14
48	37	GATO BARBIERI — EUPHORIA	4.78	3.53
49	42	THE KNACK — GET THE KNACK	5.29	4.04
50	48	THIRD WORLD — THE STORY'S BEEN TOLD	5.00	3.75
51	NEW ENTRY	JOHN HIATT — SLUG LINE	4.69	3.44
52	49	NICK LOWE — LABOUR OF LUST	5.00	3.75
53	52	AMERICA	5.29	4.04
54	57	C.C.R. — 20 GREATEST HITS	5.29	4.04
55	46	SINCEROS — THE SOUND OF SUNBATHING	4.99	3.74
56	50	CHAS AND DAVE — DON'T GIVE A MONKEYS	5.29	4.04
57	55	BUDDY HOLLY — 20 GOLDEN GREATS	5.29	4.04
58	60	LORD OF THE RINGS — O.S.T.	6.99	5.24
59	58	HOT CHOCOLATE — GOING THROUGH	5.29	4.04
60	53	CARS — CANDY O	5.00	3.75

Forthcoming Attractions

I Jahman, Rocky Sharpe, Alan Parsons, Kinks, Boney M, Yes, Led Zeppelin, Eagles, Rose Royce, Talking Heads, Gary Numan, Merton Parkas, Randy Newman, Sad Cafe, Bob Dylan, U.K., Cheap Trick, Sham 69, Joan Armatrading, Who (Quadrophenia), Blondie, Leo Sayer, Jethro Tull.

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L.A. PUNK — FORWARD INTO '76

SO YOU THOUGHT the West Coast of America was real laid-back, huh? California girls and surfin' USA?

You were right. But there *are* some who have thrown down their surfboards and suntan lotion and picked up guitars and KY gel instead. At last it seems the kids are uniting, fighting against the '60's previously undisputed musical dominance, and doing it 'their way'.

Or are they? . . .

A familiar figure winds herself, snakelike, around the mike stand, and gazes malevolently out of charcoal smouldering eyes, the cold white pallor of her face framed by tufty jet black hair, a brooding shadow shrieking and wailing at her audience — a distinctive Banshee wail.

This is Exene, and X — but you could be forgiven for mistaking them for Siouxsie and The Banshees at first glance.

The music is racing, thumping, dynamic punk, dominated by heavy bass and drums, to which the torn, pinned and zipped masses pogo aimlessly and vacantly. This is the modern world, this is the new sound, this is Los Angeles (1979) and there isn't a beachboy in sight.

So come take a walk with me down memory lane — or round Chinatown, downtown L.A. to be more exact — to the most popular and fiercely competitive punk clubs, Madame Wongs and the newer Hong Kong Cafe, situated directly opposite one another.

A bitter battle is being fought with legendary Chinese vengeance. Madame Wong can be seen peering from her club's colourful, decorative facade, counting her lost customers as they queue patiently outside the equally colourful and decorative, taunting spirals of the Cafe.

Just before the main band comes on she picks up the 'phone and calls the police. The next night the queue outside the Cafe is even longer, and the kids are being counted — fire regulations — and they have to produce ID if they want to drink, and when a minor scuffle breaks out the police are there all too quickly.

But the punters do not cross over to 'the other side'. Madame Wong has effectively cut off her proverbial nose to spite her face, by banning all bands that play the Cafe from her establishment.

The Chinese dragons outside Madam Wong's doors spit maliciously, while the Hong Kong Cafe's tankful of live lobsters in the foyer wave their claws in merry defiance, almost laughing at her stupidity.

Once inside the scene is the same as that of London in '76/'77, a collection of loud, exciting 'garage bands' many of whose members had never picked up an instrument before these new sounds called punk hit and inspired them to produce their own brand of non-commercial, unmanipulated musical ideals, ranging from appalling to proficient, interesting and exciting.

But it is not a new movement here. It is a shallow imitation of the British punk movement three years ago, which effectively destroys the whole concept of something new and different. These were the factors that gave the original British punks the chance to succeed, whatever they may have done with that chance afterwards.

West Coast USA has no chance. They have created a cheap fake, shiny on the outside, empty inside.

The punk contingent dress correctly. Their garb ranges from expensive Seditionaries style trash to uniforms of their own design. With a little thought they find they can construct their own ripped T-shirts, bondage trousers and polythene skirts to comply with the decreed decadent fashion.

A knot of matted, cropped or grease-spiked hair-dos in vivid technicolour clash with garishly painted blank faces as the punters assemble themselves in front of the stage for their ritualistic pogo.

THE BAGS are on stage, fronted by Alice on keyboards and vocals and bassist/vocalist Pat, a striking figure in leopard print with a hip-length jet black mane of hair.

The largest and most popular of the local fanzines, *Slash,* has described them as "a punk purist's dream come true", and the punters respond accordingly, leaping wildly into the air and crashing into one another.

■ *Continues over*

Los Angeles ain't all coke spoons, Disneyland and digital recordings. Down in Chinatown a few dedicated ethnomusicologists are determinedly re-enacting the glories of a bygone music. DEANNE PEARSON swapped her pint of lager down the Hope & Anchor for a five-week reservation at a stage-front table in the Hong Kong Cafe. This is her tribute to The Great Los Angeles Punk Anomaly.

The Mau Maus

The Bags

Exene of X

Fear

The Alleycats

L.A. PUNK

■ *Forward into page 8*

But one young extremist goes too far, climbing onto a table in a moment of blind frenzy. The band stop playing, the club manager asks for more restraint, and the punk climbs off the table obediently and uncomplainingly. There is no glass or can throwing, no spitting, and when it becomes unbearably hot and sweaty the dance floor thins out as the punters take to the two drinks minimum tables. Underneath they're a fairly passive lot, but then there isn't much to inspire them.

The bands here, almost without exception, bear a striking resemblance to one or other of the British punk or new wave bands. And it is often not so much mere influence as pure imitation.

Their lack of imagination has only resulted in apathy amongst their followers. Terminal boredom. A sad fact.

Take **X,** obviously inspired by The Banshees although they emphatically deny this. Exene looks rather silly actually: she is too small and clumsy to take off Siouxsie, and the depth and range of her warblings are took weak to give her or her heroine any credit. The band are good, practised, noisy and energetic, but their material is unimaginative and predictable, which unfortunately limits the obviously professional guitar-playing of ex-Rockabilly and former Eddie Cochran associate Billy Zoom, the only experienced musican in the band when they formed in 1977.

The Controllers are another dynamic nostalgia band, reminiscent of early Clash and Damned — even down to the ritualistic drumkit-wrecking finale. Other interesting facts are that they are considered the first, original, LA punk band, and held strongly racist views until they recently acquired a new, black, drummer (female if that has anything to do with it) called Karla Mad Dog. Seen everywhere, in leather and chains, they are one of the mainstays of LA punk.

So, it would seem, are **The Plugz,** if their opening statement is anything to go by: "Remember, if you want to tear up anything go ahead!" Even so, they are less aggressive than The Controllers, and their music is more in the 999 style — direct, addictive drive and simple hooks which are fun for a while but soon get stale. They throw in a few '60's R&B favourites, still an obvious and common influence even in the new wave bands, and also attempt a reggae version of Mud's 'Dynamite', which fails dismally.

The Gears' crazed sounds and antics suggest The Damned too, even to the deliberate feedback caused by guitars stacked against amps at the end, but the opening chords from 'Career Opportunities' in one of their numbers and the Pete Shelley voice confuse me.

They have few ideas of their own, but a great sense of humour, laughing unashamedly with their audience at their mistakes. Band mixes with audience and audience mixes with band freely on and offstage during the set, and the band members swop instruments twice for the encores, creating wild confusion but great entertainment.

Another band in this category are **Fear,** another of LA's original punk bands who, according to *Slash* once again, "can spit burning charcoals and piss beer to put them out faster than you can say 1234". When I saw them they failed to demonstrate this.

To their credit they have no one obvious British punk influence. Their music has power, impetus and compulsion of its own, although the overall sound once again is familiar: speedy rock music with tinges of not overbearing HM, which at least gives the music an individual flavour.

BUT BACK to The Damned — they have a definite cult status here — and **The Brainiacs,** out of tune, out of time, careless, apathetic, and unfortunately lacking that empathy with the audience which The Gears have. Fairly monotonous throughout, brightened only by the guitarist's obvious Elvis Costello impersonation.

Joint first prize in the Costello clone stakes must go to **The Spoilers'** two guitarists' dual act though. They have those characteristic jerks and whines off to a T, even in such diverse numbers as 'Like A Rolling Stone' and 'Twist And Shout', both rearranged to give that 'new wave feel'.

It is ironic that this sort of thing is acceptable — or at least accepted — by the bands and their audience. Evidently LA is little more than a breeding ground for boredom.

Two bands far more akin to what is happening in Britain now are **The Extremes** and **Overmann,** both running along Human League lines.

The Extremes in particular create new, vibrant, thoughtful music using a combination of cello, saxophone, synthesizer, violin, guitar, bass and drums to produce a distinctly different, thoughtful sound that throbs with frustration and cries out for encouragement.

The Extremes' lead singer Michael. Pic: Melanie Nissen.

The Alleycats. Pic: Melanie Nissen.

They are considered "too image-conscious", "a pseudo art-rock band", by many in LA, but all it boils down to is that they have a little more imagination and awareness than the majority of bands here.

The B People are meeting with the same blank reaction: this. is. not. punk. treat. with. caution.

The B People produce an experimental, synthesized futuristic sound incorporating sax, which is still under the process of being channelled and arranged as they have only been in existence since April this year. A good band in the making, if they don't let their audience's general wariness deter them — as they well might unfortunately.

Other popular local bands to look out for, some recommended by *Slash,* are: **The Flyboys: The Germs;** the all-girl **Go-Gos; Human Hands; The Mau Maus** ("our best defence against the health fanaticism sweeping the land"); **Nervous Gender; The Rotters** ("naughty single"); **The Screamers** ("the darlings of every tabloid or daily that routinely decides to take a poke at the punk phenomenon"); **U.X.A; The Weirdos** ("real veterans of the scene"); and best of all a KNOWN ACROSS THE ATLANTIC band, **The Dickies.**

FINALLY, there is one band who could successfully walk away from the West Coast and not bear its trademark of mundanity and staleness. **The Alleycats** successfully mix slow and fast numbers, all of which bounce out with insistence, incorporating clear, authoritative vocals from Randy Stodola (guitar) and Diane Chai (bass) — Randy's mellow tones taking the lead although Diane has the stronger, more distinctive voice, sharp, clear and unyielding. It doesn't make sense at first to have her in the background, but on reflection it gives the music more substance.

The Alleycats do have the sound and the aggressive stance to forge ahead, but no-one around here — bands, punters or record labels — seems to have any hope or ambition for the punk scene in general, thereby all contributing to its stagnation.

Billy Zoom of X makes a half-hearted effort to defend this attitude.

He says that of course the bands want to sign to a major record label, to tour and make a name and money, and he thinks many of them, X included of course, are good and original enough to do this, but they are just being realistic accepting external limitations.

"We're aware that we're at least a year behind England, as far as the music fashion is concerned, but here it is something new — yet we're still limited by other factors you may not have thought of.

"You need vast amounts of money to promote and tour in America because it's such a huge country — and major record labels, who are needed to provide that capital, just aren't prepared to take the financial risk. It's possible to tour England on a much smaller budget, and there is the added advantage of nationwide radio and press coverage for publicity and promotional purposes."

I point out that the John Peel Show is the only radio show that gives new, unsigned bands fair airplay, for just two hours, four evenings a week.

"Yes," Billy says, "but in LA, out of the hundreds of radio stations here, we only have one, KROQ, who do the same — and they only broadcast in this area, so other towns and states *never* get to hear of us.

"England also has three major national rock weeklies — which we can get, at maybe five or six times the price three or four weeks late — and here all we have nationally is *Rolling Stone,* a fortnightly that doesn't really cover new music and new bands anyway."

L.A. does have *Slash* magazine of course, which gives local bands constant, lavish publicity. It has been known to carry three separate reviews plus an interview with editor Claude Bessy's favourite band X in one issue. It also gives readers the latest gossip, record and gig news, as well as advising how to act and dress. I quote from the second issue, June 1977:

"Stand and face yourself in the mirror . . . look vicious, mean, uncaring . . . remember, it's your STANCE that's all important . . . dig up some pegged pants and some cruel looking shoes (kats, pointy toes — kittens, spike heels) then rape the shit out of the ugliest shirt you've got (tape it, tear it, adorn it with anything that's offensive). Don't forget your hair (see Screamers interview for tips). Myself, I prefer a nice white cotton shirt with a narrow tie (I know it sounds like the '50s, but what's a poor boy to do?). If you've a little money to spend, move quickly to Grannys on Sunset — they've got all the stuff from Malcolm's shop Seditionaries in London . . . insane clothing . . ."

Worst of all, *Slash* perpetuates that myth *anarchy.*

Claude's total belief, enthusiasm and involvement in what they are doing is genuine though. He himself frequently makes the latest news.

Any wild parties, brawls or police raids and he is in the thick of it, a distinctive personage, at a guess in his mid-30s, with two licks of red dye in his hair and an unmistakable Inspector Clouseau accent.

He was a dishwasher before punk came along and "totally immersed me in the most exciting sounds I'd ever heard," he says. He has taken to it like a duck to water. At a party for The Damned on their recent American tour, Rat Scabies, for reasons unexplained (does he need a reason?) dumped Claude in a handy swimming pool, successfully ruining an expensive watch and a new leather jacket. All part of the fun though, eh Claude?

THERE ARE a number of small record labels handling new wave bands in LA, but they too are under considerable financial pressure, and face much the same problems as the bands. Dangerhouse, who have brought out records by The Bags, X, and The Alleycats, and Bomp Records, are probably the largest and better known.

Greg Shaw, from Bomp, is totally disillusioned with the West Coast punk scene. Associated with such names as The Flamin' Groovies, Devo and Iggy Pop in their early days, Bomp now deals mainly with "new wave rock bands" — commercial bands such as The Screamers, The Zippers and 20/20.

"Punk was a totally English phenomenon," he says, "and the kids here are just kidding themselves that they're a part of it, while all the time they're falling further and further behind. A year ago they were a year behind England, now they're two years behind.

"The whole thing started off as pure imitation — that goes for the bands and the punters alike — and at first there was a lot of enthusiasm, but it reached a peak in '77 and stagnated into pure boredom. The kids on the whole are too lazy and unimaginative to take it any further, and consequently no pressure is created because there are no stars, no big success stories, nothing to compete with."

Yet another vicious circle.

It's difficult to decide whether to admire the kids out here for trying to drag themselves out of their sun-kissed, sleepy existence, donning leather like mad dogs and Englishmen in the heat of the midday sun and sweating it out, or to criticise them for not thinking of more suitable attire and their own methods of attack — or just to feel sorry for them for imagining that they could fight and conquer that heat in the first place.

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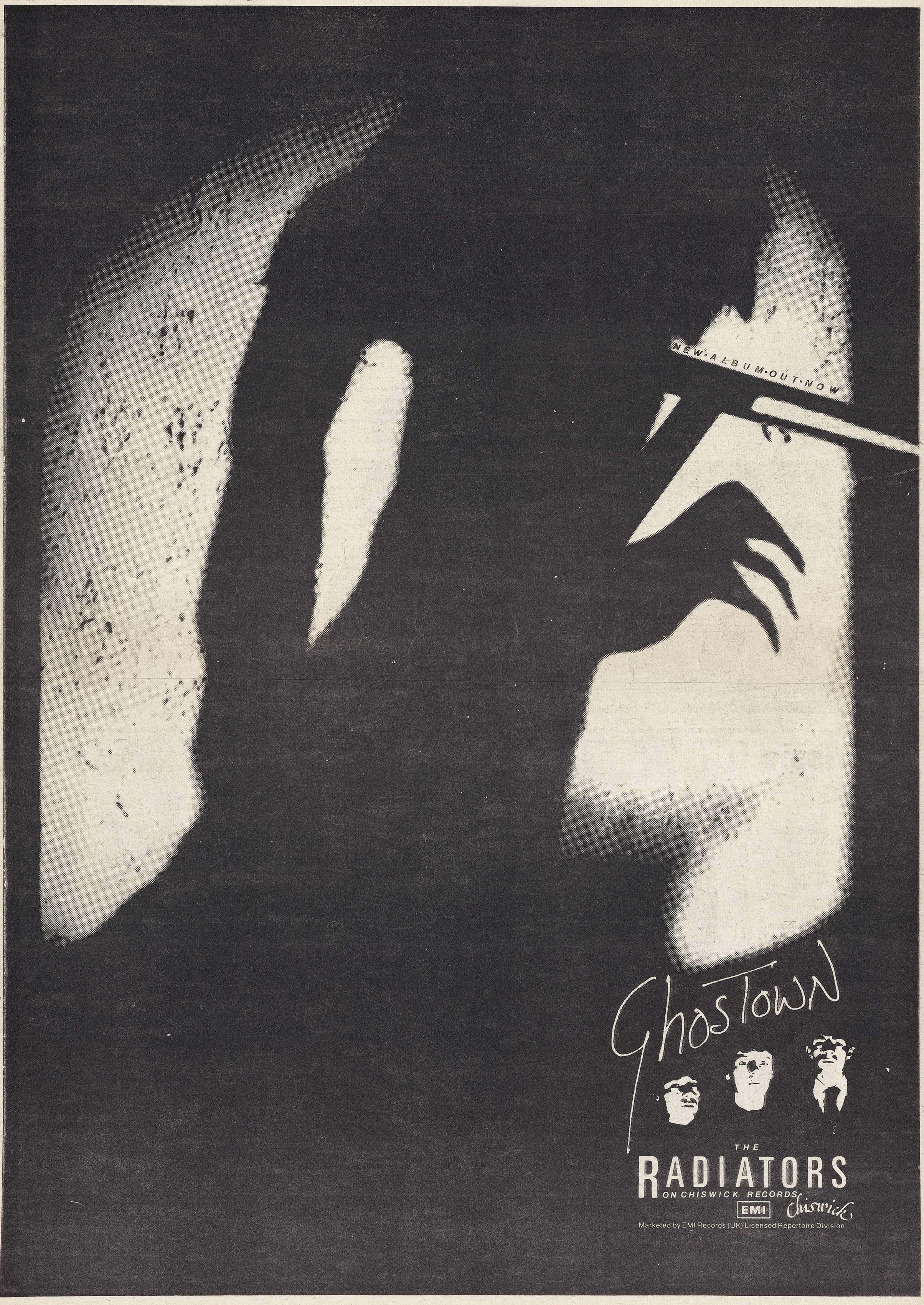
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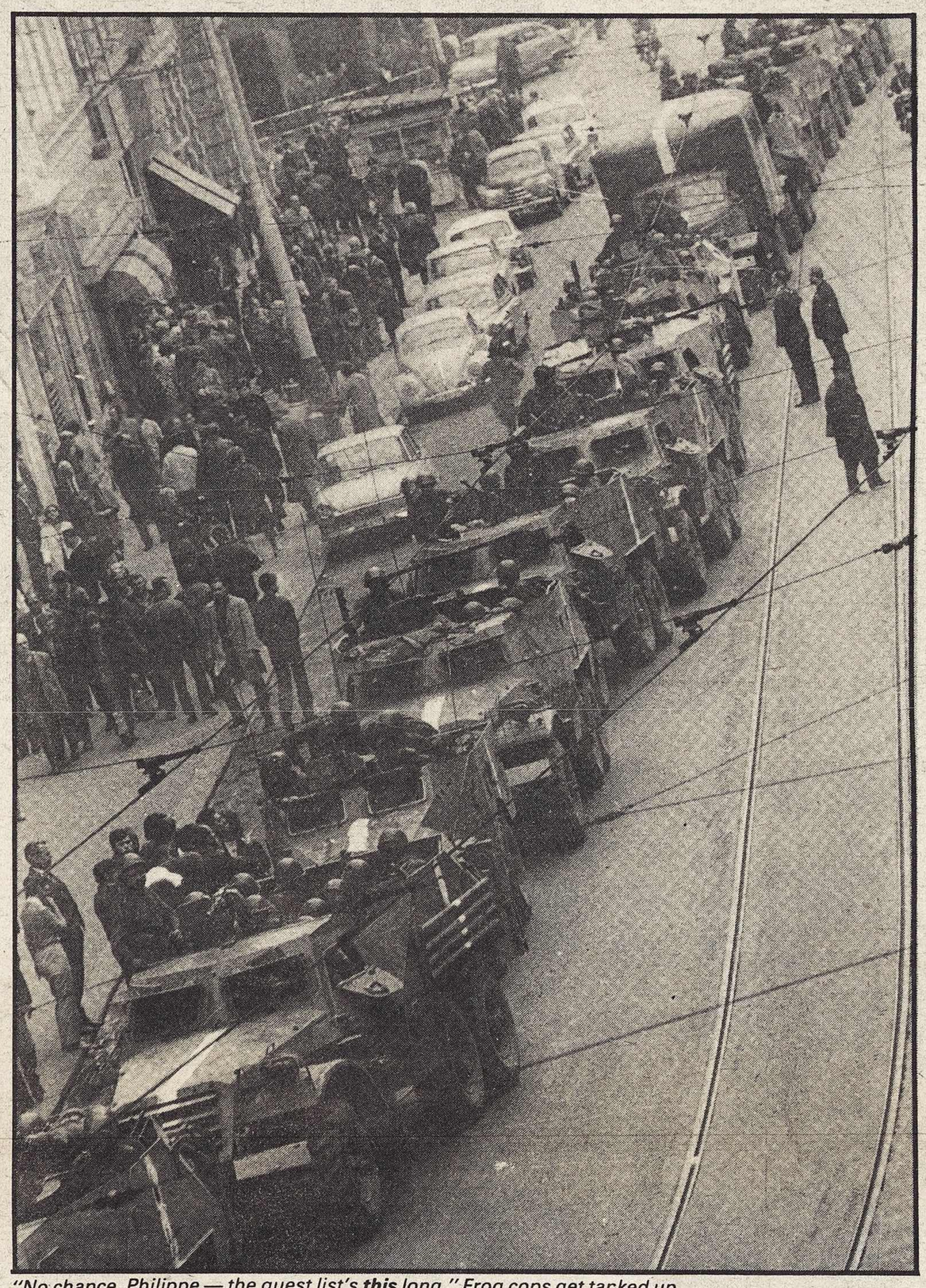


*"No chance, Philippe — the guest list's **this** long." Frog cops get tanked up.*

Shields and clubs and rock and roll

WITH PUNK and its descendants now more or less absorbed into the UK mainstream, a dispatch from the Brussels branch of Rock Against Racism comes as a rude reminder of the antics of police and councillors during the Pistols' *'Anarchy'* tour. In fact, if half of John Opposition's surprisingly temperate account is true, recent events across the Channel threaten to reduce that notorious fiasco to storm-in-a-teaspoon status.

Following much dope-smoking during two June free concerts at Brussels' open-air Theatre de Verdure — asking for it with a name like that, surely? — Mayor Van Halteren slapped an indefinite ban on all outdoor rock gigs, and many others besides. Opposition, English bassist with Belgian *nouvelle vague*-ers Contingent, reckons this was merely a convenient excuse.

Police harassment of the few *'rock cafes'* where bands can play has, he claims, long been the norm. Also, with a high proportion of the Brussels population apparently middle-aged or older, the ban was a likely vote-catcher for Van Halteren's (conservative) party.

"We would have no more. For Friday 3rd August we organised a free, totally illegal open air gig in one of the main squares in Brussels, and for Saturday 4th August RAR Brussels organised a festival with two Harlow bands, Newtown Neurotics and Urban Decay, plus Contingent, Spermicide and Phallus Band (an offshoot of Big Balls?) from Brussels."

On the Friday, some local rock fans got up on the podium at the Place de la Monnaie and began bashing away, using grotty old equipment plugged into the socket of an electric clock removed the night before. The low quality gear was used in anticipation of Townshendian auto-destruction by the *gendarmes.* Though this failed to occur, the presence of the latter, toting shields and clubs, eventually sparked off a riot.

According to Opposition: "A lot of the *serious* violence was the work of politically motivated people — whether they like RAR I don't know, but *we* were there to play and protest and *they* turned up to smash us..."

An hour after the doors opened for Saturday's (legal) concert, approximately 150 riot police surrounded the Vieille Halle de Bles, blocked the main doors and nailed up the emergency (and sole other) exit. Pro-RAR journalist Daniel de Brucker, from Brussels' French-speaking evening paper, tried to reason with them and was promptly arrested — by the Intelligence Service, not the regulars.

With half the sound system and several musicians behind police lines, the two remaining Neurotics borrowed Contingent's drummer and began playing "in an atmosphere I have never experienced before and I hope never will again."

Then Opposition's girlfriend penetrated the lines, to be told by police that they were there to arrest those responsible for Friday's riot, by means of identity checks when people left. Meanwhile, having discovered de Brucker's status, the boys at the station panicked and allowed him to telephone the press and radio.

"Even they had to agree it was all rather rough and soon after a leading member of Brussels' ruling elite contacted the Chief of Police and told him to release all those arrested for no reason and take the riot police away. The gig carried on: people turned up in droves, overcoming their fear and supporting our endeavours."

The deputy mayor, M. Brouhon, put Friday's events down to "professional agitators", while a police spokesman blamed "des jeunes punks anglais". Total English turn-out? Eight musicians and three friends.

"They let us play our gig, but rock bands are harassed (Contingent's lead singer was called to the police station today just for being in an *aware* rock band) and if you look different — identity card out, down the nick. Please tell the English public that the right they take for granted to enjoy their music is under serious threat here, indeed is being destroyed."

If rock music thrives on repression, I think we can look forward to some great Belgian bands.

HARRY GEORGE
THRILLS

Chrissie who?

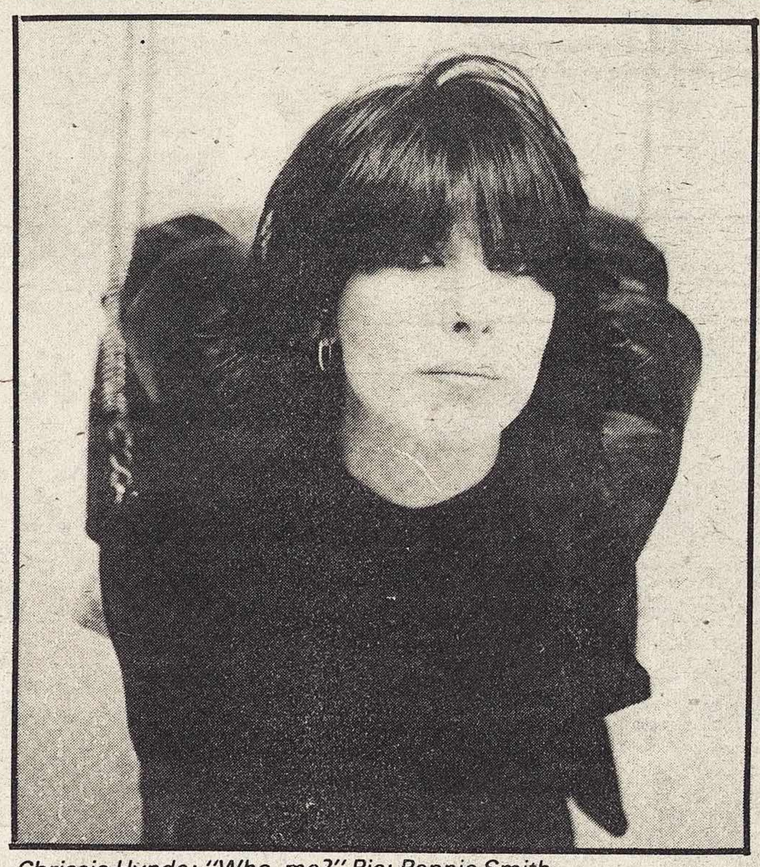
TESTY, petulant rock starlette Chrissie Hynde was to be found a little out of order at Todd Rundgren's post-Knebworth bash.

With tequila flowing like water and Todd in exceptionally jovial spirits, the ultra-chic dancefloor activities were suspended for a spell of light entertainment. This featured a portly, frilly-shirted wideboy magician, who set about returning the discrete stash of wristwatches and wallets that he'd previously filched from various unsuspecting liggers.

Gasps of astonishment and much mirth ensued — from all except Hynde, who wasn't slow in voicing her opinion that she found dancing infinitely preferable to cheap displays of comic relief.

A sharply-dressed person well within earshot was just as quick to liken Ms Hynde to certain female quadrupeds of the canine variety.

In a flash the air was thick with vile and scabrous oaths, followed swiftly by quantities of expensive booze. A Hynde-assisted glassful showered the ungracious commentator, a whisky sour answered back with deadly accuracy. Fists were bared — to the sound of massed nervous shrieks — The Magician took a lightning break, and a brace of swarthy, bearded bouncers leapt in to separate the rival parties.



Chrissie Hynde: "Who, me?" Pic: Pennie Smith

Much conjecture followed as to which offender ought to vacate the premises. 'Oo frew der first glarse?" enquired the musclemen. "Whose cleaning bills were the most expensive?" queried the sodden Hynde with gusto.

It was publicly voiced that the Hynde contingent should wave the club farewell, whereupon Chrissie slumped into a tearful heap in the corner and stoutly refused to shift.

Later she was clocked scouring the area for her Travolta-suited assailant in a stupefied attempt to even the score.

"One chart single and she reckons she rules the roost," was the verdict much favoured by the shaken throng.

Laugh? I almost shat.

DAVID NIXON
THRILLS

Debbie who?

"AND THEY'RE off. It's Debbie Harry on the inside for the lead, Chris Stein behind by three inches, and Frank the Freak third.

Coming round the turn it's Destri trailing by a half, Chris and Debby are neck and neck . . ."

It was a day at the races with Blondie. The Coca Cola company has gone into the business of bottling pop music, sponsoring a series of Sunday concerts at New York's Belmont Racetrack.

They're held on a field adjacent to the track, and fans pay the track admission price of $2.00, a bargain for a concert by a major group. Shows begin after the last race.

The track is enormous, and lies in the northern-most reaches of the borough of Queens. Today some 52,000 people have filed through the turnstiles and it's still far from full.

Inside the grandstand mobs of middle-aged men with cigars and score-cards wander around checking the boards for the latest odds.

Outside on the field it's a different world. Racing officials see the concerts as a way of introducing the "sport of kings" to a new generation. But in practice racing and rock fans form separate camps and do their best to ignore each other.

Most of the 16,000 who turned up to see Blondie plunked themselves in front of the stage in mid-afternoon, and never even saw a horse.

"Who, me?" No, not you — Debbie bloody Harry.

Instead they lounged in fold-up chairs, played frisbee, drank sodas and beers and passed pipes.

The Blondie show was the only even slightly New Waveish offering in a series concentrating on such mainstream stalwarts as The Beach Boys and Helen Reddy, but the fans seemed little different from those who would attend any of the other shows.

Many said they came every week, regardless of who was playing. But there was a radical fringe decked in suburban haute-punk gear.

Later, when we've wormed our way up in front of the stage, the two punkettes are up there as well.

Support band Rockpile come on promptly at six pm leading off with 'The Race Is On'. "I won 140 dollars today," Nick Lowe tells the audience, straight-faced. "It just goes to show that the rich get richer and the poor get poorer." Jake Riviera could be observed cracking up in the wings.

Back at the grandstand many racing regulars seemed disgruntled at the rock invasion.

"Damn kids just clog up the works," growled one older gent, waiting in a hopelessly long queue for a beer.

Don't know how Blondie did. But in the ninth race, a horse named Debrette came in third and paid $4.40 to show.

RICHARD GRABEL
THRILLS

PENETRATION

COME INTO THE OPEN

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Meanwhile — back in the bedroom

LIVERPOOL — that place *again?*

"The press thought it was just a load of bands with wacky titles."

Thus spake Michael Finkler, guitarist with The Teardrop Explodes, expounding on the recent wave-making Mersey-side.

Too true it *is* a load of bands with wacky handles — a few of them shakey, some of them courageous, all of them intriguing and most of them interconnected.

Why it almost sounds incestuous.

Singer Julian Cope: "It's incestuous in that everyone knows everyone else. There's like two different things; there's the Wirral clique across the water — which is where Orchestral Manoeuvres and Dalek I come from — and our side is us, the Bunnymen and The Glass Torpedos. There's also Pink Military, but no-one takes them seriously."

These worthies, keyboardsman Dave Balfe explains, are just the 'gigging' bands. Prior to them you get the 'garage' bands, and prior to them the 'bedroom' bands. It seems that between bedrooms, gigs and garages, almost all Scouse musicians have at some time joined forces. The exchange rate of ideas and band members has never been less than rapid.

Dave again: "There wasn't a lot of influence in the music, but a lot of influence on a business level. People were saying 'this is how you go about getting into a record company, this is how you go about recording, this is how you go about making a single or getting gigs in London' or whatever. And that's how a lot of people came together, but nobody said 'I like their style of music so we'll start going in that direction.' "

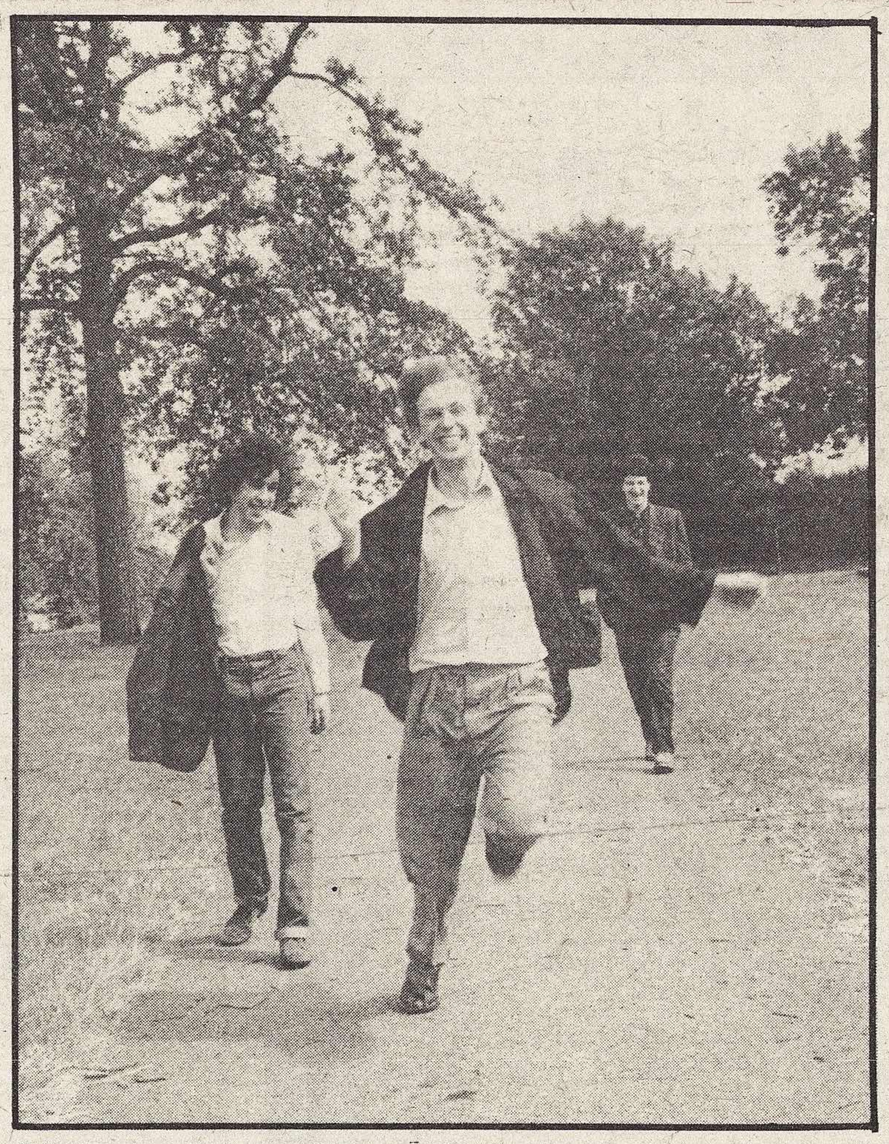
It wasn't, as widely believed, the arrival of the local Zoo label that proved a catalyst on the Liverpool front. There have been various small-scale outlets, and now that the major labels are starting to wave sizeable advances on the skyline, bands like Dalek I have been signed to hefty contracts along with the (almost) inevitable manipulations involved.

For someone who's 'officially' left the band, Dave is strangely confident about their views on compromise.

"I don't think we're as able to be manipulated as Dalek I. The point is you don't do anything positive against manipulation, you just do negative things. Instead of saying 'we're going to get manipulated so we'll go out and do it ourselves', you say 'We're going to get manipulated, so we din't do *anything*'. I mean everything this group have ever done, they've been forced to do — and that's a fact."

The Teardrop came into being in June last year. A Bunnyman was in the vocal spotlight, and their particular wacky title was derived from a D.C. comic.

Explains Julian: "All our favourite bands seemed to be named after something literary — The Fall, Pere Ubu, Steely Dan, Soft Machine — it was always



Teardrops explode all over the park. Pic: Chris Horler

Burroughs or something. It's a pretty colourful name, but we hate it now!"

By November they'd progressed to the 'gigging' status with a line-up comprising Julian, Dave, Michael and Gary Dwyer (the only true native Liverpudlian) on drums. Despite a shrill keyboards sound, a Talking Heads-style mixed-high bass, and a leaning towards early Doors slow-rolling rhythms, it's still no surprise that The Teardrop consider themselves a soul-based band.

Michael explains: "My influences lean more towards a pop approach, and Julian's more into an experimental approach, but they meet in certain places and that's where the music gets written. We both love stuff like Beefheart and '60s music. I must admit I like a lot of funk, soul/disco and Motown, and I love early psychedelic stuff like Soft Machine, Doors and Love."

They started rehearsing beneath the office of one Bill Drummond (ex-Big In Japan and a co-founder of the Zoo label) and so impressed was Drummond by the stirrings in his basement that he recorded and released the Teardrop's first single 'Sleeping Gas.'

It was received as part of the very movement it had set out to oppose — Cold Wave.

"When we started," says Julian, "there were all these 'bleep bleep' bands going around and we were a reaction to them, There were bands that I didn't like, like Throbbing Gristle, who did at least believe in what they were doing. But all the papers were going on about 'the new musik' with a 'k' and I hated all this I-have-no-heart, and 'metal', and all this crap that people like Siouxsie were coming out with. I mean who's interested in *metal,* it's just not on, is it?

"You don't write songs about no emotions or anything, because they're the most important things."

Michael continues: "I know it's a bit of a crass thing to say but — basically — rock music, or whatever, shouldn't be cold. It should be warm."

Evidently the warmth of their lyrics was none too immediate, mainly as they tend to be totally incomprehensible. Not that their author is overly concerned, he can't explain some of them himself.

As Julian puts it: "A lot of the time we act in a stupidly obscure way, that's the way we act as people in any case.

"Parts of 'Sleeping Gas' are for other people to interpret. It's about a relationship that's got to a certain point, and it's just like a habit. The chorus line goes "You can watch Rafferty turn into a serial", as Rafferty went out first as a pilot T.V. show . to see if people would like it — and then it became a serial. So it's just about allowing things to go on without you doing anything about them.

"Basically, people can make whatever they want of our songs."

"That is," adds Michael, "if they've *got* to make anything of them."

MARK ELLEN

THRILLS

"WHY ISN'T NICK GILDER BIG IN BRITAIN YET?"

SANDY ROBERTSON
SOUNDS

He's what Twilley and Petty outa be.
'Electric Love' is the alternative version of 'Metro Jets' another hit awaiting release.
It's akin to lusher, more romantic, aching Cheap Trick."
Sandy Robertson, Sounds.

"Frequency is the album Nick Gilder has been working towards for the past two years. The seeds were planted on his debut LP, 'You Know Who You Are,' and blossomed encouragingly on 'City Nights' the follow-up which spawned the classic single 'Hot Child In The City.'
Gilder has yet to make an impact in Britain. We even ignored 'Hot Child In The City.' I don't think we can afford to let this one slip past."
Harry Doherty, Melody Maker.

TUNE IN TO NICK GILDERS' FREQUENCY.

NICK GILDER. 'FREQUENCY.' CHR 1219. Chrysalis INCLUDES THE SINGLE (YOU REALLY) ROCK ME

ARCHIVE FUN

COO-WEE, 'scuse me, ahem. OI! YOU! Yeah, you with the rat on a lead. Don't look away mate, you're not bloody famous yet. This is the Swingin' Sixties innit? Right, I suppose that explains those flairs and the buckled slip-ons. Eye-tie are they? Thought as much.

Dunno bout that mutt though. Bit affected that. Pedigree eh? Oh fab gear baby, let's all walk around the backside of Soho sportin' the latest hand made in Chelsea jackets with the button down Ben lookin' like an extra in 'The Servant' or one of the boys in Lord Kitchener's Valet and hope some la-di-da woofter with a Nikon and an account at Mr Fish will spot us. Ho yus, wiv any luck I daresay we'll get our picture in a book like *Young London — Permissive Paradise*. Look out, there's David 'Old' Bailey, Lord Snowden and Frank Habicht. Wot a bleedin' coincidence.

Haw haw, cough, splutter. Still can't get over that conk or that dog though, filthy things shitting all over the public highways and never mind 'I'm Backin' Britain' either sunshine. First chance you get it's orft to the States innit. Stuck up git. Call yourself Honest etc.

Mods fight Benn's vote plans

So who says Mods aren't reactionary? Spotted in The Sun by Jon Smele of Bristol.

10. The manager of a record department decided to promote the sale of three L.P. records by the groups the 'Airs', the 'Beats' and the 'Chords'. He stocked his department with 400 'Airs' records, 900 'Beats' records and 600 'Chords' records. He bought the 'Airs' records at £1·68 each and sold them at a profit of 25% on the cost price. He bought the 'Beats' records at £1·50 each and sold them at a profit of 32% on the cost price. Unfortunately the 'Chords' records proved to be unpopular and he had to sell them at £2·92 each, losing 8·75% on the cost price. Eventually he sold all the records. Calculate
(*a*) the cost price of a 'Chords' record,
(*b*) the total gain he made on the sale of all the records,
(*c*) the percentage profit on the whole sale, giving your answer correct to two places of decimals. **(15 marks)**

The London Board of G.C.E. examiners obviously getting 'hip to the trip.' Sent in by Mod Lang reader, Andy.

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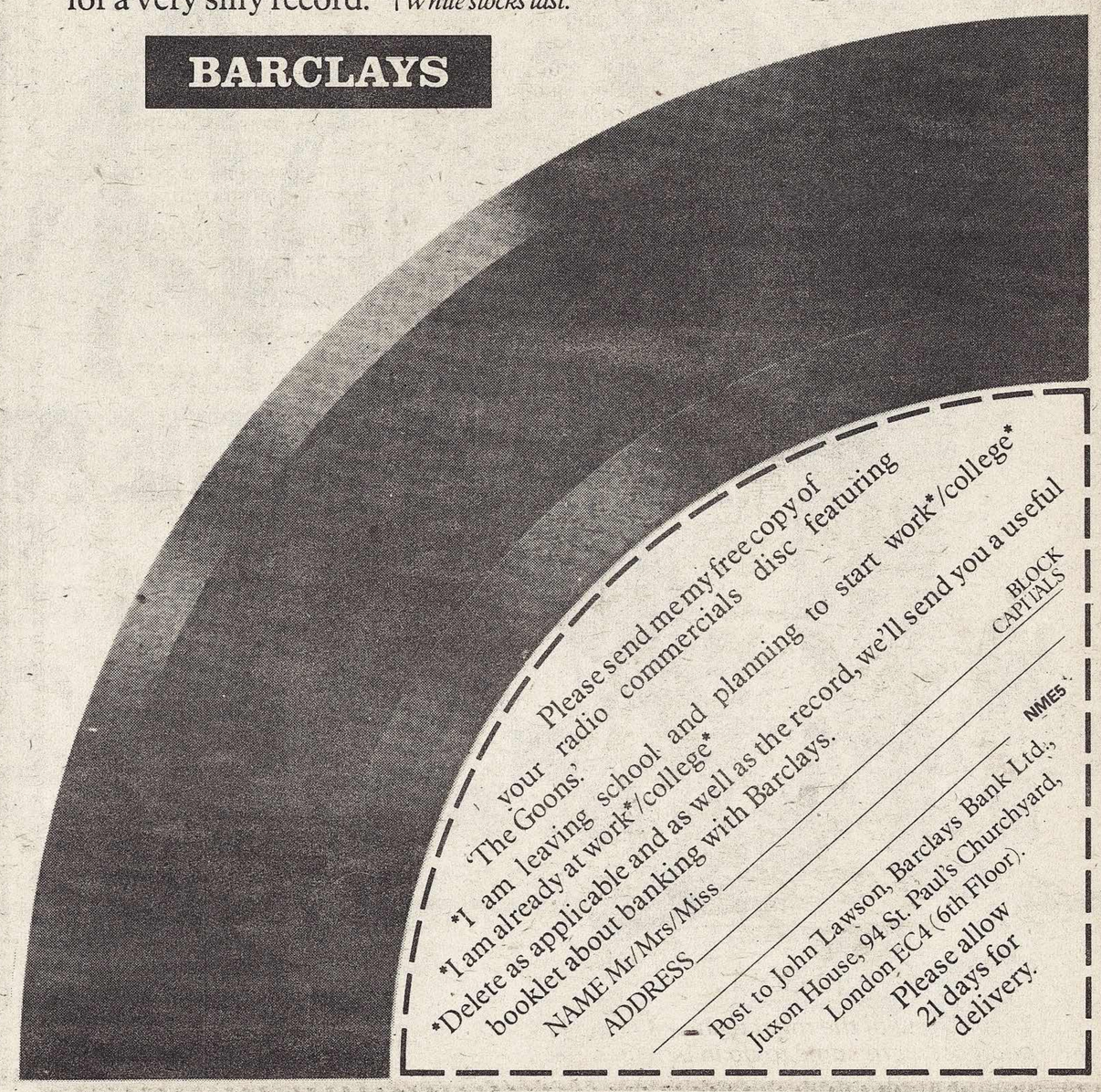
We also know how little you've been able to hear each of them. So we've brought out a special record featuring all eleven. It's yours for the price of an envelope and stamp.† Which is a very silly price for a very silly record. †*While stocks last.*

BARCLAYS



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Mythic Legend Breaks Cover

Jim and Patti test the air in their mutual abyss. *Pic: Chester Simpson.*

MOVE OVER Lou. You to Patti. And if all that stuff about communicating with god is true, you can tell Jim Morrison the news. There's a new kid in town. Goes by the name of Jim Carroll. And he's already pushing the role of poet as rock and roller in another direction.

They used to introduce Carroll as "America's best young poet." And for good reason. Carroll had barely turned 22 when his third book of poetry, "Living at the Movies," was nominated for a Pulitzer. Prize Beat writer Jack Kerouac wrote of him, "At 13 years of age, Carroll writes better prose than 89 per cent of the novelists working today." Commented William Burroughs, "He must be a born writer."

Now, Carroll, 28, leads a killer rock and roll band. Already, those who have heard him perform at a handful of rare performances at the Mabuhay Gardens, the C.B.G.B.'s of San Francisco, are throwing around terms like "legendary" and "mythic".

The ex-New Yorker is sitting in a dark booth within a slick San Francisco cafe, Enrico's. Wearing black jeans, sneakers and a grey V-neck sweater, Carroll looks more like a poet, a beat poet, than the future of rock and roll. Of course Jim Carroll makes no such claims. That's left to the press and his rabid Bay Area following.

Carroll is lighting one cigarette after another. His light brown hair is cut fairly short. His face is gaunt and pale.

"What a poet is about is changing the fucking world!" he says intently. His long, bony fingers pick at a package of smokes. "Or at least going for it, taking a risk. But the poetry scene has come to the point where all the poets just write to impress other poets. I realised that's not what a poet is about."

Carroll thinks rock and roll is a better medium for reaching a larger and younger audience. Other people agree with him. Rolling Stones Records has signed Carroll to a five-year contract. Keith Richards will probably produce. But Lou Reed, Bryan Ferry and even Jon Landau are interested. "These things all sound mind boggling," admits Carroll.

In performance, Carroll paces the stage as if it were the rear of some Bohemian coffee house. While his band creates a tense groove, Carroll punches at you with his verse, like a boxer who knows that sooner or later, if he can just keep up the onslaught, he'll score a knockout. You have to listen to Jim Carroll. He gives you no choice.

Carroll talks/sings like a melodic Lou Reed. Sometimes his phrasing recalls Mick Jagger. More often, it brings to mind the late Jim Morrison. Carroll and his band — Terrel Win and Brian Linsley on duel lead/rhythm guitars, bassist Stevie Linsley and drummer Wayne Woods — come out of the pre-punk tradition of serious, skilled players who've got the chops *and* the manic energy.

Carroll spits out his tough, but literary songs like "Wicked Gravity," "Tension" and "The Rain," over an amphetamine rush of blazing electric guitars. It's dark, moody rock and roll at times reminiscent of the early Rolling Stones and the Velvet Underground.

Carroll's songs are explorations of the spiritual, the sexual and the deadly. In "Tension," Carroll comments on idolatry. "They melt down the golden calf/they play the gold on my phonograph." In "Catholic Boy," he sings, "I was a catholic boy; I was redeemed through pain and not through joy."

Born in New York City, Jim Carroll comes out of a lower class, Irish-Catholic background. He spent much of his youth hanging out on the street. Carroll had sampled heroin by the time he was 13. As he wrote in his book, "The Basketball Diaries," an autobiographical novel that documents his early teens, "The funny part is that I thought heroin was NON-addictive and marijuana was addictive."

Actually, it wasn't funny. At 16, Carroll was a junky.

Carroll finally kicked his drug habit in 1973 and moved to California. "I was sick of waiting for the man at all times of the night," he says bitterly. "Always running on their time. I had to break that jugular contact, get away from that environment.

"You know there's nothing hip about falling that low," continues Carroll. "It's only heroic if you take into account a resurrection from sinking into that pit. Because then you have a chance to take life again."

And what does Jim Carroll hope to accomplish in rock and roll? "I want to get rid of that punk negativity. I'm sick of the background music for the apocalypse. It's time for a sense of rage, time to crawl back up.

"I mean you're born into a fucking abyss and you're going to pass into it and while you're breathing the air, you might as well try to go for it. Make something happen."

MICHAEL GOLDBERG

THRILLS

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Spider and Mr Bentley (?!); Be Warned!

Hey you! Don't watch that. Watch this! This is the heavy heavy monster sound! The nuttiest sound around!

So if you come in off the street, and you're beginning to feel the heat, you better start to move your feet to the rockiest rock steady beat!

This is the nutty sound!!!!

THESE words are not mine. They belong to Chaz Smash, the unofficial seventh member of the North London band Madness.

Those of you lucky enough to have taken a trip to see Madness will recognise Chaz as the pork-pie hatted one who introduces the group and spends a large portion of their set dancing in a most berserk fashion by the side of the stage. He doesn't sing or play an instrument; he simply contributes to the general air of dizzy lunacy at Madness gigs and, basically, sums the whole thing up.

For, as a pure fun band, Madness take some beating, something that is largely down to what saxophonist Lee Thompson has christened 'the nutty sound'.

As Lee himself explains: "It's a sort of happy fairground sound with jokey lyrics. Almost like Steptoe and Son music! It's something that we haven't really got as yet.

"The only thing that's really nutty about us is our act and Chaz Smash.

"But the sound is not quite there yet. We ain't quite sure of ourselves at the moment. When we've done a few more gigs we'll be a bit closer."

Madness — vocalist Suggs, rhythm guitarist Chris Forman, bassist Mark Bedford, drummer Woods, organist Mike Barson plus Lee on sax — began life two years ago with a slightly different line-up and a different name — the Invaders.

From playing cover versions of whatever records happened to be brought along to rehearsals that week, they developed a full and distinctive sound, rooted in ska and R and B but with plenty of unhinged edges such as Lee's yakety sax fanaticism and Suggs' wide-boy charm.

"I'd like to think that we're influenced by other people," elaborates Chris. "We're influenced by ska, we like a lot of Motown stuff and Kilburn and the High Roads.

"But I'd rather have our own sound than something that someone else has already got. One critic called us a rude boy ska band, but we don't really want to be categorised like that."

Madness, to their credit, are all too aware of the dangers that the current resurgence of interest in bluebeat and ska could be seen as no more than a passing fad.

"That's the one thing that worries us," grins Suggs. "We could get labelled as just another ska revival band and get our own ten minutes of fame like that.

"At the moment, it doesn't matter what sort of music you play. You're in vogue for ten minutes and then that's it.

"In the last month or so we've got as much publicity as some bands who have been slogging around for years. It make you wonder if you'll be back down there again next week."

"That's one of the reasons," chips in Woods, "that we don't want to be labelled as a rude boy ska band. We want to get across to as many people as possible so that they can all come along and have a good time."

Madness, l-r: Woods, Chris Foreman, Lee Thompson, Mark Bedford, Suggs, Mike Barson. *Pic: Kerston Rodgers.*

This Is The Nutty Sound!

One of the reasons for the sudden interest in the band has been the 2-Tone connection. Madness readily acknowledge that they have received invaluable assistance from their kindred spirits The Specials; a few prestigious gigs with the band who are possibly the hottest live act in the country right now as well as a single on the Specials' own 2-Tone label.

But now, they will go their own way. With two major record labels already showing a keen interest, they want the chance to stand on their own twelve feet.

They want to work their way closer to the perfection of their sound and bring in a few more of their stage gimmicks, without getting too theatrical.

Raffles, indoor smoke bombs — if Lee can get hold of any these days — and chipmunks danging on elastic from the ceiling are all possibilities, but don't dismiss this group as one big joke.

As Mike concludes: "When you mess around, you've got to do it seriously or it's not worth it. Like when Chaz is dancing, he's being funny, but he's really serious about what he's doing.

"He's not laughing about it. And we're all playing our instruments properly all the time. We still rehearse three nights a week!"

Lee asked me to finish the interview with the following, somewhat obscure, warning.

"Spider and Mr Bentley told me five years ago that they were going to get things organised and get back to the old sound. But since then, all they've put out has been a disco album and two singles.

"If they don't buck up, me and the boys are going to take over." This band has a bee in its bonnet. And when their day comes, you can bet it is going to last longer than ten minutes.

ADRIAN THRILLS

THRILLS

Our Cult figures: £4·44*

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ARE YOU READY FOR THE BOUFFANT BOP?

THOSE OF you who are not completely out to lunch will be well aware by now that B-52s ain't a flight of strategic heavy bombers, nor a course of multi-vitamin shots, or even a ream of social security forms.

It's a term for a particular grosso-bizarro American hairdo and, more recently, the name adopted by that nation's latest Titans of Teenoid Trash.

So! In the wake of The B-52's visit to promote both themselves, their highly praised debut Island Records album *and* the re-make of their celebrated 'Rock Lobster' song, we here at *New Musical Express* invite you to contribute to the aesthetics of beauty parlour chic by studying our pictorial parade of bouffant boppers, lacquered ladies, pompadoured princesses, coiffeured cuties and backcombed boilers, and picking out Kate and Cindy — the two female members of The B-52s.

And what's in it for you?

Well . . . the first all-correct entry will receive a life-size replica of a rock lobster (do with it what you will 'cept cook it), a copy of The B-52s' debut Island album (complete with limited edition copy of the *original* 'Rock Lobster' single), a monogrammed B-52s' slim-jim tie plus a B-52s' button.

The next four runners-up each receive a copy of The B-52s' album (including limited edition single), a monogrammed tie plus button.

The next 20 runners-up will cop the album (with limited edition single) plus the snappy B-52s' logo button

So get to it! All you gotta do is choose which dames you reckon are B-52s and match the letter with the name in the box on the right.

May the best bouffant-spotter win!

This competition is open to all readers resident in the UK, Eire, Isle Of Man and the Channel Islands, except employees (and their families) of IPC Magazines Ltd., the printers of New Musical Express and the staff of Island Records. The Editor's decision is final and the results will be published in a future issue of NME.

● *Incidentally, if any smartass reckons he or she can name six or more of the ten girls pictured, send in your list SEPARATELY to Bouffant The Bozo, NME, 5-7 Carnaby Street, London W1. Most right answer cops a can of hair lacquer and some vintage vihyl from the Bouffant Queen Brenda Lee.*

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MY ALBUM COVERS HAVE BACK DROPS THAT MAKE POSITIVE STATEMENTS.
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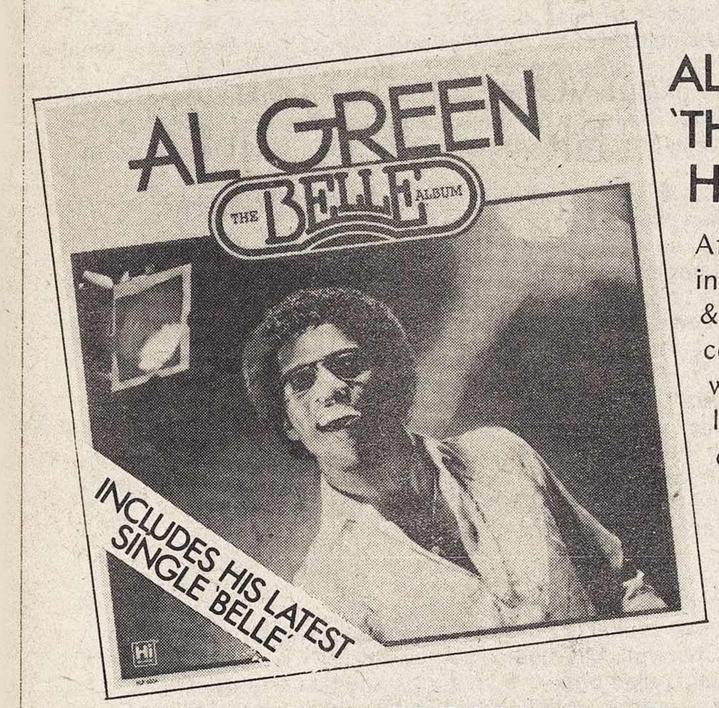

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MENTAL

BLOCKS

All those who want to stay with The Blockheads one step forward . . . Where are you going Jankel???

MONTY SMITH goes on the road with Mr Dury's orchestra to discover if there's life beyond Blockism and north of Tyneside . . .

All pix: PENNIE SMITH

IT was raining when we arrived, and a good deal colder than London.

"This is great for Aberdeen," said the typically taciturn cab driver. He smiles when Kozmo Vinyl tipped him. Which is more than poor Koz could manage. He had a rotten abcess in his mouth which made him look and sound like a young Don Corleone with only half the required wedge of cotton wool in his gob.

Koz says it feels like Motorhead are playing in his mouth. Quite appropriate, really, for the Granite City. Aberdeen is well north, but no passports are exchanged. It has two pubs to every church and a couple of Chinese carry-outs. The large, solid grey-stone buildings lend it an austere beauty and there are intriguing steps, alleyways and side streets all over the shop. One of them is called Diamond Place. Ian Dury and The Blockheads should feel at home. Though — because of the myriad dialects and local press misprints they've encountered in Europe and Britain during their three month tour — they've now dubbed themselves Iron Brewery and The Bollockheads.

Just as well. On this Saturday afternoon in Aberdeen, police cars are cruising the busy shopping precincts, checking on chucking-out time (not *all* of the pubs stay open from eleven to eleven). Most of the shop window displays feature wallpaper or saucy lingerie. All kinds of do-it-yourself. Scotland, I decide, is great. We shouldn't annex it just yet. And never mind the pubs, the water is so soft it seems to possess a tactile smoothness, like touching silk. It's safe to drink, too.

This evening, The Bollockheads are playing the Capitol Theatre. Past attractions this year have been Marty Robbins, Larry Grayson, The Three Degrees and Frankie Vaughan. Coming are Don Williams and *The Deer Hunter*.

"Where's yer pass?" demands a bespectacled old jobsworth when Ian Dury presents himself at the stage door.

"We're working here tonight," says Ian, managing to conceal his exasperation. Someone has to be fetched from the soundcheck,

Inside, the Capitol has a Rank grandeur circa Edgar Lustgarten. The reception is tumultuous, before a note's been played. Dury still makes vaguely obscene gestures with the mike stand but he's considerably more mobile than I remembered, and a lot less fragile.

"His stick is a prop," says Koz (Dury's co-operative — co-manager, co-handler you name it). "He doesn't need callipers either, it's just that if he falls over he can't get up. Callipers keep his leg straight — if it bends, it hurts him." There's no getting away from it — Dury is quite a handsome chap. The camera lies. And only a warped bigot would equate physical disability with ugliness.

The other most noticeable change is the drastic shift in the overall sound and stage attitude of The Bollockheads themselves. They're less loose, less jokey and good-timey, more . . . er, musically direct. Full as a bull's bum, in fact. Which is all to the good in a two hour set. This has much to do with the presence, on guitar and keyboards, of music director Chaz Jankel.

What do they play? It's easier to say what they don't. They don't do the B-sides ('Razzle In My Pocket', 'You're More Than Fair', 'Clever Bastards' and 'Common As Muck') and they've dropped 'My Old Man', 'If I Was With A Woman' and 'Abracadadbra' from the 'New Boots' set.

They play everything else, till it hurts. The percussive bludgeoning of 'Reasons To Be Cheerful' is an inevitable high spot and that intro to 'Sweet Gene Vincent' still sends shivers down my sweating neck, especially when 1800 people are singing along.

During 'Clevor Trever' a clockwork bird is sent forth across the auditorium. "Worth a bank of laser beams, that is," says Koz. "Only costs 30 bob."

'Sex And Drugs' is now 15 minutes of orgiastic splendour, each Bollockhead stretching out on introductory solos. Jankel and John Turnbull, for instance, trade guitar licks, restrainedly picking like there's a bogie on every string. The next night they'll opt for pyrotechnic power chords of chopper ferocity. Dick Wingate, the man spying for Epic Records from the U.S. of A., is suitably impressed. You'd have to be dead not to be.

But who are these Bollockheads, and from whence do they come?

DAVEY Payne is 35. He is the saxophone man and he comes from London. He's married with a ten month old daughter.

When he's playing he resembles a praying mantis, leaning forward slightly, the sax a part of him. The entomological analogy is enhanced by his stage gear, a garish gold glitter jacket and tacky plastic belt encrusted with blobs and baubles covering his entire midriff (obviously an Elvis reject circa Las Vegas), resembling a faggoty beetle's armour. A truly horrible pair of black plastic wraparound spex adds to the illusion.

There's something diffident and aloof about his stage presence — even when he's imperiously shaking marracas during 'Mischief'. And especially during 'Billericay Dickie' and 'Sweet Gene', in which there are no sax parts. He stands absolutely still, his hands held behind his back, staring at the boards. He eerily resembles a Vulcan relative of Mr Spock's and it's particularly disturbing an image considering the maelstrom on stage behind him and the audience freneticism in front.

"That was Ian's idea," he says, a talkative and approachable man off stage. "I sat down during those numbers in Amsterdam and almost fell asleep. Ian said 'You might as well just stand there — it'll be really heavy'.

"And I enjoy that. I try and get into the songs' characters. Sometimes my mind wanders but other times I look at my feet and think of myself as Gene Vincent or imagine myself to be Billericay Dickie. But if I'm tired, I just take it easy."

Davey's a self-taught musician who's done it the wrong way round. He's roamed around Europe playing free-form jazz (in The People Band, with Terry Day and Charlie Hart) before finding out what a 12-bar was. He likes Bartok and Webern, and Junior Walker's tone. He still listens to Roland Kirk.

When he first met Ian (during the Kilburn And The High Roads days), Dury thought he was a junkie. "I thought he was a nutcase," says Davey, and they got together. "We all pissed off after 'Handsome' because we weren't earning enough to pay the rent."

He kept his oar in by playing with Ronnie Lane's Slim Chance and The Fabulous Poodles. Ian asked him to play on 'New Boots' and then Wreckless Eric wanted him on his debut album.

"I liked Eric, he was really mad. But he changed. He became nasty."

Davey resented the way in which Eric treated his 17-year old bassist Barry Payne (relation). "He was really nasty to my young brother. But I think he's pulled out of it now."

Davey's been with the Dury set-up since the Dirty Dozen tour two years ago. He's got the blisters on his lips to prove it (they only bleed when he's blowing really hot). He hasn't smoked, imbibed or even eaten eggs since 1970 (he gave up meat and fish in the '60s). He looks ill. But he's got a lot of lungs.

NORMAN Watt-Roy is 28. He plays bass and was born in Bombay, India. Mickey Gallagher is 34. He plays keyboards. John Turnbull is 29. He plays guitar and, like Mickey, was born in Newcastle. They were all together in Ronan O'Reilly's loony Radio Caroline project Loving Awareness (with Charley Charles) and have various other connections through bands like Bell & Arc and Glencoe.

"Mickey's probably had more bands than I've had bunk-ups," as Kozmo so succinctly puts it. For full details wait for Pete Frame's Family Tree book. But don't hold your breath.

They are all practised musicians and are surprised how The Bollockheads have grown. "Some sort of ideology keeps you going," says Mickey, who still receives royalty payments for his part in a Peter Frampton hit. "I don't know what it is." When pressed, he puts it down to a mixture of naivite, optimism and excitement.

"The buzz comes when you're writing," says John. "We'd stay up 24 hours writing because, although it was work, we enjoyed it. I suppose it's like if you're a cobbler, you take pride in making a good pair of shoes. OK, it's work — but you get off on it."

On stage, John is loose and lissom, going in for buckets of brilliantine, fetching canary yellow twin-sets with green guitar strap and matching wrist bands, and a Tony Curtis smile.

Mickey opts for blue-black hair and anything else that will clash, preferably pink. Norman settles for comparatively quiet black tack, even going so far as to dutifully change out of a pair of big black DMs before the show and into a different pair of the same model.

"Daft, innit?" he says. Norman's got a fine sense of humour. He'd have to really. His parents brought him over here when he was four and took a taxi from Liverpool to Highbury, North London. It cost all the money they'd got. He still likes Indian music and curry. He keeps a reference library of girlie mags in his loo. "I know when people have been in there for a while because they're all in a different order." He's been playing since he was eleven.

Did you take up the bass because you couldn't handle lead guitar, Norman?

"Nah, I was good on guitar you cheeky sod. I only used to play rhythm. You couldn't find many bass players at that time, and I used to love the bass on Motown records.

"Also, I had this bass player's manual and on the first page it said 'Don't tell the rest of the band but you're the most important member'. So I shut it quick — that was all I needed to know."

He laughs, and so do the others. Those *Melody Maker* insinuations — made at the time of the 'Do It Yourself' sessions — that The Bollockheads were about to split asunder seem to have been well wide of the mark.

"You get seven or eight geezers together doing anything — never mind in a studio making an album — and you'll get arguments," says Mickey. "It was nothing."

"Yeah," says Norman. "People hanging around would've picked up things and blown them out of proportion. After a couple of discussions Ian didn't come into the studio for a few days, because he was still working on the lyrics. So people see that and say Ian's quit. In fact, when he did come back we fired him."

We all laugh. Even so, Chaz Jankel is going to quit the band. But what of the other Charley?

CHARLEY Charles is 34. He was born in Georgetown, Guyana and has played drums since he was a boy. He used to watch his dad's 16-piece orchestra play Latin, jazz and early R&B.

"Drummers are like goalkeepers," Mickey has said earlier. "A breed apart."

He's right. Charley's an inventor, a hobbyist, a multidimentionalist, a philosopher. In short, an erudite nutter. Even dressed in his white singlet over a black tracksuit, he has the air of a diplomat. He speaks imposingly, with an actor's clarity, as if emulating Dick Bogarde's dirktion (© Benny Hill).

Charley came over here when he was 15 and went to Wandsworth Tech for a couple of years.

"And then I had this silly notion that I wanted to earn some money. You couldn't go into a shop and say 'May I have that'. You have to have regular coinage and notes."

So he worked for F. W. Woolworth as a store detective in the Whitechapel area. He couldn't stomach it. "Some of those people had fucking nothing, and I knew that. So I let them go."

He then signed up in the Army. "A sheer experience number. I wanted to see the world. But what I saw upset me so much I wanted to buy myself out. You just cannot run a planet on military tactics."

All the while he was playing R&B and 'James Brown rip-offs' at weekends, as far afield as Germany and Singapore (where he finally bought himself out, after four and a half years, for £300). He's since played with a lot of people, including Link Wray and the Arthurs Brown and Conley. And, of course, Mickey, Norman and John in Loving Awareness.

"We got together on a consciousness level," he says. "The mortal love dream."

But the music helped?

"Of course it did. But that's just motivation. Right now there's a love factor. I couldn't sit down and dialogue with you if I didn't feel in any way attached to your presence. Do you know what I mean?"

Luckily, I was Scotch mist otherwise I'd have blushed.

He listens to everything he can get his hands and ears on. He enjoys most sitting at home writing his own music.

"I wouldn't criticise any music. Because everyone hears natural frequencies as well as rhythms and trying to get that out — what's within you — is no easy task. The thing is *allowing* it.

"I'm a multi-dimensional person. To play drums you've got to allow your left leg to act differently from the right . and there's the hands. All those computations — the splitting of the atoms, my boy."

Charley's into casual calisthenics before each show. Are those exercises physical or cerebral?

"Yeah, its concentration. The physical will take care of itself. You've got divisions in the head and you automatically allow the physical to take over."

He's certainly a well hefty drummer, an unsinkable titan. Is he aware of time passing on stage? "I'm aware that it's over an hour."

It's two.

"Really? Great. More power to the energy. I could play for four or six. It means everything we've learned we're spacing out. We can chat for another four days, right? If we weren't interrupted we'd find things to talk about. It's endless."

The tape ran out there.

CHAZ Jankel is 27. Born of humble Jewish parentage in Stanwell, Middlesex, he has written the music for most of Mr Dury's best-known songs and has arranged all of it. He says it all started with Sly And The Family Stone. He likes Earth Wind And Fire and Weather Report. His favourite pianists are Joe Zawinul and Arthur Rubinstein.

Continues over page

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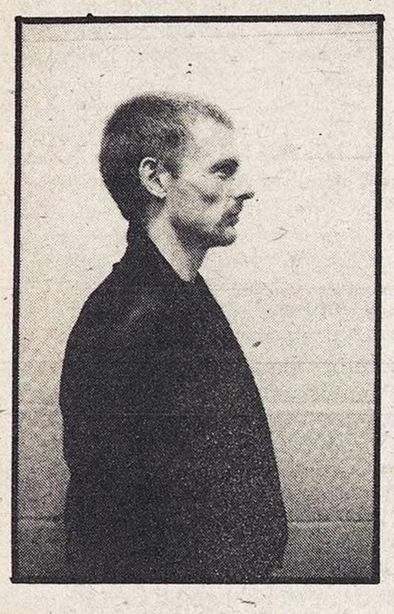
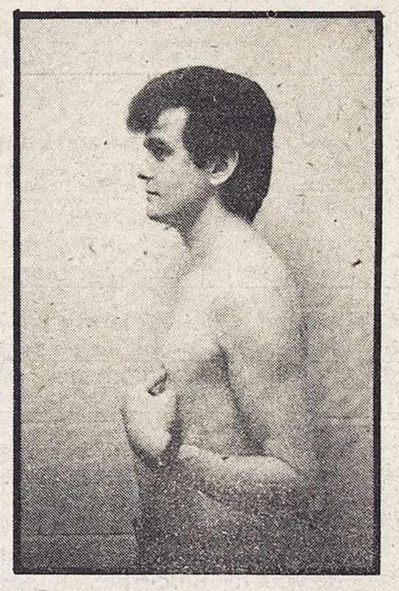
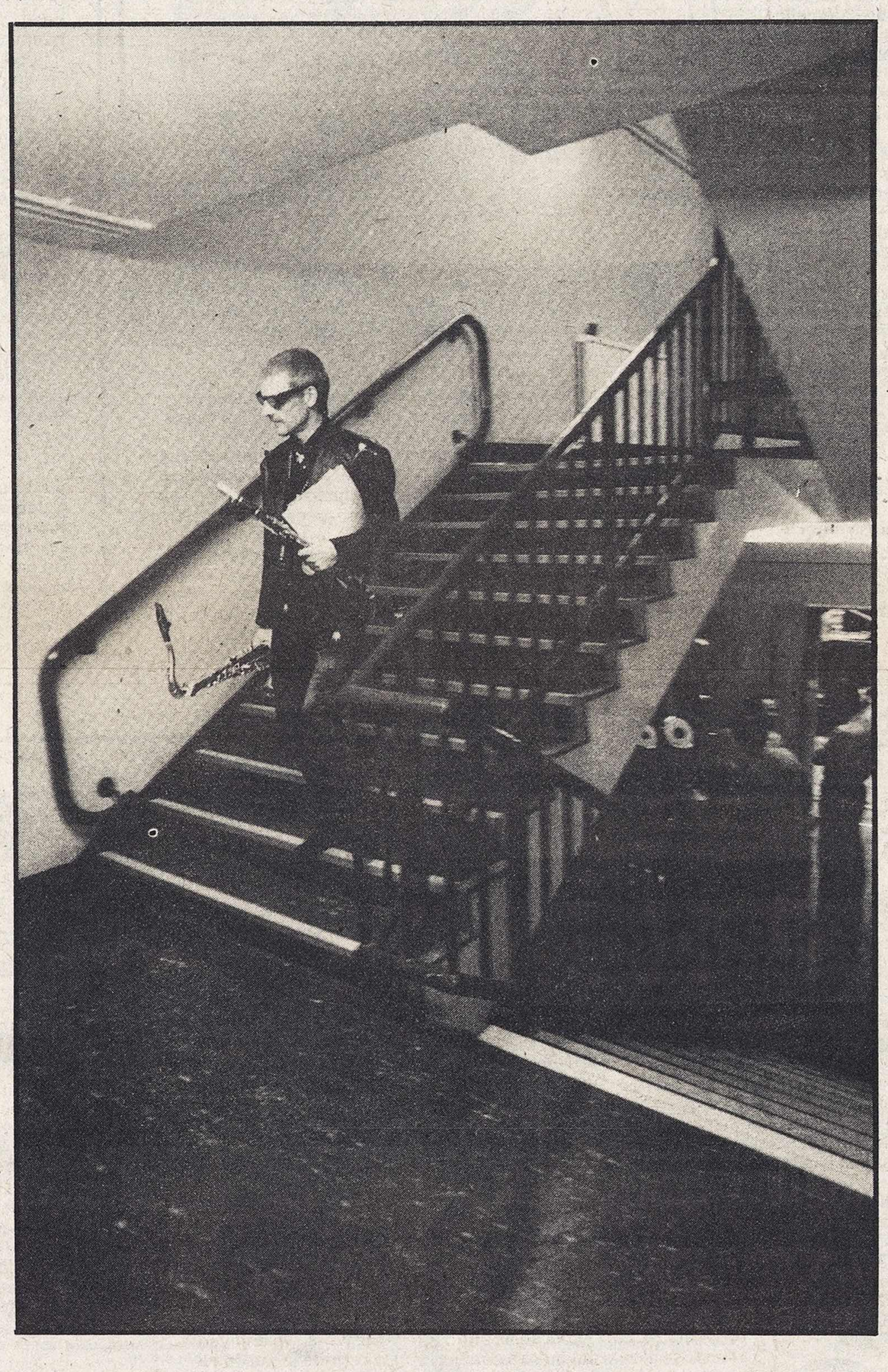
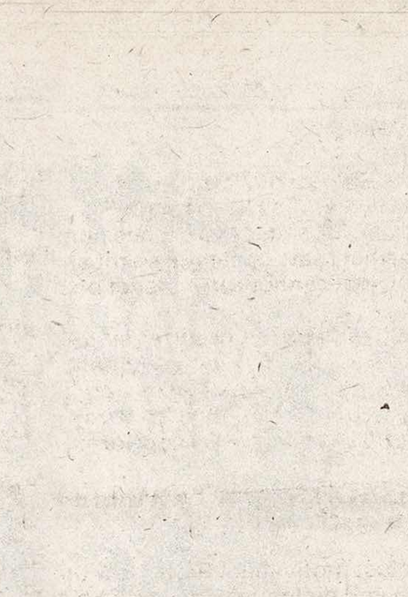
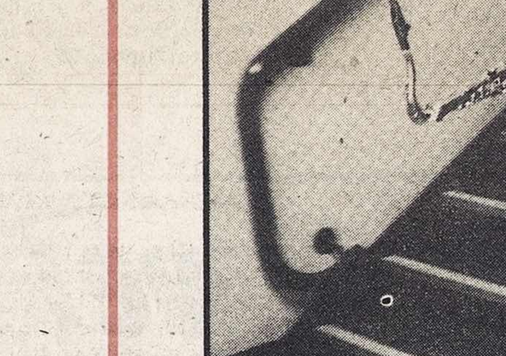
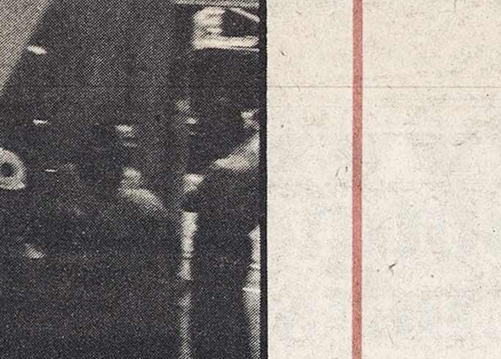












MENTAL

MO' BLOX

From previous page

Chaz plays guitars and keyboards. He's quitting The Bollockheads for good. He's leaving at the end of August. The final sojourn. The first lapsed Bollockhead.

On stage he strikes me as being a bit uncomfortable, the guitar-thwackings in 'Plaistow Patricia' seeming forced, for instance. Sort of boyishly uneasy, a bit incongruous. Off stage, I'd assumed him to be a cautious man, the sort who'd turn around in a public latrine before farting. I was right on the first score, dead wrong on the second.

"No, I'm not completely comfortable on stage," he says, punctuating his conversation with mildly Pinteresque pauses. "I feel in some ways, the music isn't stimulating enough to demand that I should be out of town touring every night with the same set of songs. Because you're limited. I find that a crush to my creative powers.

"I'd say about 60% of the time I'm enjoying myself but there is that other 40% that just isn't there. And I think it's something to do with the Blockhead philosophy, which I'm not really party to.

"I like the idea that we can associate with the audience and there's no superstar trip but at the same time I find the music . . . I mean, I have channelled Ian and the other guys into producing this music but I've got a feeling they'd feel more comfortable going in a more rocky direction — a Chuck Berry type direction.

"And I should be going my own way, which is a much broader spectrum. It doesn't need to be vocal, it doesn't need to be focused through a front man, it doesn't need to be channelled through a three minute single. I've done those things because I can do it. I wear different hats for different occasions.

"And I've helped Ian for three years. I thought it would be unfair of me to ditch him before now because he's always had me there as MD. But it would be a killer for me if I were to stay any longer."

Jankel's not accepting any commitments after August. He wants to disappear to South America for a while and then travel up through North America. He doesn't plan to write with Ian again.

"Certainly not for a very long time. Because once you write, you've got the promotion etc. That's where I got involved on this tour.

"Basically I need a breathing space. A lot of this tour is alien to me — the backstage parties, the quick chatter, rap-rap-rap. On stage I can perform loud chords and act quite brash but afterwards I need the opposite.

"The dressing room is a prime example. After the show, very little regard is given to the musician. After two hours you come into the dressing room absolutely soaked and shattered. There's Kozmo shouting the odds and Fred (Spider Rowe), much as I love him, also shouting the odds. It's not on. It's really painful to experience all that.

"So rather than me complain about it, I'm getting out." Does he really feel totally separate from the others?

"There is an empathy between us all. My greatest talent, I think, is as a catalyst. I think Ian Dury And The Blockheads are a good group but I don't think we're the best group in the world. Consequently, I feel that if I were to stay I would not be true to myself. I need to expand and develop and if I stayed with Ian I would not do that."

How does Ian feel about it?

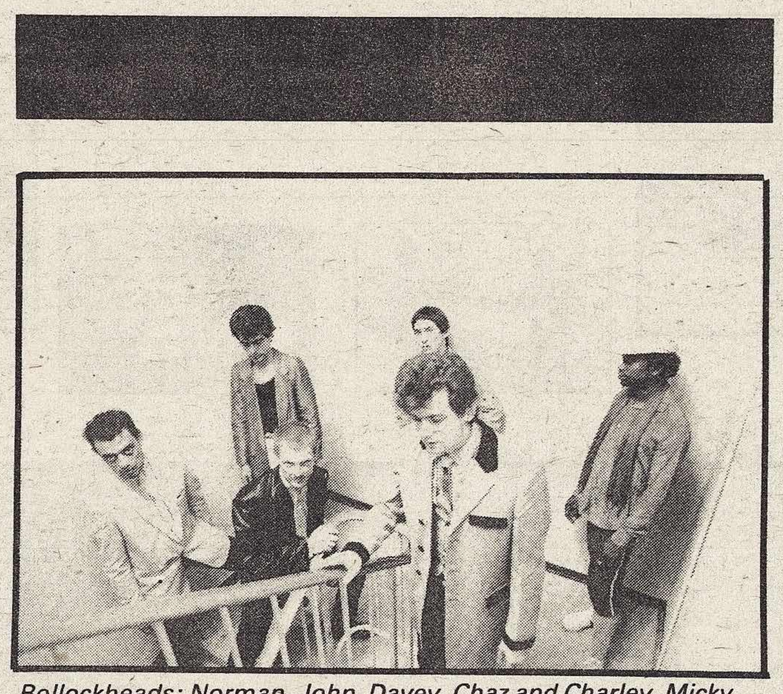
"He's never questioned it because I didn't ask him, I told him. I told him last Christmas."

So who's Ian going to write with?

"I'd like him to write with Mickey and the rest of the band. What I hope will happen is that the ranks will tighten up, with the guys in the band becoming even stronger.

"See, a lot of Ian's words are in the form of rhyming couplets and sometimes you can't actually put a melody to it. You can put a very basic melody to it, as in the case of 'Plaistow Patricia' — which I refused to write the music for as I didn't really get off on the words. I thought any song that starts off 'Arseholes, bastards, fucking cunts and pricks' is not exactly going to be a major No.1 world hit.

"But that's beside the point — the point being that because



Bollockheads: Norman, John, Davey, Chaz and Charley. Micky is climbing up the stairs. This is what we find.

there was only one way of singing the words — blaaagh! blaaagh! blaaagh! — you could only put the simplest music behind it.

"So you've got that side to Ian's music. The other side is the side I try to carve out for him, like 'Inbetweenies', which is a much more moderate, less extreme approach to music. I was trying to stretch him as a singer, as well, because he needs to be stretched.

"He's always relied on the fact that he's an excellent entertainer but he hasn't developed himself to the same extent as a singer and I think he needs to do that next." Some of Ian's singing has struck me as being a bit lazy. Are his vocals on 'Common As Muck', for instance, deliberately sloppy?

"Er, yeah. I'll tell you something. No, they're not, unfortunately. It's not intended at all. Ian showed me the lyric of 'Common As Muck' the same time we wrote 'Hit Me', last September. I sat down at the piano, reading the lyrics, and I just found a blues for it — it was obvious.

"He goes, 'great, great, yeah.' So he, having got that one sorted out, mentally switched off. In fact, that was premature. Because he never asked me to hone in the melody for him. He never practiced the melody. He thought he knew the melody. But he didn't.

"Come the session, about nine months later in Rome, when he was on the spot, he just couldn't handle it. He was nervous, unconfident. He had the words, but he didn't have the vocal. And that's one of the reasons I think he should practice his singing.

"I've tried to tell him about singing but because he's not a musician he finds it very difficult. The funny thing is, wandering down the street after a gig, you can hear him sing a standard as well as you or I could.

"But put him on the spot and he will sing . . . not very well, most of the time. I think it's to do with nerves. As a result, when he's singing loud, which is his tendency, he'll sing sharp. I've told him that but he still insists on singing sharp.

"When he's singing a more simple melody, like 'Blockheads', that's where he scores. And I think he'll go on scoring in that direction. But I don't think he'll score in a more musical direction because he hasn't got that ability. And that's the area I'm more interested in."

Davey Payne, I tell him, also expressed a desire to stretch himself musically. There's a longer pause than usual. "Davey, I think, could put a lot more into it. He spends a lot of time in front of the mirror, concerned about his image. All that these people need to do is stretch themselves and then maybe something will happen.

"I could carry on working with Ian for three years, but by leaving him that's the greatest statement I could make. Because it's a non-aggressive statement and it's also very positive." Was there much heart-searching before he came to this decision?

"Heart-searching? *Yeah.* Because I felt I was obliged. God, if you only knew how I'd thought about it, reconsidered it. But you can't keep thinking 'Shall I, shan't I?'

"I know what I'm like — I'm a great dawdler. So I think it's right. Ian'll carry on working. He needs to carry on performing if he wants to stay in the public eye. At the same time he'd do very well if he was to sit down and write, because that's where his greatest talent lies. Writing is really as important as performing.

"I prefer Ian, personally, off stage. I've seen the way he winds up an audience. And it's bullshit. It's becoming much too farcical for me. I must admit, I do take life a bit more seriously than some of the people I'm surrounded by.

"Which is why I'm leaving this Blockheady type of existence. And I won't be missed in terms of commercialism. My leaving doesn't mean a lot."

IN Edinburgh (correct pronunciation: Em'bra), Kozmo finds a dentist who whips out his abcessed tooth for a tenner on a Sunday afternoon. He'd told the reluctant dentist that he was a guitarist in a band playing that night. "So I've left a bit of me in Em'bra," he beamed, chomping down on a clump of blood-soaked lint.

"Chaz Jankel," he tells me later, "is a brave boy who's gonna come a cropper. Know what I mean?"

Kozmo Vinyl is 22.

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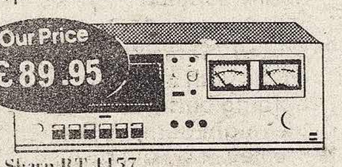

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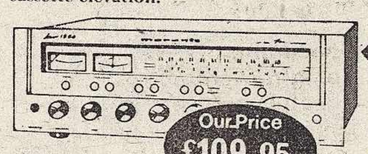

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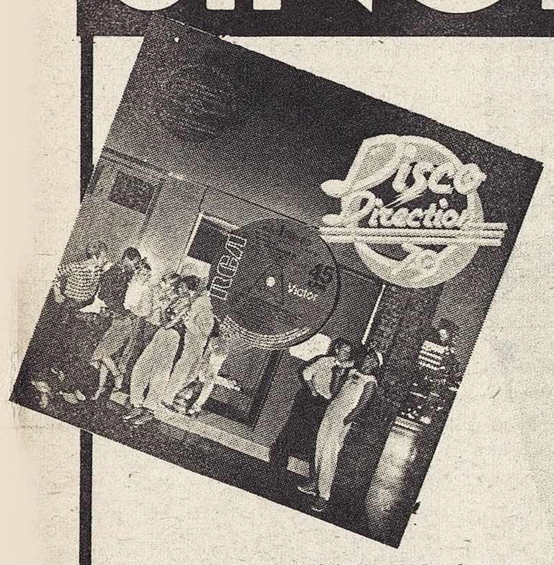


Joint Single Of The Week
Disco Spectacular: Aquarius/Let The Sun Shine In ***(RCA).*** From the grisly commercialised radicalism of *Hair* to this week's happiest and most invincible single: a song from the world's worst musical rises from the ashes like a mad phoenix.

A cast of thousands, but mostly Evelyn 'Champagne' King, give you automatic sunshine and a rhythm guaranteed to alter the beat of your heart. Everything that goes toward making great disco is declared in abundance, including the presence of the world's best anonymous bass player who must be a very busy man these days. A hit.

Joint Single Of The Week
The Fall: Rowche Rumble ***(Step Forward).*** Through yet another major line-up change The Fall emerge re-charged, rejuvenated, and as excellent as ever.

Mark Smith spitefully intones the song's title over playful drums until the band are suddenly called to heel and produce a quick, brittle ball of sound that barely supports the bored and accusing vocals. Occasionally a simple and deceptively soft organ figure rises to the surface before hurriedly ducking out of sight. A song about valium and speed — tongue-in-cheek, presumably — this is The Fall at their petulant, impudent best.

Champagne 'n' valium

Down drinking in the singles bar with JOHN HAMBLETT

The Buzzcocks: Spiral Scratch ***(New Hormones).*** At last New Hormones have re-released the most infuential EP of the last five years. 'Breakdown', 'Times Up', 'Boredom' and 'Friends Of Mine'; four sharp, incisive, abrasive, observant and articulate songs that are as innovatory and appealing today as in 1976, four songs that prove Shelley and Devoto are the two most important composers to the new wave brought to light. Simply four of the finest pop songs ever.

The Jam: When You're Young ***(Polydor).*** Paul Weller continues to recreate the perfect heritage, utilizing an almost miliary, stuttering best to prove he's the undisputed boss of all this quasi-mod stuff. The quirky use of dub to break down the riff mid-stream is amusing, and serves to tone the listener's reflexes for the steely, one-step-at-a-time guitar solo that sneaks in the back and ricochets neatly off the tail of the bass and drums. Classic Jam, what more can I say?

Esther Phillips: Our Day Will Come ***(Mercury).*** Esther Phillips' supple, strong, and supremely warm voice folds around an uptempo, swaying rhythm. Without even smiling to herself she flicks at the percussion and bounces over the moon, leaving a happily swinging horn section until the great lady returns to earth for the grande finale. Wow!

Penetration: Come Into The Open ***(Virgin).*** Pauline is much prettier than Robert Plant and has a much better voice, so I don't understand why Penetration should want to be Led Zeppelin. Why these pompous, heavy-handed riffs? I'm surprised, this really is awful.

The Scientists: Frantic Romantic ***(DNA).*** The Scientists make a pleasing noise: mid-paced, naive guitars clangingly strummed, dumb and dull drums, shy bass, and clinging, hopeful vocals.

Thin Lizzy: Things Ain't Working Out Down At The Farm ***(Decca).*** An appallingly ill-defined slab of noise from the outrageously over-rated Thin Lizzy, even though this is several years old. Lots of guitars hanging around with too much time on their hands, thud-thud rhythms, and vocals rife with misplaced arrogance. What is it this band possess that's supposed to set them apart from every other thunderously dull hard rock band?

Secret Affair: Time For Action ***(Arista).*** A 'new' wave, a 'new' anthem; something else for people too cynical to be impressed by youthful exuberance to be bored with, or mystified by. Its appeal is obvious; it's fast, young, smart and anthemic, the fact that the jumping instrumentation and hook carry not one iota of originality or genuine wit matters very little. Don't bicker about it, either buy or ignore it.

Viola Wills: Gonna Get Along Without You Now ***(Ariole Hansa).*** During which the lady in question applies her ceilingless vocal expertise to an updated calypsodisco version of a song made famous by somebody else. Another hit, one hopes.

Scorpions: All Night Long / Fly To The Rainbow / Speedy's Coming / In Trance ***(RCA).*** A million ratatatat guitars spew sludge over the drummer's best satin trousers, the bass player loses a false eyelash in the thick hair of his manly torso, as the well-endowed vocalist gives himself a double hernia reaching for the high notes.

Rezillos: Can't Stand My Baby ***(Sensible).*** Second re-release of the week, and rightly so as this is the band's finest moment, two years old and still fresh as milk, although I suspect somebody has done something naughty with the mix. However, who could quibble at the wiggy eccentricites of the barely house-trained guitars, and Fay's anxious uncertainty? Not I.

Billy Connolly: In The Brownies ***(Polydor).*** Billy Splices together 'Y.M.C.A.' and 'In The Navy' to praise this country's finest institution for young ladies favourably disposed toward bondage and pyromania.

Lori and The Chameleons: Touch ***(Zoo).*** Lori and friends construct an affectionately bizarre context for a silly love song. Brick synthesised rhythms dance as airily and appetisingly as candy floss while Lori tells of her love for a pretty Japanese boy in a voice sure to seduce boys and girls of all ages all over the world. For the shell-like oriental guitar solo alone this would have made Record Of The Week most weeks but this.

Gene Chandler: When You're Number One ***(Chi Sounds).*** Gene sings persuasively and knowledgably about the dangers of being an ace face over a contagious and functional dance rhythm. A young nightlife song packed with dripping neon, polished leather, 1½"p.t.u's, Coca Cola, tinted glass, altered pulse beats, and repentant dawns. Love it, real mod music.

Mira Waters: You Have Inspired Me ***(Tamla Motown).*** Not even the elegantly inventive production can hide that Ms Waters' aching jazz vocal is wasted on a watery, ungroomed melody. Tough break, Mira.

Speedometors: Tonight Tonight ***(Acrobat).*** Another hopeful young combo make a conscious effort to produce modern pop, only to end up sounding like The Eagles recorded in an industrial refrigerator.

Lindisfarne: Easy and Free ***(Mercury).*** And talking about The Eagles, this is what they'd sound like if they came from Newcastle and had been raised on brown ale and chips instead of California sunshine and tequila sunrise.

John Potter's Clay: Sensible Sally ***(Nighthawk).*** Young (ish) men with traditional values and strong morals play R&B. Is 'workmanlike' the adjective I'm looking for Charles?

Toyah: Sheep Farming In Barnet ***(Safari).*** Six ordinary tunes of little consequence pompously synthesised, ponderously played, and bleakly produced so that Toyah Willcox may have a moderne clothes horse over which to drape her comically melodramatic lyrics. Pass.

Twist: This Is Your Life ***(Polydor).*** An almost entirely creditable first effort from new Polydor signing Twist. 1-2-3-4-hop-skip-jump music expertly played around a clever and observant lyric sung with conviction.

Sally Oldfield: You Set My Gypsy Blood Free ***(Bronze).*** A delicate plinky-plonk tune that sounds uncannily similar to one of those records Mary Hopkins always seemed to be singing while your mother cooked Sunday lunch.

After The Fire: Laser Love ***(CBS).*** Four men with expensive toys make a flabby, symphonic, and utterly horrible single wasting valuable resources in the process. Bring back capital punishment cry the hungry millions.

Kim Davies: Long Time ***(CBS).*** Big budget panavision disco that bumps and grinds, sung by a young lady who almost certainly hails from the Welsh hillside, which is where she will probably return in three months clutching tearfully at her first silver disc. This is it.

Alicia Bridges: Nightlife ***(Polydor).*** The lady's aquatic vocals ebb and slither through a spongey and transparent uptempo tumble. Toward the final curtain the sax man makes an unexpected splash into the clear blue water leaving the rest of the band playing football with a marshmallow in the sand. Great, just great.

Cut Outs: D.I.Y. ***(EMI)*** Rampant trickery and flippant skullduggery added in equally large measures to a yammering vocal line make for an unbearably twee single. Avoid at all costs.

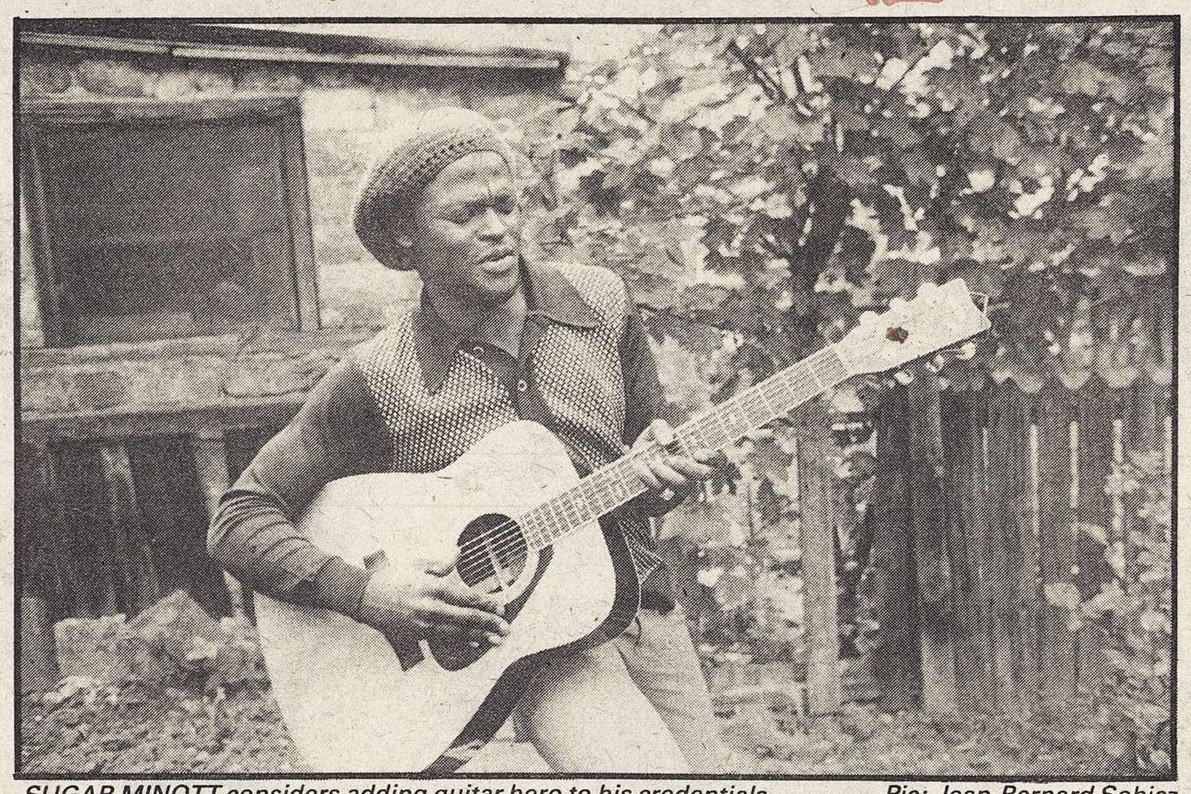
Digby Richards: Time To Go To Bed ***(RCA).*** Musical red velvet drapes close around a male and female voice as they quietly inform each other that it is time for bed. A song about screwing in suburbia, where, evidently, they do it without bodily contact.

Teenbeats: I Can't Control Myself ***(Safari).*** Five young chaps with a lot of front and nothing better to do take on the might of the great Reg Presley. It would be nice to be able to report that they came out on top, but they didn't. Troggs win by an illegal knockout.

Sunset Boys: Wreck My Bed ***(Gimp Records).*** Two friends, one of whom looks exactly like Tom Jones right down to the nose, stash a jumble of recording equipment in a dustbin outside their garage, and stage a re-make of 'Riders On The Storm' only twice as fast and with lyrics I can harldly bear to look at. Tell me it's a joke.

Broadway: Roller Disco ***(RCA).*** Never having been to a roller disco I must presume that dancing at such establishments is limited to precarious burps and squeeks executed only by the brave and the religious. If this be the case then this record should fit the bill perfectly. It's junk like this that gives mod music a bad name.

ROCKERS TIME



SUGAR MINOTT considers adding guitar hero to his credentials. *Pic: Jean-Bernard Sohicz*

Reggae Roundup by NICK KIMBERLEY

BACK in 1967, when Bob Marley was a well-dressed young rebel in a mohair suit and patent leather shoes, **The Wailers** had a label called Wail'N'Soul, and were cutting classic music like **'Hypocrites'** (record of the week thanks to its reissue on **Tuff Gong**). It's one of the Wailers', and Jamaica's, best ever records, perfect rock steady with a lovely horn arrangement, and Marley clearly enjoying his own singing; fists and cheeks clenched, he sets about exposing those who betray the cause: *'Dip for diplomatic, hip for Hippocratic . . . see de hypocrites!'* — an amazing record but, as on the original issue, it's only the b-side to the more familiar, not quite so interesting, **'Nice Time'**.

Just to show he hasn't lost his touch, Marley's newest, **'Ambush'** (also **Tuff Gong**) is his best for ages; it tells of the shooting incident which forced him into exile, although he's back home now, and keen to re-assert himself. He confidently states that while *'all guns aiming at me'*, he is *'protected by His Majesty'*, personally, I'd rather put my trust in a bulletproof vest, but each to his own. I could do without the I Threes, whose girlish harmonies give me earache, but otherwise it's excellent modern music, and well worth a place in the collection.

The ever-ludicrous Glen Brown produced **Sylford Walker's 'Clenysness** (sic) **Is Godlyness** (also sic)' **(South East Music)**, is generally a waste of a good rhythm. You can't blame Sylford for not getting too worked up about the lyric:

'There is bits of papers littering around, bend down hardly a work to inspire the youth of today to greater endeavours, although there's a nice sax break towards the end. Highlight of the whole affair is on the dubside, called 'Assack Lawn No. 1 Dub', where Glen indulges in the old trick of tape rewind; after the garbled sound of Sylford being pulled backwards through the machine at high speed, Glen forgets to start the tape again, and we're blessed with ten seconds of golden silence. For Glen Brown, clumsiness is next to godliness, and that's why he's one of the greats.

Another one of the greats, **Coxsone Dodd**, is enjoying an unexpected surge of popularity at the moment, with his effervescent dj duo, **Ranking Michigan and General Smilie**, mashing up all the opposition with **'Nice Up The Dance' (Studio One)**, and a number of his other records in the Ja charts.

Best news of all is that he's given more studio time to the Ugliest Man In Showbusiness, dj **King Stitt**, who hasn't made a record for years. Stitt may be somewhat geriatric now, but he displays all his old enthusiasm on **'Live Jah Up' (Studio One 12")**, a toasting cut to **Sugar Minott's 'Give Me Jah Jah'**, actually the A-side. Stitt drifts in and out in his usual agitated fashion on his side of the record, while after Sugar's contribution (well up to his usual standard), we get a sax version of the rhythm (Alton Ellis's 'Breaking Up', originally) from Tommy McCook, whose braying horn duets nicely with Jackie Mittoo on strings synthesiser. An all-star lineup, and an effective use of the scope afforded by the 12", although the splice between the singing cut and the version isn't too well managed.

On 7", Dodd also gives us **Freddie Macgregor's 'Homeward Bound' (Studio One)**, apparently Freddie's farewell to Brentford Road after years of good service — I wonder if they presented him with a red, green and gold watch? He struggles against all the bad habits of recent reggae — strings synthesiser, syndrums, flute, and the usual limp lyric: 'We're going home . . . no chains around our legs . . . what a glorious day this is going to be'. Songs like this do not a millenium make, but surprisingly Freddie comes out on top, thanks to a strong rhythm and his own commitment.

Dennis Brown's a busy lad these days, and no wonder he works up a huge appetite; but **'A Cup Of Tea'** ('. . . a fish for you, a fish for me, break some bread and have a cup of tea') and **'Three Meals A Day'** seems to be verging on gluttony; still, they're good, dependable records, even if it looks as though Dennis' flirtation with *'TOTP'* has finished. As a producer, Dennis also weighs in **'Sugar And Spice'** from **Carlton And The Shoes** (an entertaining amendment of their 'Love Me Forever', with a nicely echoed version), and **Black Uhuru's 'Wood For My Fire'** (all DEB Music). Black Uhuru are riding high at the moment, and this is about the best of their recent efforts, thanks largely to the almost dubstyle mix from Dennis, which allows drum and bass to drag the rest along. The b-side is a melodica version from an anonymous youth who hasn't yet received his Augustus Pablo Seal Of Proficiency, but who manages to make quite a good job of things.

Talking of seals and **Augustus, Pablo's** own latest is **'Golden Seal' (Message Message)**, on which he amuses the crowds with his multi-instrumental prowess: he tinkers with melodica, vibes, strings synthesiser (again!) and organ, besides producing the whole affair. Not a bad effort, but I prefer the sparser dub, where the vibes come through more, and the cymbals have an unusually forward part to play.

Pablo also produced **The Heptones' 'Love Won't Come Easy' (Greensleeves, 12")**, a late '70s reissue discomix style, of the record they cut in the early '70s which in turn was a re-cut of the late sixties Studio One original (even I'm confused now). It's an unembroidered and very effective version, with Leroy Sibbles on good singing form, and Pablo filling in here and there on piano and melodica. Again I prefer the dub, with its cavernous echo, and the bass pushing things along at a hectic pace. On the other side you get **Jacob Miller's 'Keep On Knocking'**, one of his better records; for this discomix, Pablo has dubbed on a spoken intro, presumably aimed at Joe Gibbs, who recently cut Jacob on a new and inferior version: *'Alright now ladies and gentlemen, this is the Rockers, original Rockers!'* — yes please, mister, can we have some more?

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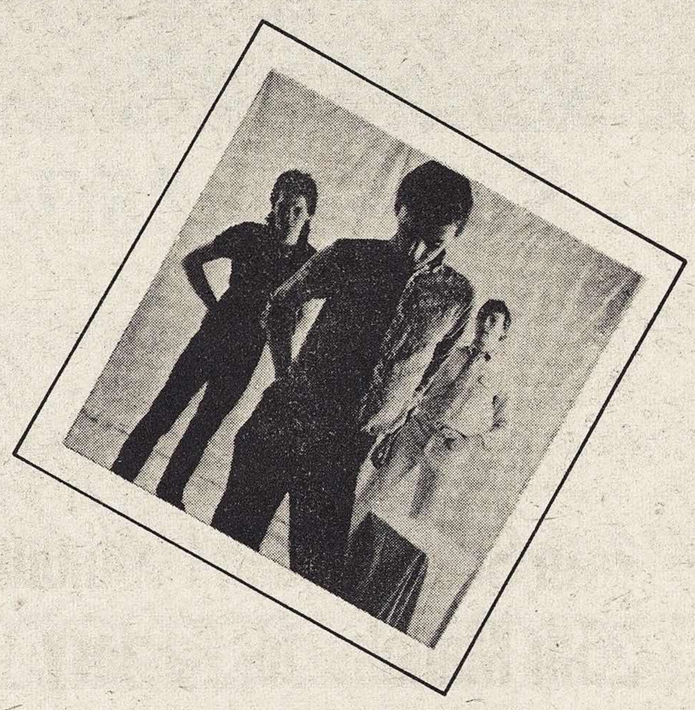

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Left to right: June (drums), Ramona (vocals), Jane (bass), Kate (guitar). Pic: David Corio.

Mod: (adj) that which is up to date.

Mode: (noun) method of acting or doing.

Mo-dettes: fast, loud, pretty

Ian Penman: writer, clever dick

MET THEM ON A Monday, the Coca Cola spilt over the tape machine, and my MRX2 Oxide 45 mins each side @ 1⅞ i.p.s. stood still . . . da doo ron ron ron, da doo ron ron.

I walked up to them and I asked if they'd tell me all about themselves. I looked awful nice so they said that they might take a chance. Somebody told me that their names were Jane (bass), June (drums), Kate (guitar), and Ramona (vocals). It was probably Sean, their manager.

Sean used to be The Clash's 'Number One Fan', used to be a punk, and now wears a trilby; he isn't a Mod but he is *mod.*

Mod is a ghost, *mod* is an adjective signifying that which is up-to-date. *Mode* is a noun, a method of acting or doing, style, convention, fashion, and even custom. The *Mo-dettes* are 'four young ladies who play Flap music', and *Flap music* is 'Fast Loud And Pretty!'

The Mo-dettes were born in a shoebox room upstairs at the Chippenham pub, Shirland Road, Westbourne Grove. They were originally The Bomberettes, an arm of the Tesco Bombers, an arm twice amputated from The Vincent Units.

The Vincent Units' guitarist/etc., Neal Brown, was initially responsible for opening up the Chippenham — earlier this year — for night time beat music noises. The Vincent Units acted as a nucleus for able musicians, determined friends, and arbitrary public members.

Gigs in and around the Chippenham, and the nearby Acklam Hall hopped around from group to group, Raincoats, Bank of Dresden, others.

The atmosphere was full of speech bubbles, tasteless neckwear, unsteady experiments, vodka & headgear, flirting, chewing gum. The distance between audience and music-making was measured, and altered. Opportunities in the production of rock'n'roll were various; individual practices were variously tolerable.

The gigs were enjoyable *as* gigs. Their meaning was social rather than something formal enough to square off within a 'live' review.

A lot of the music was unadventurous, its function defined by a complex of friendship, need, and boredom.

Historically, the details shift and stitch plentifully, crying out to be recorded; for *some* reason.

Maybe it's reasonable to attempt, to determine how and why the forces and relations in the particular mode(tte) of production worked like they did.

RATHER INEVITABLY I point backwards: your *history!* Jane?

"A year ago I picked up a bass and taught myself to play. I remember Christmas was coming up, and I hadn't played for two weeks, when Richard Dudanski burst into Neal's room when I was there and said 'I hear you play around with the bass?' I said yes but I haven't got one — but he had, and it was the start of a wonderful . . . of my musical apprenticeship.

"Bank Of Dresden were really bloody serious though, too serious for me. I got suspended for a week after getting paralytic at an Africa Centre gig so I thought, right, I'll have my own band. It turned out we were so good we decided to make it a full time thing and I knocked Bank Of Dresden on the head."

Exit Jane to Bomberettes, and Richard Dudanski to Public Image. I know nothing of the other two Dresdens.

Meanwhile Kate had met June on the set of *The Great Rock 'n' Roll Swindle* — secretary and production assistant respectively — and they started playing together, using up duff bass players. Jane knew Kate from punky times, June met Jane and said "that's the bassist for me."

Ramona was found at a Vincent Units gig. (Ramona is from Switzerland, and angrily counters a recent *T-Zers* claim about between-songs chat in, quote, 'O' Level French. She does in fact speak perfect French, and 'O' Level English.)

All this origin talk soon gets tied up in questions of how deliberate the feminine line-up is, or was.

Sean bursts in opportunely over another drink.

"You once said to me that you deliberately set out to look like girls onstage."

Jane: "We *are* girls. We don't do it intentionally. We just are."

June: "We look that way, anyway."

Jane: "We just go out as ourselves, we're all pretty, vain girls."

Kate: "There's a bit of a reaction against girls like The Raincoats, who try to cover it up . . . even though that's part of their lifestyle and they don't really go out of their way to dress like *that,* it's just a way of saying: just because I'm a girl, don't *expect* me to do anything."

Jane: "We do like to dress up a bit like girls . . ."

Doesn't going out of your way to look like girls presuppose a notion of what a girl should look like?

Jane: "Women or girls are individual; they can wear what they like."

Kate: "Sometimes we wear jeans and braces . . ."

Ramona: can this be the girl the Batchelors used to sing about? Pic: Alain de la Mata.

OF COURSE, asking the girls a question like that comes as a bit of slight hypocrisy from someone who daily goes out of his way to look like a *boy.*

Sexuality in rock 'n' roll is one more area found to be weighed down heavily by its history and language. Whilst no one could or should deny the aspects of sexual interest and thrill inherent in live music, the performance space is problematically male-dominated.

The male monopoly makes for an audience divided between the tacit acceptance of passivity, and mass laddiness.

Rock's sexual language is also polarised, with little between Ideal Romance (no mess) and hard, fast, aggressive male self-projection (only on rhythm). What can a poor girl (or boy) do?

The Mo-dettes onstage image has already been criticised — harshly, as being too stereotypically femine, and lightly along the condescending lines of *this is what an all-girl band 'should' look like,* whereas they really don't exploit their sexuality in the manner suggested by either or both of those viewpoints.

The next snip is probably for them to be assimilated into the rock press's hackneyed structure of relativism: *A good time band, anyway.'*

Rock language still doesn't know anything better than its inherited cliches and constructions; there are so few attempts to sort out the reasons behind attitudes, statements, tolerances and popularity.

Language is used with a resolute lack of imagination, the same old pictures and labels passed around.

I shudder to hear some of the riskiest, most passionate, accessible and demanding beat music shrugged off weekly in textural treatment older than a body cares to remember; a caricature world of good rock 'n' roll, bad rock 'n' roll, boozy lads, a little bit of 'avant-garde' here, a little fun over there.

The conversation finally reduces to a lot of little *rock 'n' roll is all about's* — pure Wonderland logic — which refuse to acknowledge life beyond their own particular sets of backward binoculars.

A world of shadowy faces and motive-free entertainment? That's a privileged music, not a *pop*ular music (Da doo ron ron ron, da doo ron ron).

June: "We're waiting for people to come along and offer us money and attention."

A record company? Any record company?

June: "No. Just a big one."

Kate: "The ones with lots of money."

Jane: "Yeah. About £20,000 . . . I want a home. I haven't got a home."

Sean: "They're going to sign to a multi-national steel corporation, or something."

Do you think that this is the man who'll get you a million dollar deal?

Kate: "We don't want a Malcom McLaren, a Svengali . . ."

Sean: "Who's he? Do I know him?"

Swedish athlete, I think.

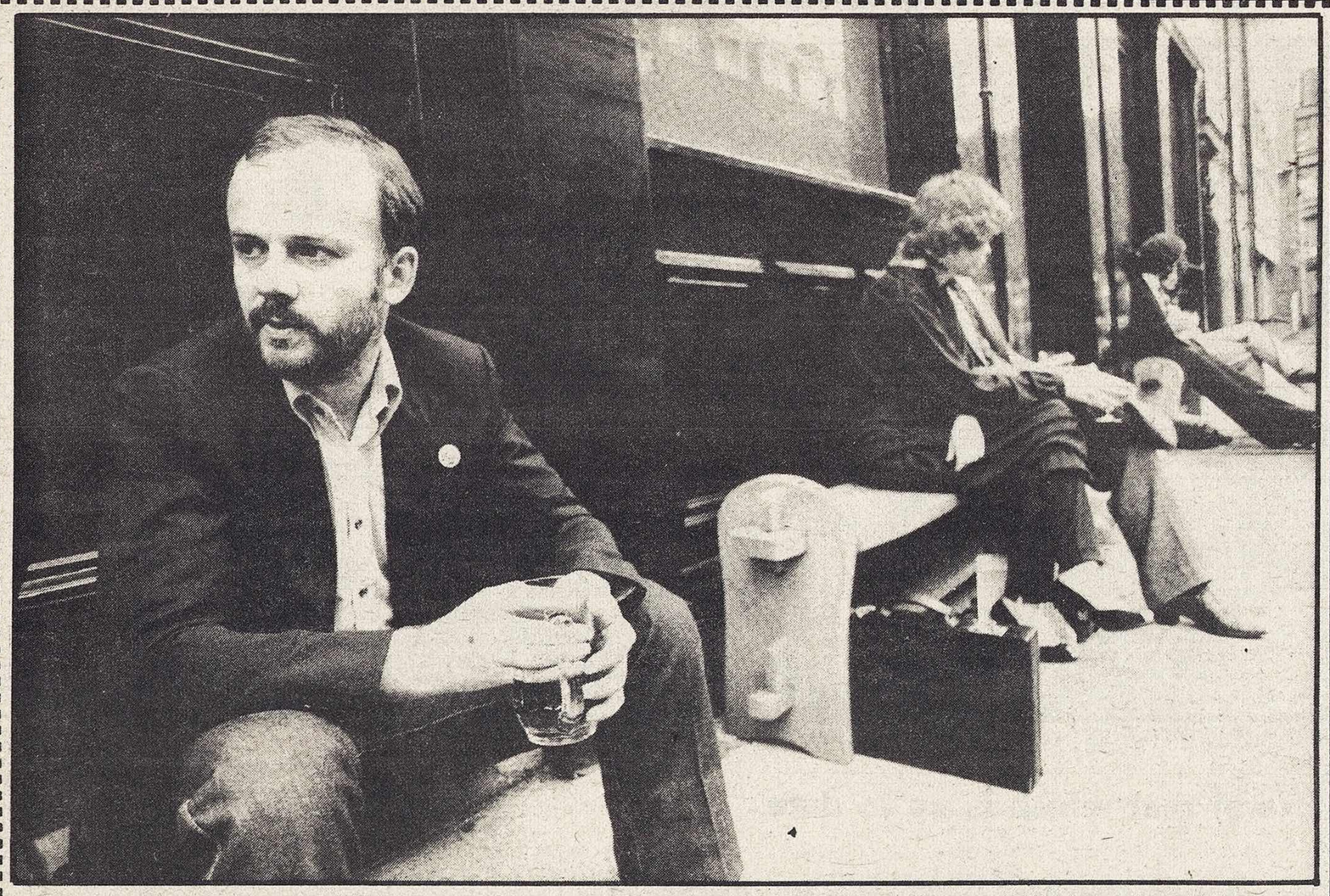
THE POSSIBILITIES that allow the existence of small, mobile, mod groups like The Mo-dettes are not to be taken for granted and should be treated as something more than a set of nice new lines leading to historically inevitable conclusions.

The Mo-dettes are currently broke, fast, getting faster, loud, and pretty. Sean is buying another drink.

They're getting on for two months — about 16 gigs — old, and notoriety thus far comes from a Clash support slot and their chromosome balance. They need more space, and appropriately judged criticism.

The Mo-dettes have lost two jobs, and their music-making world — regardless of whether you find it nice, or not, or whatever — can't be that far from where you're sitting for the ideas, traps, style, and mo-de of production not to look clearer than a good deal of *'pop*ular' music.

Little mo-difications are better than big lies. (Relatively true.)



O LUCKY MAN!

MY ILLUSION of Broadcasting House — the home of BBC Radio — being a dignified mansion of imposing, unaccountable mystery, of confusing corridors and sparse secrecy, set with illustrious grandeur some miles out from the centre of the city of London, is soon crushed.

Broadcasting House is a moderately pretty building that squats a little stupidly a quarter of a mile from the ugly Oxford Circus. Inside, past genial security men and the BBC bookshop, the corridors that link rooms, offices and studios are anonymous, anything but alienating. A vague sense that I had of the intangible immensity of the BBC — the complicated processes of consistently broadcasting sensible and balanced overviews to the nation has always somehow suggested to me mighty organisation and control — quickly disappears.

John Peel greets me in the reception area as if we've known each other for years — and in some ways we have — and will, after a drink and a talk, lead me up one small tatty flight of stairs, round a corner or two, walk a few steps, wander through a large opening that's as cluttered and seemingly neglected as a mail order warehouse, point to a busyish man sitting in front of switches, microphones and sheets of paper behind a glass screen, and remark indifferently, "That's Radio Three."

A few more steps and another couple of corners and we walk into a square room as big as an average kitchen that is dominated by a clumsy system of turntable, speakers, microphones and monitors; this turns out to be a considerable portion of Radio One.

John Peel shares this home from home with such household names as Paul Burnett and Kid Jensen. With the latter it's room that is used to mould much of the surface shape of pop music in this country. Seeing the cramped circumstances of the studio, and understanding how easy it must be for the disc jockeys to feel they are talking to themselves, it's unsurprising that many of these agonising modern day personalities come across as being recklessly mad.

John Peel himself — also mad, you could say, in a less frivolous manner — uses this room, alone and as accurately as possible, to indicate the staggering phenomenon of late '70s rock'n'roll.

IN AN identical room directly adjacent to Peel's hutch, as Peel efficiently rummages through final preparations for his Thursday 10-12 programme, Mike Read can be spotted in the murk hyper-actively skipping through the last half hour of his show. Everything is endearingly and unexpectedly amateurish. As Peel steps into his room, Read immediately spots him, switches on an intercom and greets him with a lighthearted insult. Peel jovially responds. Seconds late Read is chatting to the nation with chilling professionalism.

As Peel's turn to become Radio One approaches he admits to being nervous, but appears to be comfortable. At one point he rushes into the dark of Read's hutch and naughtily, quickly clowns down Read's microphone about the delights of his imminent programme. He tiptoes back to his own territory, a mischievous grin on his face.

"It's good having Mike Read on before me," Peel comments, referring to the time not long past when there was an incongruous Radio Two smoothy gap that separated the early evening shift from his own late night spot. "It used to be like coming on after a void, really cold."

The Mike Read programme that now links the enterprising and entertaining Kid Jensen mixture of considered information, chat and a simple balance of chart and non-chart new music with the Peel celebration, is despite Read's cloying presentation a good and open-minded two hours, a logical extension of what Jensen does, and a discriminating prelude to Peel. Read was to temporarily replace the less judicious — but promisingly tolerant — Andy Peebles, who was for seven weeks to relieve Dave Lee Travis of his morning show. Now that Peebles is to replace the exiled Tony Blackburn on the afternoon show, Read is presumably to be the permanent link. That can only be encouraging.

It will mean that for seven and a half hours — 4.30 pm-12.00 — Radio One will offer a systematic, perceptive and constantly changing survey of the current massive excitement. It will be these hours that will go some way to compensate for the daytime insistence on nostalgia and imbecility. Radio One does have, in fact, a strength of unprecedented and unequalled consistency. The importance of John Peel in this, and his influence in enlightening many of his comrades, cannot be underestimated.

PEEL himself, a notorious and penetrating critic of the puerile embarrassments of Radio One over the years, is not slow to acknowledge this recent, still developing, trend. He is actually unexpectedly defensive of the Radio One machinery.

"Well there's obviously one or two things that I'd like to see changed, but I think — and I'm glad to see that the press have begun to acknowledge this a bit too — that Radio One is better now than it's ever been; it almost had to be.

"It certainly is quite listenable in the main. I remember years ago, whenever it was that *Spare Rib* started, I was talking to somebody involved with them at some ghastly Radio One party and she said 'Who do you talk to about records?'. I said 'Well, to be honest with you, nobody'. There was nobody who was interested really, which is an extraordinary situation. Now you can go and talk to Andy Peebles, Mike Read, Kid Jensen, Peter Powell — and I know everybody hates him, but he's actually a really nice bloke who does take a lot of notice of what's going on.

"So you can go and talk to these people and talk about records. I know that I can suggest to Andy Peebles that he listens to a record, and if he likes it he'll try and get it on his programme. That can only be healthy. And from my point of view I genuinely believe that I would not be able to do a programme such as I do for any other Radio Station on earth. Once the BBC accept that you know what you're doing and that there is a section of the community that likes it, they just leave you to get on with it. They never interfere at all — or very rarely. That situation was true ten years ago and it's true now.

"I feel vulnerable really just because I'm getting old, not because of the BBC. That seems unfortunate. It's like in your Mr Parsons' book, the criticism he had for me was that I was old! People are appalled when other people are discriminated on grounds of sex or race or religion, but it seems perfectly alright to discriminate against them on grounds of age. I say this as someone who is old. I feel that if I do get the elbow from Radio One, which I must ultimately do, it will be on the grounds of my age rather than I'm not doing my job well.

"But things are moving in the right direction, so that if I do become redundant — not now, Derek — that if I did drop dead a certain amount of the slack would be taken up by some of the others. Two or three years ago that wouldn't have been true."

Peel will not, though, disguise the fact that when Radio One is bad it is appalling, and that damaging attitudes exist amongst its influential seniority. Right now, when we're in the middle of a rock'n'roll golden age — and if you find this an extreme thing to say then you're not even a part-time Peel listener — Radio One, primarily in the day, when it concentrates on oldies, wouldn't let you know. A lot of this, Peel concedes, is down to commercial considerations, which Peel can fortunately escape. A lot of it is down to foolish narrow mindedness and fear.

"If people were prepared to kill me for not playing Judas Priest records then things have got a bit out of hand."

"As I say, some of the DJ's now understand what is happening and are aware of it, but the people who are responsible for overall planning, the senior producers and things, they genuinely don't understand what's going on. I mean, when you hear record pluggers tell you stories about when they're trying to get producers interested in records . . . there's one producer who says if it's in a picture sleeve then it's punk and he doesn't listen to punk, so the plugger has to put the records in white sleeves and then hope he'll listen to it. And then another producer, someone went in with Generation X, something as innocuous as that, and this producer did a sort of 'No mate, sniff, it's punk innit — I've got kids'.

"How can you compete with that? And then you try and talk to them about the sociological, let alone the political, aspects of what's going on, and you can't even get to first base. If you can't kiss them, you can't expect to spend the night with them. It's an impossible task, really.

"Well, really I don't blame people for thinking that I swing with the times. I did think with the punk thing — obviously I was taken aback by it as everybody else was . . . there were a few weeks of adjustment, but I genuinely thought that the majority of people who listened to the programme would feel like I felt — that you didn't realise you were being bored until you stopped being bored.

"I also thought that all the people who had been listening to old Grateful Dead albums when they heard the Pistols and The Ramones and The Damned, their attitude would've been the same as mine — sort of, thank God for that, here's something that's actually lively. My attitute to it is the same as when I first heard rock'n'roll in the '50s. Prior to that I'd been buying records by Johnny Ray, Frankie Laine, and even Doris Day I'm ashamed to say, and Ruby Murray, who was featured in that *Whatever Happened To . . .* programme, so when I first heard Little Richard it was thank God for that. It was the same with the Damned.

"I was taken aback by it, though, and previously we had been playing these twelve-minute tracks and suddenly you had this LP with nothing but 1'45" tracks on it, and it seemed to be a denial of everything I was doing . . . the orientation had always been very much towards albums and that suddenly shifted. Singles became important and interesting and exciting, and in my own defence I'd always said that an enormous amount of albums that I used to play around that time had enough good stuff on them to make a pretty good single.

"Well, I think what I like is primitives. I suppose you could categorise them as that . . . people that are doing stuff that is very basic and direct and as soon as they — it's like with Presley — as soon as they get the backing singers in and few more musicians, it always seems to go wrong. So it's like the first careless rapture that really takes me, the first flush of excitement. Obviously I get accused of abandoning people when they become famous, but it seems that when they become famous they also become extremely dull in a lot of cases.

"I realise that there's a disenfranchised number of people — not a majority but it's a large minority, but the thing is they've got the records. They don't have to listen to the radio."

After we arrive back at Peel's now darkened for action hutch, it still seems half an hour before the easy theme music comes out "Hello and welcome . . .," introduces Peel, in the Deep, Droll Voice which is most definitely not contrived.

EARLIER in the evening Peel had gone some way to indicating the remarkable and unique extent of his current significance, and his position of distinguished catalyst for the new age, when he mentioned that he has spent a lot of his time recently listening to demo tapes!

"My big problem at the moment, well, the last couple of years, is demo tapes. They keep coming in at about the rate of eight a day, and a backlog had built up. I sorted them all out and they came to 491. I sat down the week before last and listened to about 135. What used to happen about five or six years ago is that you'd get maybe one demo tape a week, not even that many, and there'd always be a couple that had the most amusing letters, from the type of people who send requests to the Anne Nightingale show, as I discovered the other day, and they would sort of site all the people that they'd been influenced by, and the letters would be funny.

"But the tapes would be absolutely hideous, it was like how could you listen to all those people — usually Loudon Wainwright, Little Feat, Neil Young and Bob Dylan — and then their music would be nightmarish. Just hopeless, whereas now what you tend to get is a really scruffy tape wrapped up in bog paper with a kind of 'Here's our tape, if you don't fucking like it, stuff it!'.

"And then you'll put them, on and I suppose out of every ten, there are four or five that are really rather good, usually one that's excellent. But there's no point in me giving them to anybody else at the BBC 'cos that's not their job and I found that out of these 135 I had to send back about 125 of them, and a lot of them were fairly old. So I wrote an inadequate little letter saying thanks a lot, sorry that I've had to hang on to it for so long, and by the end of the week I felt such a bastard. Because there's probably all these people waiting to get their tapes back and expecting something positive and helpful and all they get is a badly written note. And that was really depressing, and I've still got something like 350 to go."

This, though, is how Peel's role had developed. As his show shifted from album to single orientation, it then followed naturally into featuring those new groups whom even the multitude of new independent labels couldn't accommodate. There is a whole sub-stratum of groups — obscure and not so obscure — whose main hope of coverage is through Peel airplay. Peel's limited but extensive as possible concentration on these new groups is a lone, loose indication of the present magnitude of rock'n'roll.

"In a way it's a role that lots of people would relish. Just at a time when everything was getting very boring and I was getting very bored, it's like given me literally a new lease of life in a sense. I suddenly find myself doing this at an immense age, like old enough to be the dad of most of the people who listen to the show and who are in the bands that play — which obviously I thoroughly enjoy. But it does mean that for an awful lot of the bands and records the only chance they've got of being heard is through the programme, and it sounds like I'm over-estimating my own importance in a way — that's the reality of the situation, and it's a situation which I really hate actually. Because some people might find it wonderful being in a position of power, in a sense, but as I say it gets very depressing.

"I keep making up lists of bands I want to get onto the programme and there's no way that we can get them all in. There's like a hundred bands at least that I'd really like to book for the programme. You can't get them in. There isn't enough space. So I have to go through the business of sorting them out and saying 'Well that record isn't quite good enough'. But then you can very easily get bands on to do sessions, and then another band will send in a tape and I'll send it back saying it's not quite there, and then they'll say 'Well, we're as good as that band who were on last week.'

"And you have to say, 'Well, yes, you are actually'. So it's almost got to a point where some of the bands we book are representing a whole group of bands who don't get in. That aspect I find depressing. Obviously, the compensations are considerable, just the pleasure of listening to so many good records really. And then when you get one coming along, like today I got this record from The Quads and I put it on, and it's got this great over-the-top guitar opening and it's one of those where you can feel the hair on the back of the neck going . . . Ho! Ho! Oh yeah!"

THURSDAY night's programme is a typical John Peel selection in its unpredictability, diversity and fascination, its a jumble of new, old, sloppy, wacky, oblique, vague and gorgeous. It featured an amount of music that a few years ago would have lasted all week. Now such an amount is a small sample of the music that Peel could play every night and that still wouldn't cover everything.

In two hours it squashed in Swell Maps, The Quads, The 45's, Penetration, The Stranglers, Jam, Peter Hammill, Philip Goodhand-Tait, XTC, a smattering of reggae, a Cravats session, all shuffled with minimal informal interference from Peel. But Peel's character is crucial; the programme rides on his enthusiasm.

"It was an unusual show tonight in that I didn't change anything about. It went just as it was planned. Usually things are shoved in at the last moment, things that come in — and that's incredibly exciting."

So what guidelines are there for a Peel programme?

"There's a certain amount of consumer guide to it, and funnily enough I talk a lot less than I used to. I talk less and less all the time, and I try not to express an opinion too much, I try and let people make up their own minds."

Is it difficult not to express an opinion?

"It depends on what sort of mood you're in. Sometimes you don't feel like saying anything at all, and there are times when I go in and I think I'd much rather be at home watching telly — it doesn't often happen. Then there are other nights when you can feel really great — tonight I am going to feel great, 'cos I can't wait to get that Quads records onto the radio, 'cos I'm so looking forward to hearing it again! My role is that of superfan in a sense, but it's a superfan who has got to be a bit responsible to the audience.

"I listen to all the records and I produce on obsessively typed list with title, artist, label and timing, which I give to Walters, and it usually has 150 tracks on it, always a lot of reggae, we don't play as much reggae as I would like. And then Walters builds the programme from that list — it works quite well as a system because he curbs my worst excesses.

"He stops me from playing just the stuff I want to hear. If it was left just up to me something like The Undertones LP would get played in its entirety every night. Because what I feel about The Undertones LP, it's that kind of irrational — it's love really. It is. It's the same as I feel about Liverpool. It transcends reason, and it's just a passion. I know The Undertones, and people will think this is the most earnest bullshit, but I can go and see them at The Marquee and I went to see them in the dressing room, and you won't believe this, but I was really knocked out! I was thinking this is me and I can just walk in and talk to The Undertones."

Have you always been like this?

"I've always been fairly stupid. But in the last three years funnily enough even more so than ever. I really was frightened of meeting Siouxsie. In a way I think these things help. I wouldn't want to get too involved in the business — the only one of the Pistols that I've ever met wanted to pick a fight with me, and I never met any of The Clash or The Stranglers. I don't really know people in rock bands. None of me mates have anything to do with the music business. I used to know someone in Pink Floyd but I haven't seen him for a while. I think knowing amazingly few people in bands helps me keep my perspective. But when I get to see The Undertones, all reason deserts me.

"I wanted to be a disc jockey ever since I was a kid really," Peel will reflect, ever since I was about 11 or 12. I used to listen to AFN and Radio Luxembourg and I thought, rather naively at the time, that the DJs played just the music that they themselves wanted to hear, and I thought that there was a job that I wanted to do. But there didn't seem to be much possibility of me doing it at the time. My father told me that I couldn't get a job on the BBC unless I was Catholic or homosexual or both. He had a rather distorted view of life, I think. Nice chap but funny views. I'd written to Pete Murray funnily enough to ask how to become a DJ, but he didn't answer. He said that he would have answered if he had got the letter."

JOHN PEEL was born John Ravenscroft on 30th August 1939, four days before the start of World War Two. He has floated through one of those lives that, when he is laconically charting its course with the selective detail of a true raconteur, will often cause him to break off and taunt "You're not believing any of this, are you?"

Of secure middle class family, at seven he was sent to a North Wales public school, and this led to Shrewsbury at 13, where he stayed four years. "I used to come bottom of the school, which seemed to me quite a good place to be. Only one person can come bottom, the same as only one person can come top. My father was livid. It took a long time to recover from the experiences. Certain aspects have been helpful. It contributed to keeping me exceedingly naive."

After working in the cotton industry in Liverpool and Rochdale and stomping through two years' undistinguished National Service, he called his father's bluff and sailed to America. He ended up in Dallas, Texas. Whilst there — "one of those things which no one ever believes" — he met Presidents Nixon, Johnson and Kennedy within the space of 26 hours, during the 1960 Presidential Parades. "I shook hands with all of them!"

With uncharacteristic slickness he also managed to sneak into the midnight press conference on the day JF Kennedy was shot, claiming he represented the *Liverpool Echo.* Lee Harvey Oswald was bought in and it was announced that he was going to be charged with the murder of Kennedy — "And he was no farther away than a couple of yards and I'd swear that he was either a great actor or he didn't have the slightest idea what was going on."

In 1961 Peel entered radio for the first time, on the strength of having some rhythm and blues LPs that nobody else had. He worked part-time for Station WRR in Dallas, a vague early underground radio, until he asked them to pay him. "They told me to sod off. But, having been bitten by the bug . . ."

There was no stopping him. The opportunity for him to become a full time DJ came during the Beatles explosion. "I became a Beatles expert, but of course I hadn't been in Liverpool for years and didn't know anything about them. In those days, though, America was full of DJs who were all called James Bond who pretended to be English and were really Canadian and who were all Ringo's cousin. I don't know why they chose Ringo. So, in the sense that I wasn't called James Bond and I really did come from England, I was almost unique. As a sort of surrogate Beatle I used to get mobbed by little girls around Dallas, and little girls were constantly offering me their bodies, which I thought was great! It did get a bit hair-raising, though."

"My father told me that I couldn't get a job on the BBC unless I was Catholic or homosexual."

Forced by the pressure of irate parents, he gratefully fled to Oklahoma City and another fulltime radio job. Whilst in Oklahoma, he married an American girl whom he assumed was 17, but was actually only 15. "It wasn't a very successful arrangement. I stayed with her a bit, not very long. She used to beat me up, put me in hospital a couple of times. She used to wait 'til I was asleep then hit me in the balls with her fist."

His show on Oklahoma Radio was not successful, so he sent a couple of demo tapes to radio stations in California — the mecca of pop radio. He took the unexpected offer of a job in San Bernadino, and on the strength of being English became top DJ.

"Being top man I started to play records that I wanted to play. Previously it had been all chart stuff. But I had to do six hours over the weekend and I thought, if I was going to do six hours, then I'm going to play what I want to play. I started to play blues things, Doors, Love, Butterfield Blues Band and Jefferson Airplane. I worked there for 18 months and then ran foul of the law and thought I'd better leave."

He moved home to England. He had been in America for seven years, half of that as a fulltime disc jockey. Almost immediately on his return he landed a job with the then dying Radio London.

"The last man on had to do two shifts. You did the daytime shift which was all Top 40, and then you did the nighttime 12.00 'till 2.00 shift, which was also supposed to be a Top 40 programme as well. But I quickly realised that nobody in the Radio London office was actually listening and none of the people on the boat were, so I started doing away with the format and playing the sort of stuff that I'd been doing in California, which again was the first flower power stuff. Gradually I did away with the weather, never read the news, or played the ads, just played the music. But the time they'd found out about it, it was already too late. It was a successful programme all over Europe.

"So when Radio One started, obviously they had to take people from the pirates, but they were reluctant to take me but because I'd been very successful in a short time, they had to. They thought they'd better give me a chance. Fortunately the then producer Bernie Andrews wanted me to do it. We did a Sunday show for a couple of years and again it became popular because we were playing what people wanted to hear, the same as now. After a couple of years Bernie went and Walters came in and we've been doing it ever since. The programme's just gone on from all this really. It's changed, obviously, but the philosophies are much the same."

Peel also reveals that meeting Walters, in 1969, was one of three major impacts on his attitude that affected major change. The second was meeting The Faces — "I realised that they were cheerfully boozing away and messing about and having a great time, and I was keeping myself to myself and having a miserable time."

The third was meeting The Pig back in 1968 — she's now his wife. She resembles a pig a whole lot less than Peel resembles a cuddly hamster. "If it hadn't been for her I would probably be dead by now," he admits, shocked a little at the thought, "mainly because of all the unhealthy substances I was taking back then when I was the King Of The Hippies. If I'd have carried on like that I would never have seen Liverpool in the European Cup Final, never seen Kenny Dalglish! I've got a lot to thank her for!"

Liverpool Football Club, says Peel, is definitely his substitute for religion.

PEEL amiably potters away as the minutes languidly tick away on the two clocks that grin down from the walls. Time slows, it seems as, when the programme starts, it will rapidly quicken. The night's engineer arrives; some engineers, Peel says, just sit in their little room next to Peel's reading a copy of *Motor Cycle News,* but this one, he decides, is alright. Producer, and crucial part of the Peel programme, John Walters, is not present.

Behind us, Mike Read is speeding his programme to a close.

Peel suddenly picks up a phone. He calls the wonderful Scottish teenage punk rock group The Prats, who appeared on the first Fast Earcom, to arrange a session. "I can hear them babbling 'It's John Peel, It's John Peel'," he tuts good-naturedly. He rambles semi-coherently for a while, to no apparent end, and then he hangs up, shakes his head. "They thought I was raving bonkers."

At times, Peel reminded me of an archetype BBC wise and able eccentric; a rock'n'roll Henry Longhurst, an enthusiast in the clothes of expert. His manner is sometimes that of lofty, astute statesman, sometimes that of senile nit wit, sometimes that of infantile idiot, sometimes that of prudent observer.

We talk, as the ten minute *Newsbeat* break approaches, about the significant change in listener that has affected the Peel programme over the last three years. Peel survived, thrived on, the punk revolution, but his immediate enthusiastic greeting confused and upset his old listeners who were as suspicious of the new music as Peel was thankful.

"The audience for the programme has gone up four or five-fold over the last couple of years, and the apparent ages seems to have dropped from 25/26 to 17/18 and it's no longer sort of students, it's just kids . . . and that's OK, kids don't have a lot going for them these days, so they've got a radio programme they can quite enjoy and its rather nice to be able to do it for them.

"But like at Reading, when they chant 'John Peel's an arsehole' whenever anything goes wrong, last year they really meant it. And it wasn't the punks or the skinheads, but the Judas Priest fans who thought I'd sold them down the road. And the cans were coming, and the occasional one I was sort of nodding away — you have to make these gestures — and the blood was trickling down my face, and then they started throwing rocks. Rocks the size of your fist were coming at me at quite a pace and it's not being dramatic to say that they can kill you if they hit you in the wrong place, or turn you into a vegetable. And I thought that if people were prepared to kill me for not playing Judas Priest records then things have got a bit out of hand. This year I'm going to take a crash helmet with me."

A lot of people accused Peel of crudely swinging with the times when the music featured on his show went through a fairly dramatic shift.

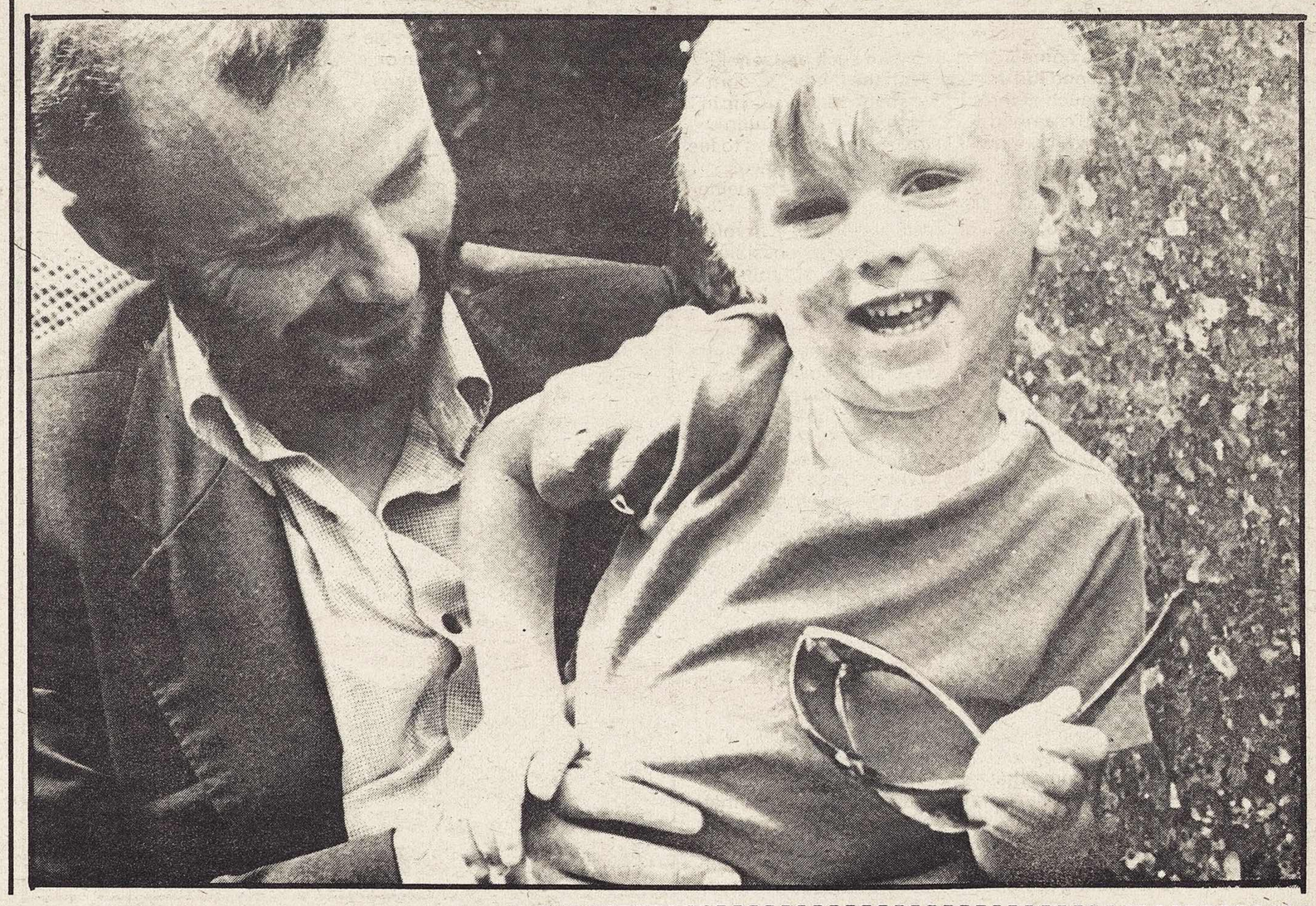
PEEL lives with his family in a small market town in East Anglia. "There are actually two bands in the village where I live and one of them is really rather good," he announces with amazement," and apparently there's a very good reggae band in Ipswich."

On the day after I sit in on his show we meet for more drink and chat, and he's with The Pig and one of his children. "This is a calculated manoeuvre to impress upon you the image of family man," he explains, only half-kidding.

He's a passionate believer in people, personality and common

■ *Continues page 53*

IMAGINE being paid to play your favourite records on the radio for hours each week . . .
IMAGINE being able to walk into The Undertones' dressing room without even knocking . . .
IMAGINE still being hip at 40 . . .
IMAGINE being interviewed by PAUL MORLEY and photographed by PENNIE SMITH
JOHN PEEL, this is your life.



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SILVER SCREEN

Roddam's mod(ern) vision

Quadrophenia

Directed by Franc Roddam
Starring Phil Daniels, Phil Davis, Leslie Ash and Sting.
(Brent Walker)

Like a mod on speed, let's not hang about: *Quadrophenia* is not simply the best British film of '79 but probably the best British rock film ever.

It's a film that will help establish reputations, fashions, attitudes, and much more. It is, simply, brilliant.

It's a 'rock' film not because it's about rock (it isn't), not even because it uses a rock album for its inspiration and rock music for its soundtrack — the music is, ironically, one of the film's weakest points — but because it charts the rock and roll teenage wasteland with a compassion, honesty and gritty realism that shrivels the pretensions of all but a tiny handful of so-called 'youth culture' movies, British *or* American.

Rock and roll-related culture are, after all, beasts fuelled for great parts on myths — no bad thing in itself, in fact an essential part of their success and value — but how many 'rock' movies have done anything more than sell us back the myths we created ourselves with the pitiful and mundane aspects of our lives glamourised or ignored? In this country perhaps only *Performance* and *Bronco Bullfrog* measure up, with honourable mentions to *That'll Be The Day* and *Stardust.* America, of course, is a different story, from *The Wild One* onwards, down through *Don't Look Back, Gimme Shelter,* and even hoary old stompers like *American Graffiti* and *Easy Rider.*

Not that purely mythical rock movies like *A Hard Day's Night* or *King Creole* can't be fun, or even that *Saturday Night Fever* is without its merits — just that the briefest comparison between *Fever* and *Quadrophenia* shows up the former for what it truly is; the saccharine excess of a diabetic culture.

Nor is it to say that *Quadrophenia* doesn't peddle myths of its own — it does, at times a little too clumsily and fiercely for comfort — but *Quadrophenia* also features very large chunks of very grim and very joyful reality; the kids in it swear, shout, eat unspeakable cafe food, fart, piss, have pointless arguments and fights, send each other up, have sordid sexual gropings, indulge in petty crime and take drugs, lots and lots of them as it happens — I've never seen a movie with so much blue language and so many blue bombers. All these things are bound to bring the film under attack from the forces of suppression, and bound to attract young cinema-goers in large numbers.

"'Ere — John Entwistle never looked as cool as us lot in his whole bleedin' life!"

The story is simple; a week or so in the life of archetypal dumb/smart mod kid Jimmy and his mates round Shepherd's Bush, centring on a bank holiday excursion to Brighton for the already traditional block-up, bunk-up and punch-up.

From the moment when Townshend's guitar slices off the opening riff of 'The Real Me' and a phalanx of Lambretta and Vespa engines and headlights burst into life we're speeding through a dazzling sequence of scenarios that introduce us to the film's characters and brilliantly evoke the mod lifestyle and the changing social fabric of a Britain learning to live with, and sometimes love, the 1960s.

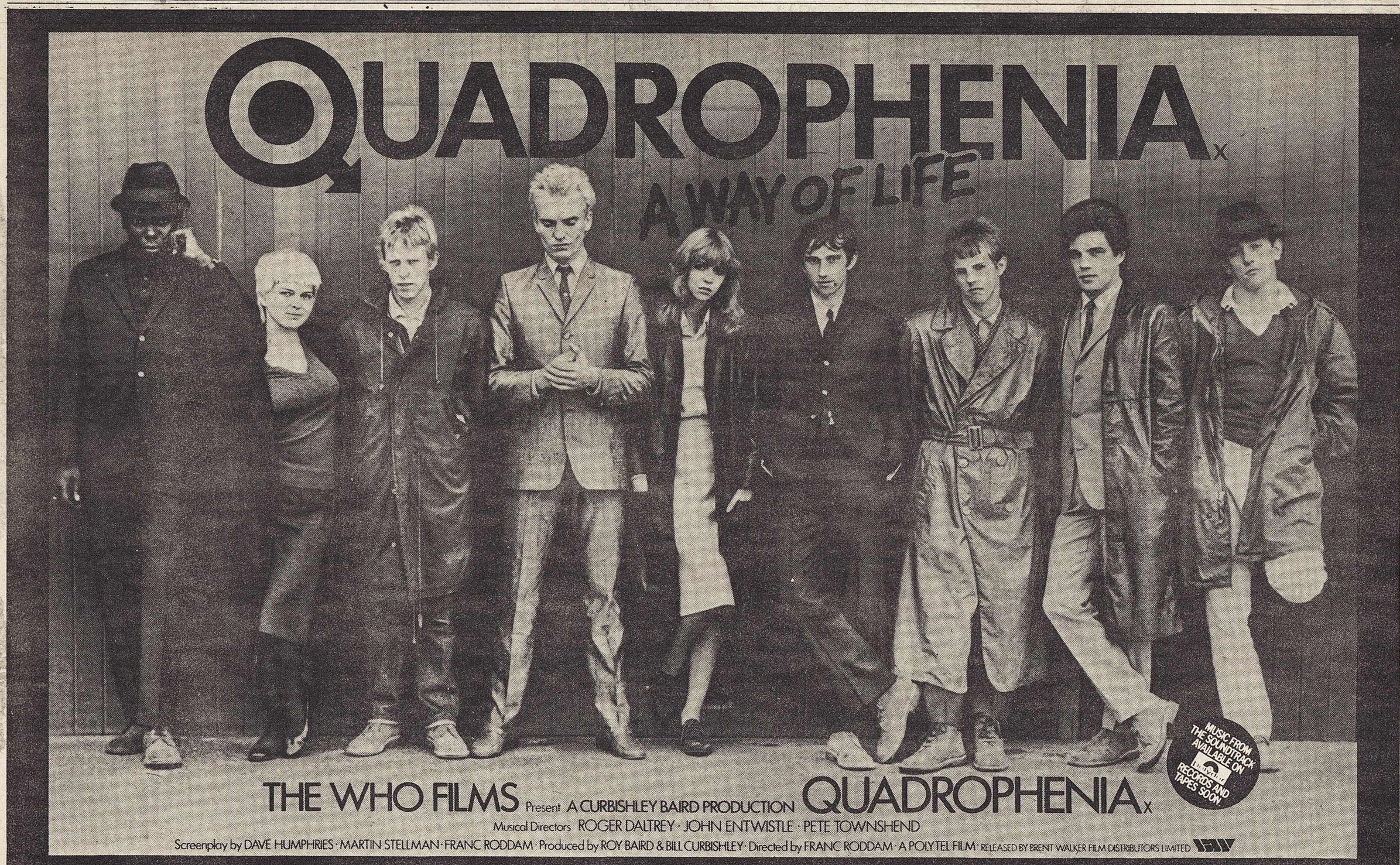
There are omissions, mistakes and falsifications sure (and later for them), but basically all the myths of mod-dom and many of its realities are present and correct, down to the last desert boot and chrome GS side panel, all displayed with a panache and speed worthy of the mod ideal. The film is in fact cut almost fanatically fast, in sympathy with the fact that most of its characters are out their trees on blues for much of the time. At two hours long, that makes for a numbing amount of action.

Ah yes, the action . . . but who needs a catalogue of that to spoil your first-time viewing thrills, especially when you've already seen the pics in *NME* . . .

In any case what *really* happens is that the bank holiday outing crystallises a growing crisis in Jimmy's life; with huge quantities of the demon Speed ravaging his system and reducing him to psychololgical tatters, Jimmy finds all his fundamental life support systems suddenly eroded — his home, his friends, his girl, his job, his scooter, finally even his identity as a mod. All that's left is a suit, a bagful of blues and the restless eternity of the sea along Beachy Head.

It's a crisis — and this is where Townshend's original rock opus comes in — borne out of the conflicts between the need to live up to the myths of mod-dom, the mundane demands of everyday reality, and the recurring problem of just what life is all about.

Because a metaphysical tank hangs in the atmosphere of *Quadrophenia* like salt in sea air. And to understand *that* you have to forget all about 79's mod revival and even the mod consciousness of '64, and home in on Pete Townshend/Meher Baba love and peace consciousness circa the early '70s, when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'Quadrophenia' was conceived. And, as has been widely twigged, while 'Quadrophenia' celebrated the long lost daze of the '60s (at a time when mods were profoundly 'unhip'), it also expressed a fulsome disillusionment with the mod ethic, cos when you come right down to it and take away all the trappings, said Pete, you're just a lonely little geezer on a rock in the sea wondering what the fuck it's all about. And my answer is Oneness.

With aspirations like that hanging around, *Quadrophenia* could have been a small disaster area in the hands of another director in another time. What's saved it is its canny timing — coming in on the crest of an unforeseen mod revival — and the convincing social and psychological realism created by Franc Roddam and a very talented young cast.

With experience working in TV drama, including the award winning *Dummy*, Roddam has an acute understanding of grassroots British society and the techniques to convey its flavour. Much of *Quadrophenia's* success lies not so much in the staged mod reconstructions on beachfront and in disco but in the seedy realism of the interior shots; the most realistic teenage party sequence yet, the crumminess of Jimmy's home and the increasingly horrific encounters with his parents, Jimmy wanking himself to sleep in the vexation of a come-down, feeling like death in the washroom of the ad agency where he works and outdresses his bosses.

It's the landscape of alienation; no accident that the most common phrase in the film is "Fuck Off! Just *FUCK OFF!*", the exchange to which all social relationships seem to lead.

Phil Daniel's performance as Jimmy is little short of staggering, but all the cast are good with special mentions to Michael Elphick as Jimmy's dad and Sting as the Ace Face (the only one to have the walk right).

Roddam's unfailing common touch and the warmth and naturalness of the actors disarm most of the petty criticisms, but can I just say the bank holiday riot was too violent for '64, when street violence hadn't reached its present level of sophistication, that The Who hadn't released either of the records in the film in '64, that track shoes didn't exist then, that the word 'aggro' hadn't yet come into being, that there wasn't enough dancing, that some of the mods looked a little old (compare with the linen-jacketed shoulder-twitching Townshend in *The Kids Are Alright*) . . .

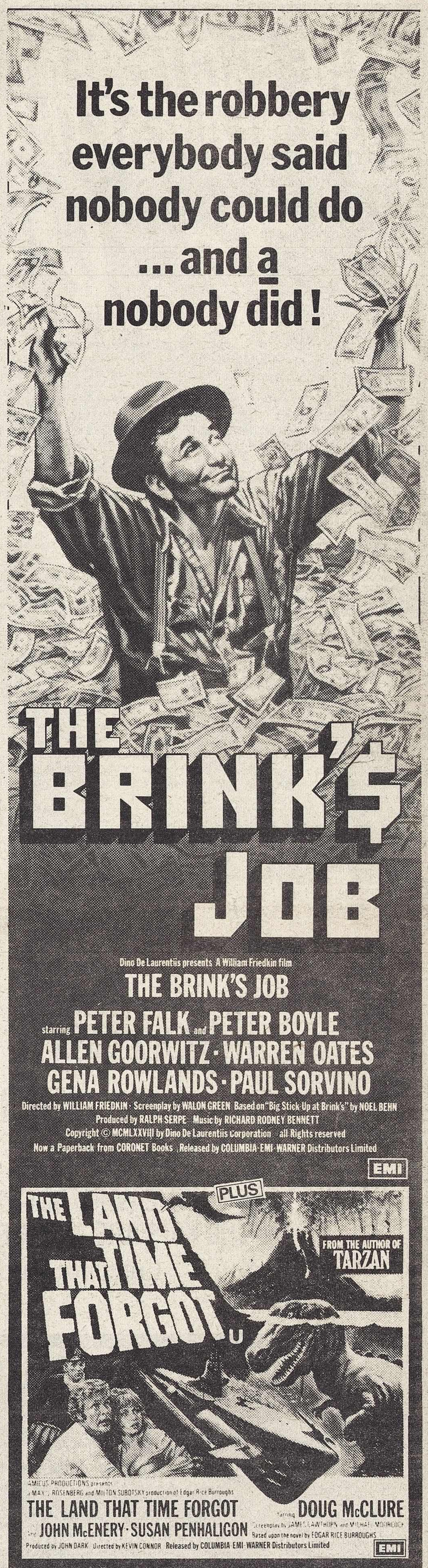
And that most of all, who ever heard of a mod film without a Tamla Motown record in the soundtrack?

Brighton rock '64 (above): The massed mods interfere with the No 38 bus route. Brighton rock '79 (below): The massed mods interfere with the sun-bathing habits of a few rockers. This is the reel world.

While music is, rightly I think, given second place here there's still an alarming shortage of real mod music in the movie. We're given pop hits of '64, Who hits of '65, sparing fragments of 'Quadrophenia', but not a single helping of the Tamla/R&B music of the sort that The Who were copying rather badly at the time.

But the important thing is that *Quadrophenia* works. It's entertainment plus. It's alright because the kids were and are alright and in this case grew up and wrote and financed and directed *their* version of events. Thank God they didn't give it to Ken Russell.

Neil Spencer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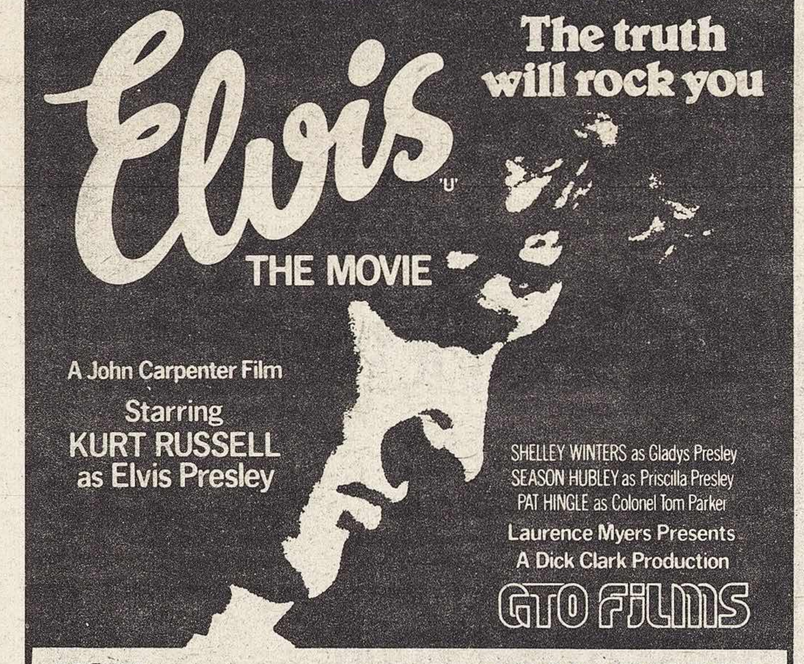

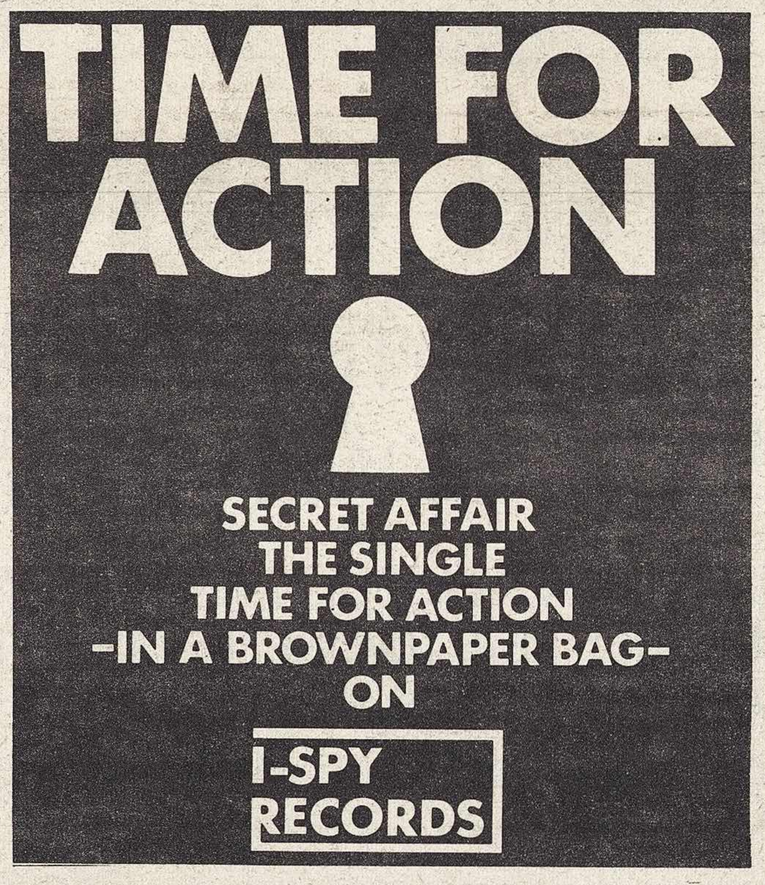

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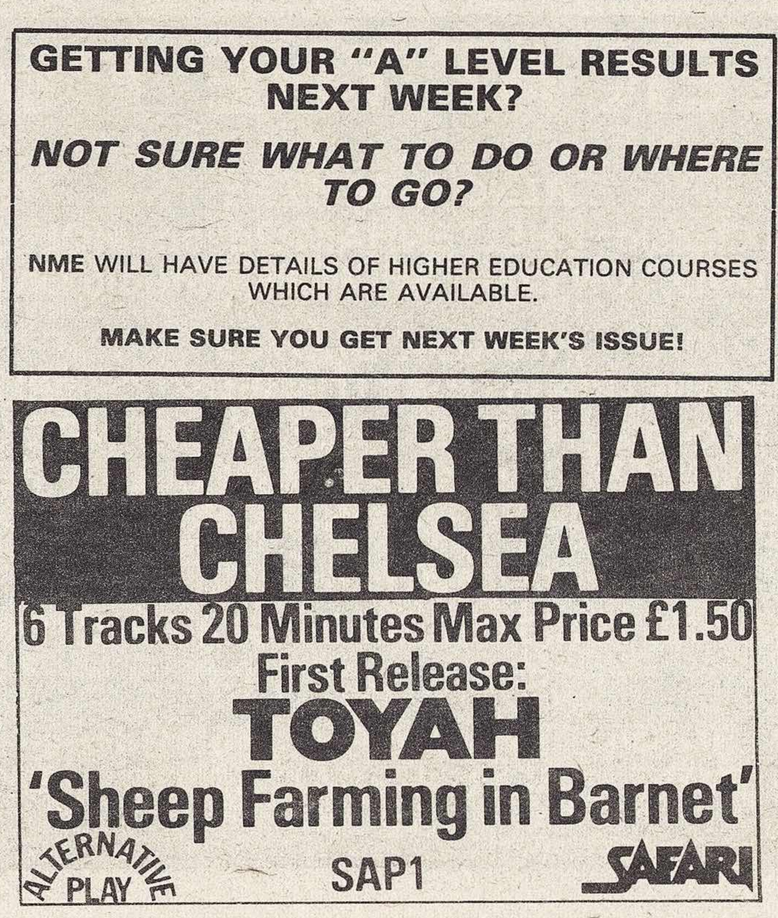
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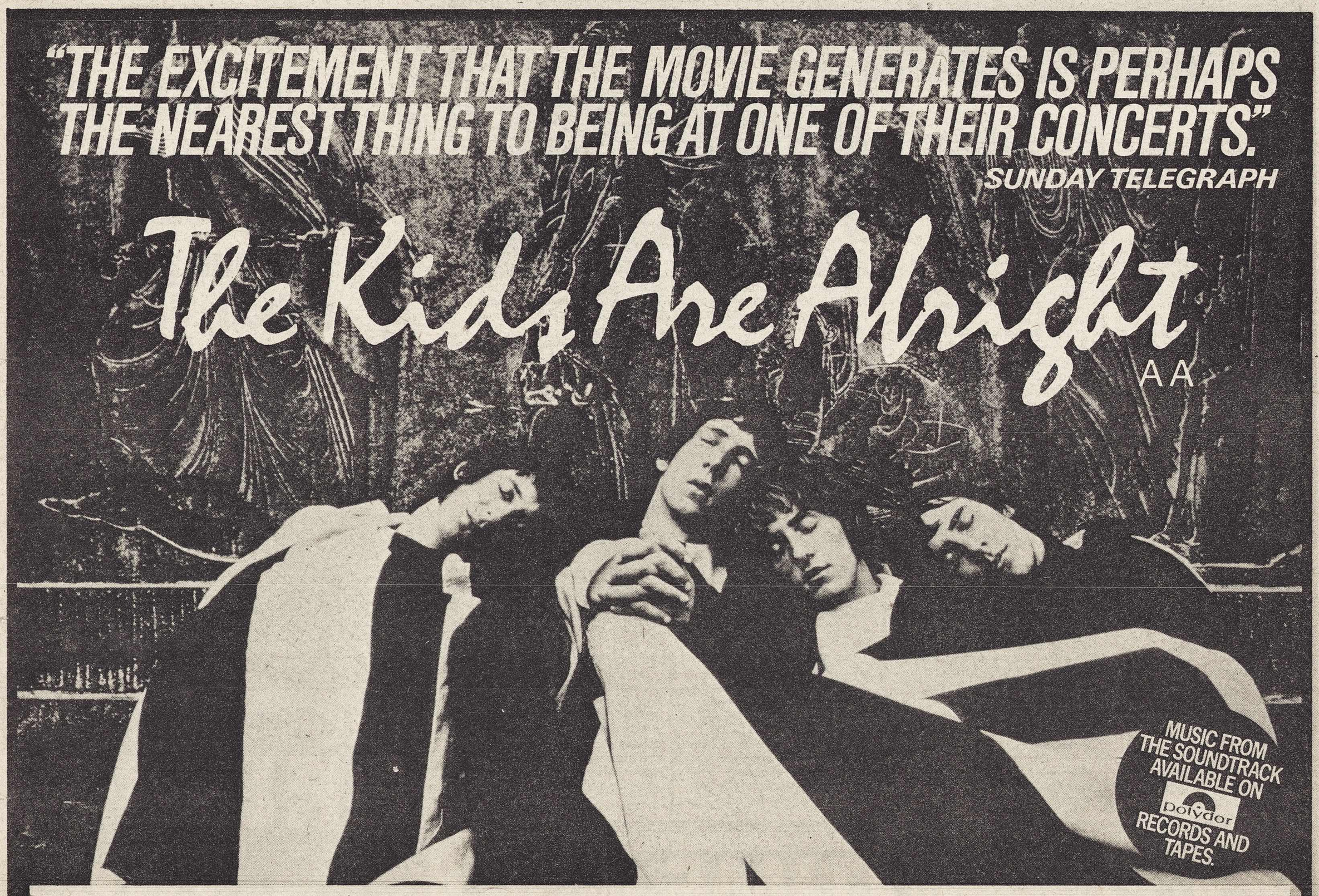
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ALBUMS

David Byrne smiles enigmatically. Pic: Pennie Smith

This Is The Modern Art (In Theory And Practice)

TALKING HEADS
Fear Of Music *(Sire)*

"Any work of art that can be understood is the product of a journalist." — Tristan Tzara (the Dada manifesto).

"So what? You dismal little Rumanian!" — Tom Wolfe *(The Painted Word).*

Tom Wolfe once wrote a book called *The Painted Word,* a thin volume of accomplished iconoclasm. In it he traces the rise and rise of Theory in Art. It may not have escaped your attention that theory, thinly disguised as pop criticism, has been raising its ugly head again.

Fine art was Wolfe's concern, though, and this is what he said, that it is no longer enough to simply paint, because painting is now abstract, and something that's abstract just begs for someone to come along with an explanation. The explanation is what counts! the *word* is all.

Along comes a band. . .say, Talking Heads. The music they make is rather unusual. Any band, approaching their music in an unusual way, is obliged to find a rationale for doing so. Some sort of *explanation.* Because although it's still enough to simply play rock'n'roll, what constitutes rock is getting more and more abstract — and what does the abstract beg for? *Right.* And if the artist doesn't give it then the critic will. But so what? (You wretched little killjoy).

It must all stem from some kind of fear of music. A great title for an album; along with the blank, ugly, tactile feel of the cover, it's probably meant to suggest something about the contents. But what does it mean? Well, it actually describes a rare phobia condition involving a physically negative reaction to the sound of music.

That's literal interpretation, but Talking Heads aren't easy to take at their word. Rather, their words invite interpretation; they ask to be read. It was Wolfe's contention that Art woke up one day and found that it could be read, and thenceforth the *word* was the back seat driver. Music's too popular to be steered by an elite readership — as the art world is — but it has nonetheless come far enough to be read.

And Talking Heads are a very literary band. Look at all the literary devices they employ: narrative, description, point-of-view, colloquialisms. Look at how they lay themselves open to the charge of pretention with one word titles and songs like stray thoughts jotted down in brisk shorthand. David Byrne is eminently readable.

That's nothing to be afraid of. You pay for what you please and get what you pay for. A caution though — what you get here is not what you'd expect.

This is Talking Heads' third album in as many years. Since '. . . Buildings And Food' they've re-negotiated their record deal with Sire (who woke up one day and found that Talking Heads outsell The Ramones) and they've relentlessly toured the rock markets whilst solidly ignoring the country that gave them their first taste of genuine and not just critical acceptance.

It would serve them right if England said "Talking what?". As well it might, because 'Fear Of Music' has none of their last record's sheen and not much of its finese either. It finds the Heads' necks stuck out just when sound commercial sense says they really shouldn't be. Bully for them.

The crux of this lies in the recording. The basic tracks were cut in the loft apartment of the rhythm section in a dilapidated Brooklyn suburb downstairs from Don Cherry's place in just two days. The rest was done piecemeal at four different studios. It was made on the wing and it shows.

It isn't careless or sloppy, just loose (the sound of a tight band limbered up), live (like their last album was supposed to be), and unpolished (not geared for radio consumption, though Talking Heads have their foot in that door already so the risk is not so great).

In common with Bowie's 'Low' it doesn't sound like an *album* at all: just songs caught in full flight and grouped together in a pleasant combination. If you're looking for something to fill those spaces Bowie left behind, then this is probably it.

Eno makes this Bowie connection inescapable, I'm afraid, and Byrne's elusive character, always flitting about behind the phrasing and the phraseology, compounds it. But whereas Eno stood out on '. . . Buildings And Food', he's now, for better or worse, seamlessly integrated into the Heads sound (and he knows all about Art and Theory too. Just ask. He'll take your question at face value . . .)

The prime result of the recording conditions is that David Byrne's voice has all its live mania and what used to sound tentative now sounds deliberately sly. If in the past you've found him hideously wet and fey, then take another listen. Byrne isn't such a twittering compulsive these days. He isn't lovestruck anymore either. There are no songs about girls and boys, nor about buildings, and food.

The lyrics are the usual blunt observations of other people's problems; blunt as in sympathetic, but not very compassionate. And not very paranoid anymore. His confidence in his writing and singing is starting to match his boldness. But he still thinks too much — he's worrying me to death.

He thinks of people as they worry about their problems of identity (on 'Paper', 'Air' and 'Memories Can Wait') their problems of boredom ('Mind', 'Heaven', 'Cities') and some more specific troubles too.

He thinks Marshall McLuhan's technologically sophisticated cavemen will be more of a technologically imprisoned pauper, and envisages what we may have to deal with on 'Life During Wartime'. He also reckons animals aren't so dumb: *"Animals think. They're pretty smart. Shit on the ground. See in the dark."* (Animals').

'Animals', playing against an ambient percussive jungle sound that crops up over and over on 'Fear Of Music', is a song that nags at the mind like the best of Talking Heads. Like the song 'Mind' in fact, which just yearns for something to erase the terrible ennui that Byrne seems to feel about himself on certain tracks on this record. And like 'Electric Guitar', which states, with matter-of-fact insistence, that *"Someone controls electric guitar".* He's right; someone does.

But take this how you want: There's no 'Found A Job' on this album, nothing so witty and trenchant, and there's no 'Thank You For Spending Me An Angel' either, nothing so charming, stupid, and inconsequential.

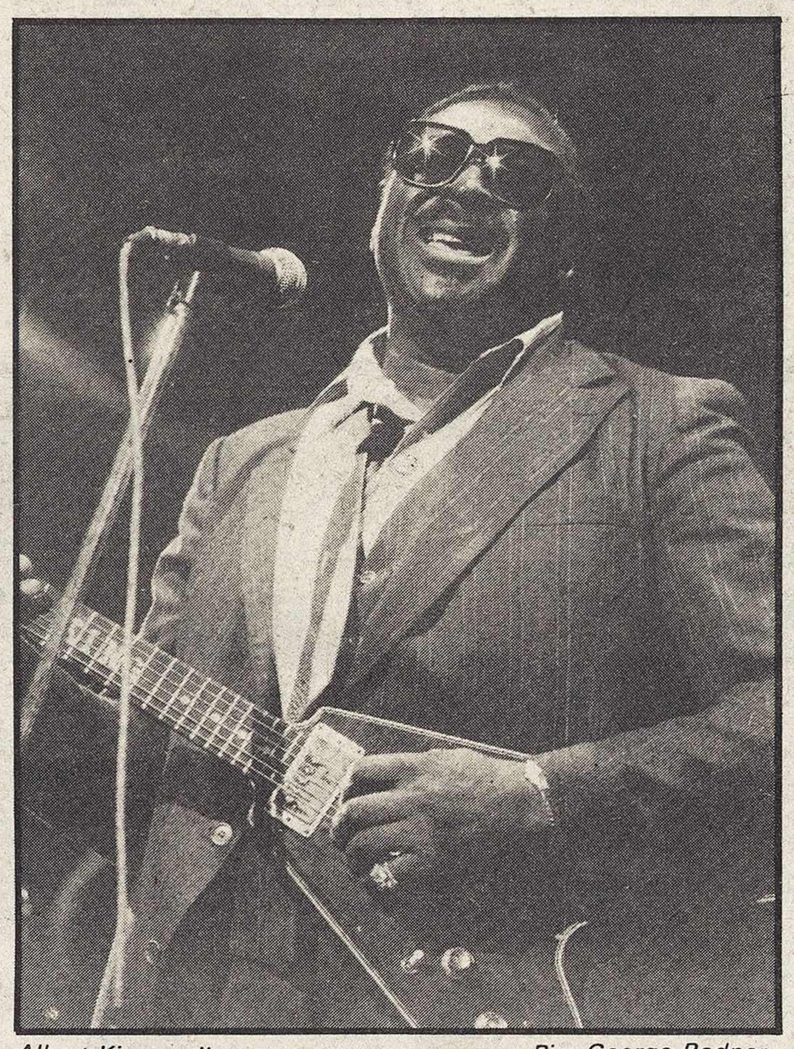
The emphasis on Byrne's part in 'Fear Of Music' is deliberate. Talking Heads don't sound like a band on this record, they sound like a band playing Byrne's songs. Jerry Harrison's touch is mercurial, though crucial and Chris Frantz and Tina Weymouth's presence is merely supportive, though finally just as crucial. Weymouth is to 'Duck' Dunn what Bernard Edwards is to James Jamerson and Frantz is as solid as stell, but the tension isn't there this time, except in Byrne's voice. He's getting cleverer, make no mistake.

'Fear Of Music' is unlikely to find such wide favour as '. . . Buildings And Food'. But it will have its partisans. And they will have the usual amount of cerebral fun with Byrne's cock-eyed, alienated view of people's confusion.

Almost as much fun as David Byrne sounds like he's having with translating what he sees into Talking Heads strange sense of what does and what doesn't constitute rock. Because to paraphrase someone or other, aesthetics are no longer to these artists what ornithology is to the birds.

Now, riddle me this: why did the critic cross the road? Simple. To get to the bottom of it.

Paul Rambali



Albert King smiles. *Pic: George Bodnar.*

ALBERT KING
New Orleans Heat
(Eurodisc Import)

The King does the King's thing again, this time with Allen R. Toussaint producing and arranging and the cream of Louisiana side men to keep the chops sweet 'n' sour.

King's current star is higher in the rest of Europe than it is here, hence the import label, but record prices being what they are there's no reason why interested parties shouldn't discover that Albert's form is still as seminal as B.B.'s.

The style is familiar. Chicago through Memphis blues, husky grained vocals, sinuous guitar figures, fat rhythms and a gamut of emotionally definitive journeys through old and new times. The balance is featherlight, 'Born Under A Bad Sign' tipped against 'Get Out Of My Life Woman' and 'Flat Tire.'

The sound? Well, the Toussaint stamp is unmistakeable — if you check the man at all then investigation is mandatory — and Sansu Productions *never* let you down. This New Orleans Heat is aptly named, a fruitful, smokey, hot summer night partnership that unites some of America's most fascinating soul men in an appropriate setting.

Max Bell

CHUCK MANGIONE
An Evening Of Magic: Live At The Hollywood Bowl
(A&M)

As the industry casts desperately around for the next big money-spinner, there's already some wild talk about a jazz revival. The idea is that punks and disco dancers alike are liable to become bored by the monotony of their chosen styles and seek out more melodic music.

Well, maybe. Chuck Mangione is well placed if it happens. In the States, he's well placed anyway, as a multi-platinum star. Oddly enough, Mangione is a flugelhorn player. Not many flugelhorn players shift the product like Chuck.

If you wanted to be nasty (and why not?), you might accuse Mangione of diluting his jazz into musak for self-elected sophisticates. Really, though, that would be untrue. Mangione sounds to me like a pretty inventive player. It just happens that he writes good tunes and then proceeds to play them convincingly. Whether it be epic movie soundtracks like 'Children Of Sanchez' high-grade schmaltz like 'Doin' Everything With You' or nimble fusioneering like 'Feels So Good', Mangione never throws a cheap shot.

This double album gives a useful overview of his work. Where other fusion music consists of convoluted sequences and jagged phrases honed to slide-rule perfection, Mangione offers you melodies and emotions. It's just a pity he looks like a middle-aged hippie.

Bob Edmands

MICK TAYLOR
Mick Taylor *(CBS)*

And the same reclusive figure who, aged 16, crept on stage to join Mayall's Bluesbreakers, was later to be found — in that fading footage of the Stones' '72 American Tour — denim-clad, angelic and wistfully strumming a large acoustic whilst his fellows disported themselves with distinctly jaded abandon.

As one of rock's least controversial figures (reason enough to quit the Stones, I guess), Taylor's reputation seems surprisingly as great as his influence on rock has been undeniably meagre. So do we expect the tidal wave of the last few years to have influenced *him?* We don't, and it hasn't.

Rarely have I heard such fine music shuffled in with such total dross. Worst first; twice on this album he shows signs of following Clapton's more slushy and sentimental footsteps — the inane 'Baby I Want You', with its strolling acoustic guitar, slide and 'plaintive' vocal, and 'SW 5', a neatly constructed, *very* Claptonish ballad that he wrecks by focussing all attention on the instrumental detail (all, except drums, he plays himself) rather than the song's overall dynamic. Despite some occasionally spacious vocal treatment, Taylor never once sings with conviction, and he's little helped by the staggering crassness of his lyrics.

Flip the disc and find the man's gone jazz/rock. 'Spanish' abounds with soporific cord washes over which his guitar slides with Allan Holdsworth-styled creamy sustain, and 'A Minor' breaks with twittering birds and lapping surf and an 'uneasy' progression where synthesisers score across its surface with irritating results.

The rest of the album covers assured, familiar ground, and does so with satisfying vigour. Lowell George's distinctive slide dominates the soft-centred Southern boogie 'Giddy Up' before Taylor steers it into more jazz-bound tedium. The blues-based 'Alabama' is a road-weary acoustic retread, effectively backed with just cluttered bottleneck and a bass drum, and for the supremely nostalgic 'Slow Blues' he sets his 'primitive' 'Bare Wires' tone against a polished lilting backtrack, as it to show he can still reel off spine-tingling pure blues with both hands tied together.

And lastly, there's the forceful 'Broken Hands' — virtually a pastiche of the dirty, raw, two-chord drive that recalls 'Black And Blue' — which proves that a lengthy sojourn in the Stones' camp tends to leave permanent scars.

A safe and uneventful return.

Mark Ellen

Rodney narrowly misses out on the 'poet gazing reflectively at ocean' pose. *Pic: Adrian Boot.*

Nothing Like The Best

BURNING SPEAR
Harder Than The Best *(Island)*

On reflection, I don't really believe in the concept of a 'Best Of Burning Spear'.

Spear music is so consistently immaculate and pure, each stage of its manifestation so crucial, that to wrench tracks from the context of their particular album and period and then jam them side by side seems inappropriate and misleading. Great artists don't lend themselves to encapsulation; they demand full-scale commitment.

That's why albums like this or those 'Best Of Bob Dylan' affairs can be little more than sampler albums; the problem is particularly great with Spear since unlike most of his ranking Jamaican contemporaries he rarely even has hit singles as such; he's simply there, primal, inviolable, magnificent.

During his association with Island, Winston Rodeney, the man called Burning Spear, delivered the company four studio albums and a live set; the period saw his rightful elevation from a humble Studio One artist (and his Studio One albums are as indispensible in their way as his Island outings, containing as they do much material he later reworked in a more 'sophisticated' context) to the heights of international stature (if not stardom). His lack of greater recognition can only be ascribed to the uncompromising nature and stance of his music, also his infrequent live performances.

'Harder Than The Best' (that Cultured title, tell me where you get it) is an uneven selection from the four Island studio LPs. You get four cuts from the angry innovative, 'Marcus Garvey'; only one from the rural exuberance of 'Man In The Hills'; three from the marking-time 'Dry And Heavy'; and two from the dazzling, revolutionary 'Marcus Children' (retitled 'Social Living' by Island). There's also a cut from Jack Ruby's unforgiveably lame 'Garvey's Ghost' dub of 'Marcus Garvey', and the dub cut of 'Civilized Reggae' (already on 12" discomix alongside 'Social Living' incidentally, and too bad the complete and absolutely astonishing dub set of 'Marcus Children' has never seen the light of day).

It's an unadventurous selection that never gels into an album in its own right, despite the universal brilliance of the music. Better could and should have come — and why only one cut from 'Man In The Hills'? For anyone already owning a Spear Island album other than 'Live' this is a pointless purchase — spend your money on a Spear album proper instead and collect the set.

For the punter wishing to own a solitary Spear LP, 'Harder Than The Best' makes more sense, but still not as much as buying 'Marcus Garvey', 'Man In The Hills' or 'Social Living'.

Neil Spencer

SUPERCHARGE
Body Rhythm *(Virgin)*

For 'Supercharge', read 'Robert John "Mutt" Lange'. Lange is the band's long-time producer and co-mentor. He not only arranges and produces this album, he's also its sole composer.

'Body Rhythm' is slick, facetious, adult(erated) disco — not so much a suspect departure from the band's bulky and booze-addled cabaret creed, but more a logical progression from the kind of boogie/funk pastiches that Lange was writing for their '76 album 'Local Lads Make Good'. His motives remain a mystery — either Lange has aspirations to churn out faceless disco movie scores, or else wants an excuse to play around with expensive machinery. More than likely, it's just a monumental spoof.

Whatever, the results make an exquisitely classy album, clean-sweeping every available Euro/Anglo/Stateside disco tract into slabs of functional dance-music. Some tracks reveal their prototypes more deliberately than others. 'We Both Believe In Love' weighs heavy on The Village People's patriotic pulse, 'Show Me How Real Your Love Is' is pure, sugared Newton-John-Travolta, and 'I Think I'm Gonna Fall (In Love)' (notice this 'love' theme?) nods affectionately towards Jeff Wayne's 'War Of The Worlds'.

The album celebrates — in typically vacuous style — the joys of the dance-floor when feet are running riot. Every track is luxuriously produced (vocoders, phasers — Lange's got the lot) and played with uncanny precision. A cautious Virgin Records informs that besides the regular band there's "a few session men involved". I suspect it's the latter who dominate, though I sense the dulcet falsetto of saxist Porky Parker lurking in the backline.

It's highly dubious whether 'Body Rhythm' heralds a change in the band's direction. Supercharge going straight? Slim chance.

Mark Ellen

IMPORTS

When **Wynonie Harris** died 10 years ago you might have caught the report of his death down in the lower-page smallprint. Short change really for an R&B giant. And in recent times there's been little redress, none of the belated recognition afforded such as Louis Jordan and some of the others who became submerged beneath the great white wipe-out, when Haley and the rip-off regime moved in and the real founders of rock'n'roll got lost in the wash.

'Mr Blues Is Coming To Town', a Harris album which has recently emerged on the Swedish Route 66 label, goes someway towards setting the record straight, the sleeve notes recalling that Harris recorded 'Around The Clock Blues' (a predecessor to 'Rock Around The Clock') way back in 1945.

A 16-tracker, 'Mr Blues' omits most of Wynonie's biggest hits, such as 'Drinkin' Wine Spo-Dee-O-Dee', 'Bloodshot Eyes' and 'All She Wants To Do Is Rock', some of which, or so I believe, are available on Gusto's series of King reissues. Nevertheless, it's a fine compilation that demonstrates how the Nebraskan Blues-shouter touted his wares through the period 1946-54, first achieving some empathy with the bop set and then heading up-hill towards rock. Eric Burdon once said that it was records like Harris' 'Bloodshot Eyes' that first made him aware of black music. And certainly when Wynonie called the shots, assisted by such hard-blowin' saxmen as Ted Buckner, Hal Singer and Tab Smith, he was a hard man to ignore.

I think Harris would have approved of **Bobby Rush**, Otis' younger brother, who has in 'Rush Hour' the unlikeliest album ever to emerge on Gamble and Huff's Philadelphia International label. Danny Baker, quite rightly, waxed enthusiastically about Rush's ace 'I Wanna Do The Do' single a few weeks ago and there's little I wish to add on that subject except to mention that 'I Wanna' acts as the opening cut on what is a very fine album. An amalgam of disco and gutsy, harphot, get-it-on R&B, 'Rush Hour' hopefully contains a way out of the whoop-whoop morass in which black music's become embroiled. Sure everybody wants to dance — ain't nothing wrong with that. But real music should reach the head and heart as well as the feet. Which is where Rush's music comes in. Hey Western Union Man, send a letter to my baby — Gamble and Huff have found me a brand new hero!

Euphoria over, it's back to a stint at the cans and a

playthrough for **'Kilo'** an album by a five piece black vocal and instrumental group of that quantitative title. On Stax, recorded in Memphis and bearing the reassuring name of David Porter among the credits, 'Kilo' ought to be no bad thing — and to a considerable degree this is true. For the group have a versatile lead singer in Jabo Phillips, while their vocal harmonies have a beneficial effect on one's auditory apparatus. But their material — all their own — lacks something in the way of substance, even though 'Satisfy Your Love', the lead track on side two, features an intriguing arrangement, Phillips and his fellow Kilomen indulging in a swoop and loop vocal dogfight while the back-up instrumental squad slots an array of pushy brass sounds into any gaps in the proceedings. A so-so rather than a no-no then. One to keep your eye on, as Nelson once said.

Fred Dellar

CAROL GRIMES
Carol Grimes *(Charly)*
ESTHER PHILLIPS
Confessin' The Blues *(Atlantic)*

'Carol Grimes' is a reissue with the same hideous cover of the 1975 album that resulted from the singer's visit to Memphis. It features an excellent group of session musicians including Duck Dunn on bass and The Memphis Horns in sparkling form.

Carol Grimes proves again she's one of the country's most underrated singers. On both the fiery ballad 'No More Tears' and the superb, driving 'Up Hill Peace Of Mind' with its lovely sax/vocal interplay she delivers magnificently. On many of the remaining tracks, she sounds as embarrassed to be singing the amazingly trite lyrics as I was to hear them although there is a spirited version of William Bell's 'Private Number'. All in all, a fine slice of punchy pop-soul; but it's better if you don't listen too closely.

Esther Phillips' 'Confessin' The Blues', one of Atlantic's That's Jazz reissues, reveals two aspects of an astonishingly versatile performer. Side one has her in the context of big band jazz, dealing with standards like 'Romance In The Dark' and — more successfully — with blues such as Joe Turner's 'Cherry Red'. Side two is live with a small backing group, and again the outstanding track delves back to the blues. It's a lengthy medley of 'Blow Top Blues', 'Jelly Jelly Blues' and the sublimely ambiguous 'Long John Blues' about a dentist prepared to *"fill any cavity"*, a song perfectly suited to Phillip's caustic, almost nasal intonation. She sings it with fine feeling and immaculate timing.

The only drawback is that the rest of the album seems ordinary by comparison.

Graham Lock

A chance to look down on XTC. *Pic: Jill Furmanovsky.*

Something Like The Best

XTC
Drums And Wires *(Virgin)*

Ooh! and aah! and XTC have made a long player that undulates and illuminates with an ingenious vitality that makes much of their previous, frenetically frivolous spark-music sound very trivial indeed.

In fact XTC, at the third album moment in time and stuck with at best a cultish following and it seemed a limited packet of tricks, have cunningly twisted. They're making multi-layered music of wit and elegance that will make them successful and loved — music that demands new adjectives.

They've escaped! XTC always were a wonderful subject for smothering with harsh adjectives. Now, in suggesting the tone, shapes and judgement of XTC a whole new bundle of equally delicious descriptive words can be spread, and with these new adjectives it will soon become apparent how much the XTC have altered.

For the better! XTC's effervescent extroversion, dazzling propulsion and strident angles were the clever-clever idiomatic modern distinctions that seemed to inspire much new pop music to jump about and stop and start and play silly. The formula, though, was limited. XTC have realised this. The vision and versatility of the new XTC proves that the group are way above being the minor merry misfits they once were.

A lot of the change must be down to the loss of original keyboardist Barry Andrews whose gyrations were, in retrospect, an unecessary discipline that cramped and committed the group. As a predominantly two guitar group, the XTC have considerably updated, rearranged and extended what they once were. They are a different group.

Bright-eyed and cool! The XTC of old can be noticed occasionally — mostly on the songs of Andy Partridge — lurking and warbling. But that XTC is merely a small part of a panoramic, unpredictable whole that, quite outrageously and out of nowhere, puts them on the edge of a greatness.

Ooh and aah! I always used to think of the White album and 'Go 2' as The End. Clever stuff, well wrought, but it could go no further. XTC had had their, ooh, 18 minutes and it was good fun. Obviously it was just the beginning of their evolving.

XTC are much more than a momentarily thrill. They've moved into a sphere where they're creating and developing a melodic, measured, cool, cryptic (new adjectives!) stimulating noise that blends so many disparate influences — Beatles, Can, Ayers, Help Yourself, Song Eno, Barrett — adds that tangy, terrific XTC line and ends up with the loveliest and liveliest sort of new pop.

XTC are doing all sorts of things they've never done before and never hinted that they would. They're expanding the fluid and syncopated notions of Can, playing around delicately and drastically with melody and chorus, and flirting with the possibilities of new balances in rock in a less severe and ravishing, but equally encouraging, way than Public Image. They're pushing forward and sideways with enough subtlety and imagination to connect with any listener whose demands are for the unusual, accessible and enlivening. They have moved many steps closer to making a rock classic.

Who'd have thought! The brilliant bonus is that, apart from the new balances and embroideries of XTC, they have two inventive and distinctive songwriters who have done enough with the songs here to be proud enough to smile for ever.

There are five Colin Moulding compositions and seven from Andy Partridge. Both wander down separate but compatible avenues of oddity and bizarreness. Mouldings' approach, and his careful vocals emphasise this, is less demented and more cultured than Partridge's, his lyrics less punny and more considered. But there is nothing disruptive in a jump from a Partridge cartoon to a Moulding impression; the connection is always the elastic and devastating structure and sculpture of the music. Within a piece of Moulding music XTC sneak through numerous moods, so a switch to the more clipped, crazily unnatural Partridge style is not harmful.

It's extra-appetising! The Moulding pieces are truly tempting, and often stunning. Genuine growers. The magnificent 'Making Plans For Nigel' is the new single and if people are patient it will be a fair hit. His other contributions 'Day In Day Out', 'Ten Feet Tall', 'That Is The Way' and 'Complicated Game' are in their own astute ways equally delectable.

Partridge's puzzles are cute and crafty. You can tell by their titles we're in different areas to young Moulding's. 'Helicopter,' 'When You're Near Me I have Difficulty', 'Roads Girdle The Globe', 'Real By Reel', 'Millions', 'Outside World', and 'Scissor Man'. All of these songs tickle me and prompt me and nudge me and have far more substance and dimension than early Partridge ditties.

I like this LP! What more can I say? XTC went thattaway when no one was looking. Catch them if you can.

Paul Morley

FOODBAND
Foodband *(Electric)*
LAKE
Paradise Island *(CBS)*

It's amazing how many German bands wish they'd been born American. Nina Hagen is not among them, but Lake and Foodband are.

Foodband picture themselves as renegade Stateside freewheelin' hipsters, and write songs about cruisin', hustlin', life losing "its groove", and not a lot besides. Maybe they're the worse for translation. Judging by the cover shot, they dream of being Kerouac, derelict in some trash-strewn Boston back-alley. Judging by the music, they yearn to be The Atlanta Rhythm Section, only slicker, less raunchy and more innocuous.

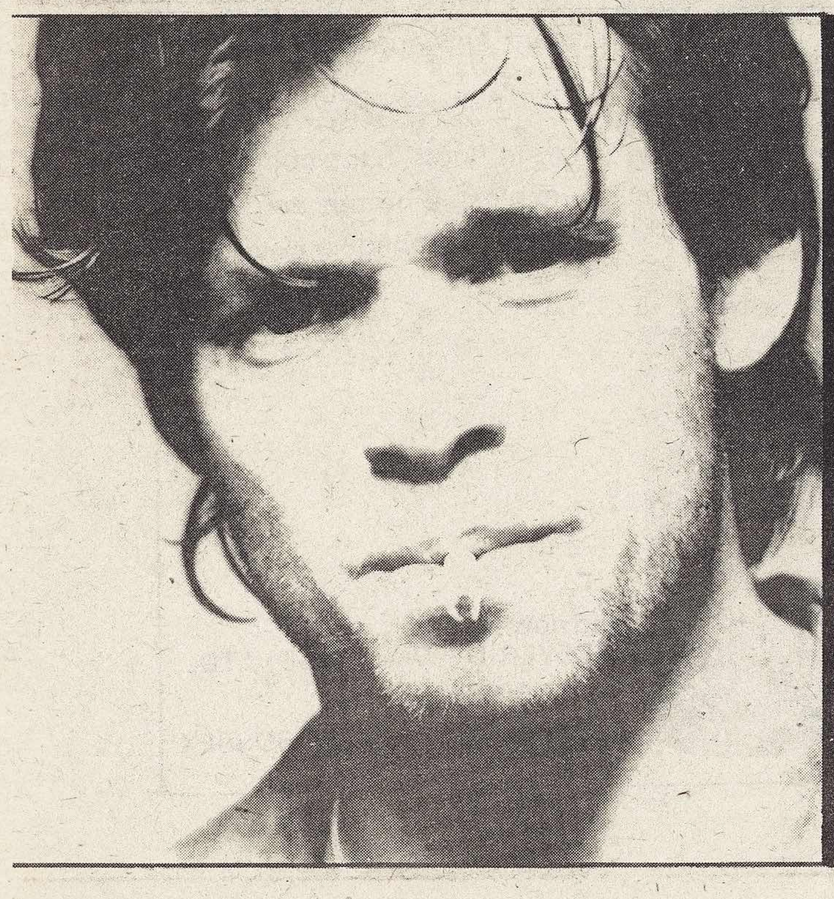
The album makes a clean sweep through tamely funked-up, FM-geared attempts at big-sound boogie music, low calorie rock and thinly disguised Southern country. Quantities of keyboards vie with crisp, textbook guitars over loose-limbed percussion, and now and again a moog makes the odd daring excursion. It's a safe, wholesome, pre-digested package, and leaves you feeling empty inside.

Lake's offering is an album of such unmitigated garbage that it's actually painful to have to think about it. This band — the blancmange on the Blackbushe bill — know nothing of rock music and, quite conceivably, care even less. They hammer the final nail into the coffin-lid of their irredeemably dreary, soft-centred, glutinous dollops of Supertramp-styled mass-media bilge by including a word-sheet. Without it, the true depths of their staggering triteness wouldn't be half so transparent.

It seems that love for Lake is a myriad of flimsy nymphettes surrounded by carousels, rainbows and dragons, or else suppressed fantasies from a second-floor window. Emotions for Lake are just facile excuses for self-pity. Their 'world view' is breezily poetic; its strength being second-hand idealism, its weakness irony.

This is a truly appalling LP. Buy it and extend your vocabulary.

Mark Ellen



JOHN COUGAR
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Mr. Moroder in musing mood *Pic: Jill Furmanovsky*

GIORGIO MORODER
E=MC² *(Oasis)*
THE COMMODORES
Midnight Magic *(Motown)*
A bunch of 30 or so immaculately programmed and computerised synthesisers completely annihilate a six-piece human funk band in style, melody, dance and funk categories. Heavy and significant? Not at all. It means is that you could waste your money aspiring to be noble and support homo sapiens whilst you miss a whole bunch of dynamite — not to mention the point — with some crazy machines.

The Moroder album is a stunning return to form after his recent watery wanderings with Donna Summer, and, surprisingly less so, Sparks. (A theatre critic once summed up some dreadful play by concluding that, although the scenery was perfection, the actors would insist on walking in front of it. That's basically how I feel about the Moroder / Sparks affair).

'E=MC²' is monumentally enjoyable, direct and alive, soaked in ideas and punch. Too much electronic music becomes static and barren after a few minutes, winding up as no more than disco Status Quo. But Moroder keeps everything light and flowing.

The six tracks all contain just enough of a vocal to warrant being called tunes, and Moroder never allows the patterns and incessant, spiralling beat of his programming to become overweight.

Side two lacks one's attack, but anything other than a major recommendation for 'E=MC²' would demand a thorough drumming out of town for the reviewer concerned.

Meanwhile The Commodores continue off down their dead end. 'Midnight Magic' is as dull, flat and uninspired as its packaging. The band just hoof it through their paces for their market. After Moroder's clever fun this sounds like real factory music, just turning it out.

I don't particularly dislike the group, but their winners lie behind them now, even though the hits will probably keep falling into place. The difference, though, between these two records has nothing to do with panelled circuits and 1984 — no, all we have here is a good album and a lousy album. And if folk still feel the threat of machines taking over, well ... you watch. Your little sister knows a sight more than big brother.

Danny Baker

SOUTHSIDE JOHNNY AND THE ASBURY JUKES
The Jukes *(Phonogram)*

With Miami Steve Van Zandt busily ensconsed in the studio with his full-time employer Bruce Springsteen, the main problem facing Southside Johnny and his cronies was the choice of a new producer, one who would provide that little extra something that would ensure commercial success.

As a possible solution to this problem The Jukes decided to draft in Barry Beckett — partly on the strength of his work with Dylan and Dire Straits.

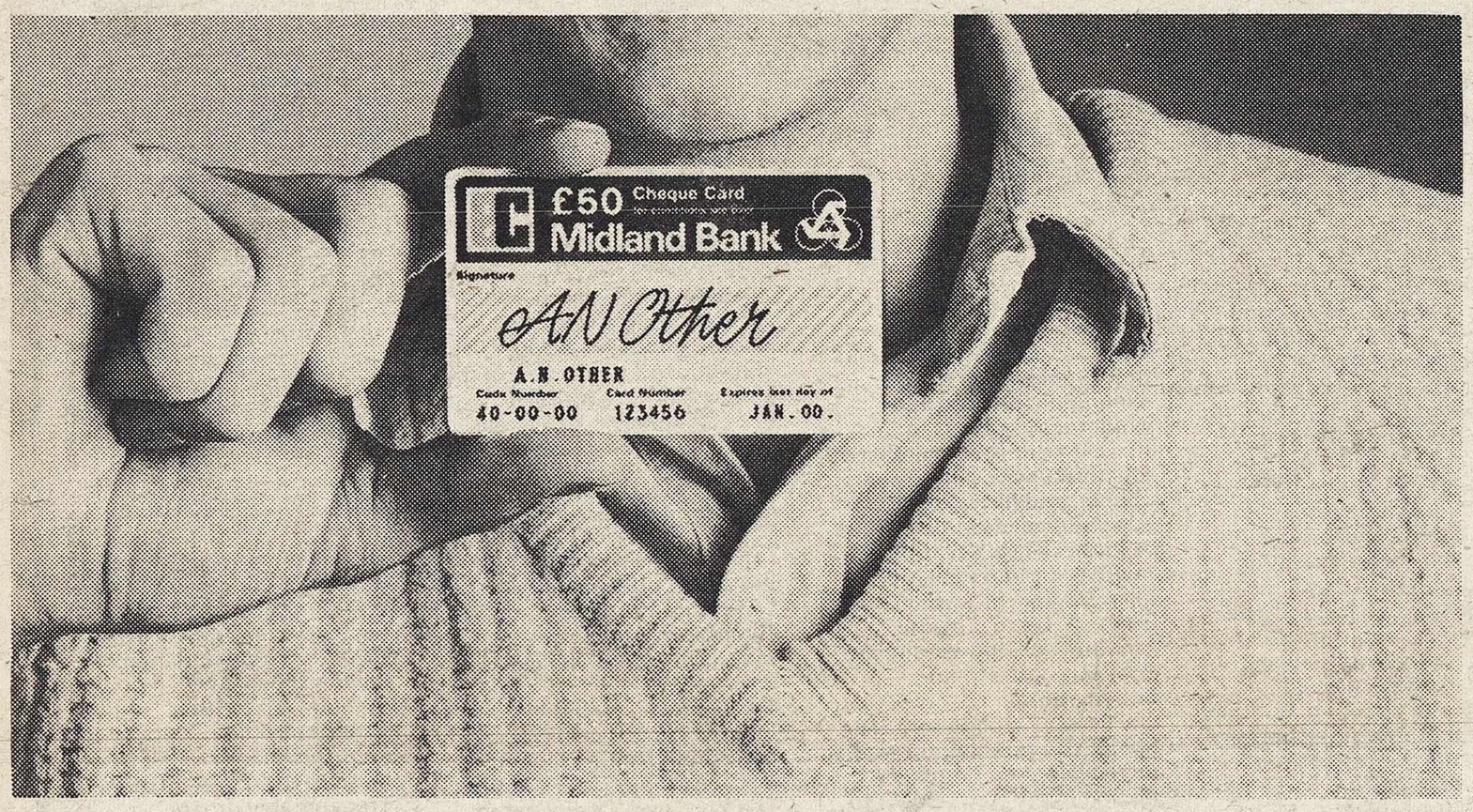
The outcome of this coalition is 'The Jukes', an album sadly more remarkable for its infuriating contradictions and conflicts than the quality of its material.

On the more uptempo numbers — never Southside's strongest suit as a vocalist — the main impression is hard and purposeful, but the slower, more seductively paced songs are subjected to the same, precisely defined studio technique and sadly lack the smoke-filled, walk-down ambience of their emotive forerunners.

Unfortunate also is the overall standard of the songs. Previous records have been graced by excellent and forceful contributions from Miami Steve (and the occasional broadside from the East Street Evangelist himself) but here we're presented with just the band's own work — or, more precisely mostly guitarist Billy Rush's own work. Rush's songs are by no means displeasing but nothing he has written here could challenge any of the finer moments from; say, the superb 'Heart Of Stone' for a place in your heart.

In their attempt to deliver an album with a harder, more up-front commercial appeal, The Jukes have been forced to sacrifice far too much of that heart-warming soul that has been their calling card.

John Hamblett



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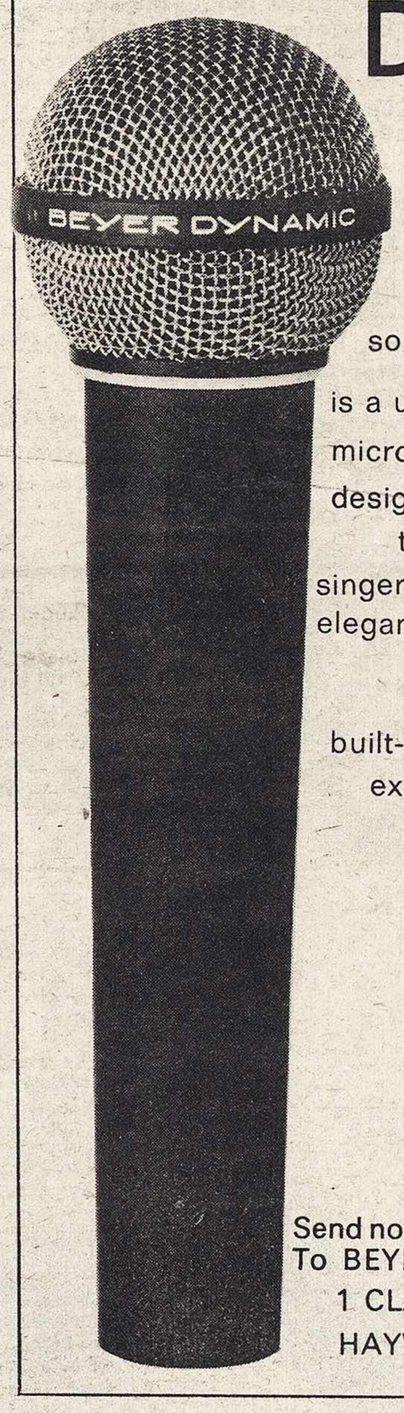

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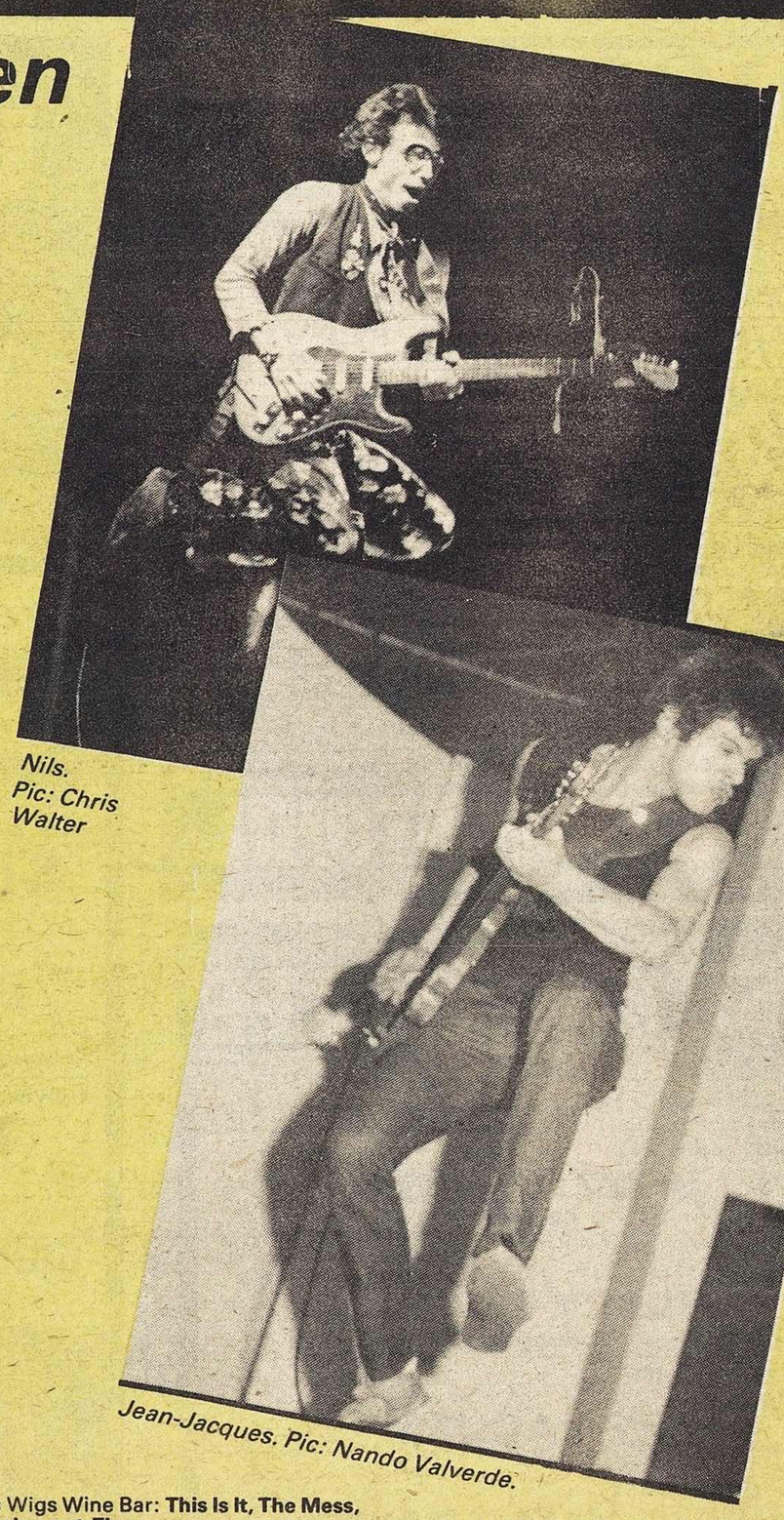
NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

Wembley: Who/Stranglers/Lofgren

As a venue for open-air extravaganzas Wembley Stadium is not as bad as most. This Saturday's show kicks off at 2pm with Nils Lofgren, followed by AC/DC, The Stranglers and finally The Who. One word of warning: don't bring bottles or cans with you as you won't get them into the ground — unless you're pretty smart.



Nils. Pic: Chris Walter

Jean-Jacques. Pic: Nando Valverde.

Thursday

Barnet Duke of Lancaster: **One on One.**
Birmingham Barbarella's: **Secret Affair**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Clinic**
Birmingham Pop Club: **Paul Maine / The Recover**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Orphan**
Blackpool Norbreck Castle: **Merton Parkas**
Bradford Princeville: **Dirty May**
Brighton Marine Parade Buccaneer: **Airport**
Bristol Crockers: **Thieves Like Us**
Bucklev Tivoli Ballroom: **T.C.O.J.**
Burntwood Troubadour: **The Amazing Dark Horse**
Chesterfield Fusion: **Invaders**
Colne Union Hotel: **Bitch**
Glenrothes Rothes Arms: **Snapshots**
Gravesend Red Lion: **Hollywood Wires**
Great Sutton Bulls Head: **Marital Aids**
Leeds Fan Club: **Starjets**
London Acton White Hart: **The Name**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Root Boy Slim / The Sex Change**
London Camden Music Machine: **Budgie / Bombshell**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Trimmer & Jenkins**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Straight 8**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **Again Again / Mr. Zero / The Box / The Targets**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Charlie Ainley & The Misdemeanours**
London Hammersmith The Swan: **Anniversary**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Cygnus**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Lacey's Allstars**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Kensington Nashville Rooms: **Spizz Energi / Last Words**
London Knightsbridge Pizaa on the Park: **Martin Taylor & Ike Isaacs**
London Tooting The Castle: **V.I.P.s**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **The O.K. Band**
London E.C.4 W.H. Smith Headquarters (lunchtime): **Trinidad Steel Band**
London Southgate Royalty Ballroom: **The Shades**
London Victoria The Venue: **Al Green**
London Wardour Street Pizza Express: **Fred Hunt Trio**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London Waterloo Wellington: **The Nobodyz / The Idiot Dancers**
Halesown Tiffany's: **Ocean Boulevard**
Manchester The Factory: **Private Sector**
Norwich Boogie House: **Squire**
Norwich Cromwells: **Chairman Of The Board**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **The Hormones**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gaffa**
Penalt The Boat: **The Zoobes**
Penzance Demelzas: **Lip Service**
Port Talbot Troubadour: **Writz**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Tim Laycock**
Southport Scarisbrick Hotel: **The Accelerators**
Stratford The Flamingo: **Chas & Dave**
St. Austell New Cornish Riviera: **Radio Luxembourg Summer Roadshow**
St. Helens Glassbridge Hotel: **Lies All Lies**
Sunderland Fusion: **Black Gorilla**
Watford Town Hall: **Elvis Presley Memorial Show**
Worcester Hideaway Club: **Wayne Fontana & The Mindbenders (for 3 days)**

Friday

Barnstaple Chequers: **Writz**
Bath Brillig: **Kevin Brown & his band, Cann Brothers**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Bright Eyes**
Birmingham Elizabethan Days: **The Traitors**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Quads**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **Misdemeanor**
Blackburn Regent Hotel: **Mistress (3 days)**
Blackpool Norbreck Castle: **Invaders**
Brighton Alhambra: **Nicky & The Dots-/Dirty Weekend**
Brighton Hanbury Arms: **Hollywood Wires**
Bristol Crockers: **Thieves Like Us**
Chelmsford Football Ground City Tavern: **Essential Logic**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Detling Village Hall: **The Pulsaters, Zener**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **The Merton Parkas**
Edinburgh Clouds: **The Ruts/Linton Kwesi Johnson**
Glenrothes Rothes Arms: **The Venigmas**
Kettering Windmill Club: **The Bearshank Band**
Leeds Viva Wine Bar: **The City Limits**
Leicester TUL Club: **Matchbox**
London Acton Kings Head: **Paz**
London Camden Music Machine: **The Teenbeats, Tour De Force**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jelly Roll Blues Band**
Lonodon Clapham 101 Club: **The Extras**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **One On One**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **Misty / Top Hat**
London Deptford Royal Albert: **Rubber Johnny**
London N1 Duke of Wellington: **Squire**
London Islington Hope and Anchor: **The Blues Band**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Black Slate**
London Putney Star and Carter: **Greig and Nigel's Folk and BLues Night**
London Wardour St Pizza Express: **Fred Hunt Trio**
London Waterloo Wellington: **The Head**
Manchester (Ashton) Spread Eagle: **Zamathus**
Manchester Factory: **Secret Affair**
Melton Mowbray Painted Lady: **Johnny Carroll**
Newton Powys Newton Arms: **Kidda Band**
Nottingham Superspot: **Paul Marine / The Recover**
Pelsall Community Centre: **UXB Paranoia**
Penzance Demelza's: **Radio Luxembourg Summer Roadshow**
Penzance Ponsandane Site: **Phantom Orchestra, Footsbarn, Friends Roadshow**
Retford Porterhouse: **Starjets**
Rotherham E Herringthorpe Sports Club: **Strange Days**
Runcorn Old Town: **The Shattered Dolls**
Scarborough Penthouse: **Shake Appeal**
Stornaway Folk Club: **Saffron Summerfield**
Southend Minerva: **Johnny Jay**
Stroud Subscriptions Rooms: **Cygnus**
Trellech The Crown: **The Zoobes**
Triad Leisure Centre: **Vambo**
Truro William IV: **Scissor Fits**
Uxbridge Unit One: **The Operatives, The Adults**
Walsall Town Hall: **TCOJ**
Wigan Mr M's: **Annniversary**

Saturday

Alfreton Leisure Centre: **Strange Days/The Flashcats/Nightmare**
Bath Brillig: **Kevin Brown & his band-/Cann Brothers**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Reno**
Birmingham Hopwood Caravan Club: **Gentleman Jim**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Strider**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **School Sports**
Birmingham Toby Jug: **The Quads**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **The Chevrons**
Bodmin Jail: **Lip Service**
Brighton Resources Centre: **Poison Girls/Ajax All stars/Rubella Ballet**
Bristol Crown Cellar Bar: **Sneak Preview**
Bristol Granary: **Spitfire**
Bude Headland Club: **Radio Luxembourg Summer Roadshow**
Cannock The Troubadour: **The Kidda Band**
Carlisle Wigton Market Hall: **Invaders**
Carshalton St. Helier Arms: **The Jets**
Cheltenham Whicombe Lodge: **The Purple Hearts/Secret Affair**
Cinderford Rugby Club: **Black Gorilla**
Coventry Number One: **Paul Marine/The Recover**
Crawley Leisure Centre Arena: **Rock In The Arena/Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders**
Doncaster Granby Road Club: **The Diks**
Dudley J.B.s Club: **Lew Lewis Reformer**
Halifax Good Mood Club: **Starjets**
High Wycombe Town Hall: **The Buzzards**
Ipswich Runnin' Bear: **T.C.O.J.**
Liverpool Erics: **The Adverts/Local Operator**
London Camden Music Machine: **Carol Grimes & Sweet FA**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Extras**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Sox**
London Harrow Road Windsor Castle: **Riff Raff**
London Isle of Sheppy, New Island Hotel & Nightclub: **The All Night Band**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Cleaners**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Yachts**
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **Billy Karloff Band**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The O.K. Band**
London Victoria The Venue: **Al Green**
London Wardour St. Pizza Express: **Fred Hunt Trio**
London Waterloo Wellington: **Teenbeats/Squire**
London Wembley Stadium: **Nils Lofgren/The Stranglers/The Who/AC/DC**
Maldon Jubilee Hall: **The Shades**
Manchester The Factory: **The Selector**
Manchester Funhouse: **The Distractions/Armed Force/The Hamsters**
Manchester Leigh Rugby Club: **Sister Ray**
Mansfield Masons Arms: **Fixer**
Melton Mowbray Painted Lady: **Johnny Carroll**
Monmouth The Brittania: **The Zoobes**
Nottingham Sandpiper: **Art Failure**
Oxford Caribbean Club: **China Street**
Penzance Ponsandane Site: **NoMofo/Available Jelly/Incubus**
Retford Porterhouse: **Writz**
Ripley Cock Hotel: **Lies All Lies**
Salisbury City Hall: **Thieves Like Us**
Sheffield Bradofield Hotel: **The City Limits**
Sheffield Top Rank: **Year of the Child/The Adverts**
Standrop Folk Club: **East Side Torpedoes**
Swindon Town Hall: **Matchbox**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
Wolverton College of Technology: **The Piranhas**

Sunday

Basildon Gloucester Park: **Free Festival — Grinder/Sta-Prest/Gilmartin/Calvaria, Street**
Blackpool North Pier: **The Dooleys**
Birmingham Elizabeth Days: **Atlas**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Prima Donna**
Birmingham Shirley Red Lion: **The Crack**
Birmingham The Haven: **The Quads**
Bishops Stortford Tread Leisure Centre: **Exit (lunchtime)/Acid Queen and Newtown Neurotics (evening)**
Brampton Coach House: **Snapshots**
Brighton Buccaneer: **Merton Parkas**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott and Ian Ellis**
Cambridge The Alma: **Scissor Fits**
Coventry Pilot: **White Island**
Guildford Royal Hotel: **Panther**
Ilford The Cranbrook: **Raised On Robbery**
Ipswich Johnsons Club: **Paul Maine/The Recover**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **Lew Lewis Reformer**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Windows**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Remus Down Boulevard**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham (for four days): **The Invisibles**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Squire**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **The Cannibals**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Tennis Shoes**
London Horticultural Hall: **The Wimps**
London Islington Hope and Anchor: **Red Beans and Rice**
London Kensington The Nashville: **Yachts**
London Peckham Montpelier (lunchtime): **Blue Moon**
London W.1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): **Terry Lightfoot**
London Victoria The Venue: **Al Green**
Maidstone Brenchley Gardens: **The Pulsaters (afternoon)**
Maidstone Royal Albion: **The Pulsaters (lunchtime)**
Newcastle Red House: **Hot Snax**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Nottingham Hearty Goodfellow: **Berlin**
Penzance Ponsandane Site: **Busby Berkeleys, Nigel Mazlin-Jones**
Plymouth Breakwater Inn: **Lip Service**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Bill Caddick**
Presthaven Sands Holiday Camp: **Dave Berry and The Cruisers**
Redhill Lakers Hotel: **Thieves Like Us**
Sheffield Top Rank: **The Adverts/The Diks/Artery/Negatives**
Triad Leisure Centre: **Acid Queen, Newtown Neurotics, Zipp Fuel**
Walsall Dirty Duck (lunchtime): **The Amazing Dark Horse**
Wormelow The Jump: **The Zoobes**

Monday

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Freebird**
Bamber Bridge Pear Tree: **Mistress**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Out**
Doncaster Romeo & Juliets: **The Diks, The Kickstarts**
Edinburgh Tiffanys: **Joe Jackson**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Ilfracombe Croyde Bay Holiday Park: **Radio Luxembourg Summer Roadshow**
Leeds Wigs Wine Bar: **This Is It, The Mess, Flamboyant Zips**
Leicester Phoenix: **White Island**
Liverpool The Crown: **The Clerks**
London Acton White Heart: **The V.I.P.s**
London Bermondsey Apples & Pears: **Stan's Blues Band**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Hollywood Wires**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Viva**
London Covent Garden Bunter's (for three days): **Sad Among Strangers**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Party**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Jakko**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Madness**
London Jermyn St Maunkberrys: **Zehn Archer**
London Kensington Nashville: **Local Operator/Cowboys International-/Fingerprintz**
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: **Stan Barker**
London Putney Half Moon: **The Boyle Family**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Penny Royal**
London Ronnie Scott's Club (for two weeks): **Milt Jackson Quartet**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **The O.K. Band**
Manchester Fagin's: **Dave Berry & The Cruisers**
Milton Keynes Craufurd Arms: **The Invaders**
Newcastle Gosworth Hotel: **Noise Toys/Arthur 2 Stroke**
Norwich Eagles Club: **Paul Maine/The Recover**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **The Party**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gwaihio**
Paisley Bungalow Bar: **Snapshots**
Rayleigh Crocs: **Matchbox**
Southend Zero 6: **Musicians Workshop**
Swansea Circles: **Secret Affair**

Tuesday

Aberdeen Ruffles: **The Venigmas**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Briyo**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Killer**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Speed Limit**
Bishops Stortford Triad Leisure Centre: **Travla**
Bristol Romeo & Juliet's: **Radio Luxembourg Summer Roadshow**
Cannock Star and Garter: **Rezizters**
Chigton The Doorstep: **Paul Marine/The Recover**
Corby Nags Head: **T.C.O.J.**
Glasgow Countdown: **Friction**
Glasgow Dial Inn: **Snapshots**
Keighley Kings Head: **Lies All Lies**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Bowles Brothers Band**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Rubber Johnny**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Madness**
London Jermyn St Maunkberrys: 3 days: **Johnny Franks**
London Kensington Nashville: **Local Operator/Cowboys International-/Fingerprintz : Tribesman**
London Old Kent Rd. Thomas A'Beckett: **Stan's Blues Band**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Stan Barker Trio**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Invaders**
London W.11 Acklam Hall: **Dangerous Girls, The Androids of Mu, The Q12, The Mob, The Astronauts, Vince Pie & The Crumbs**
Peterborough Gladstone Arms: **Hollywood Wires**
Plymouth Clones: **Secret Affair**
Salford The Champion: **Sister Ray**
Sheffield Limits: **Merton Parkas**
Sheffield Marples Hotel: **Fixer**
Swindon Brunel Rooms: **Terra Nova**
Triad Leisure Centre: **Travla**
Walsall Dirty Duck: **The Amazing Dark Horse**
Woolacombe Harry's Garden: **Phantom Orchestra, Incubus, Forkbeard Fantasy**

Wednesday

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Brujo**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Rainmaker**
Bournemouth Maison Royale: **Radio Luxembourg Summer Roadshow**
Bristol Crown Cellar Bar: **Groove**
Carshalton St. Helier Arms: **Flying Saucers**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
Derby Olde Bell Hotel: **The Bears**
Eastbourne Kings Country Club: **Gerry & The Pacemakers**
Hull Romeo & Juliets: **Liquid Gold**
Leicester Scamps: **White Island**
Liverpool Pied Bull: **The Fixations**
London Camden Music Machine: **The Trendies**
London Canning Town Bridgehouse: **Zaine Griff**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Decorators**
London Fulham Cock Tavern: **Trimmer & Jenkins**
London Hammersmith Swan: **Thieves Like Us**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Extras**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Free Beer**
London Peckham Montpelier: **Blue Moon**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Dana Simmonds & Greig's Folk and Blues Showcase**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Pepper Adams Quarter**
London Victoria The Venue: **Bram Tchaikowsky, Interview & Sussex**
London W.11 Acklam Hall: **Here & Now, The Good Missionaries**
Newport Stowaway: **Secret Affair**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Gwaihir**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Some Chicken**
Oxford Cape of Good Hope: **Hollywood Wires**
Scarborough Penthouse: **Merton Parkas**
Solihull Golden Lion: **The Clinic**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
Woolacombe Little Roadway Farm: **The Lemmings, NoMoFo, Footsbarn, Available Jelly**
York Pop Club: **Invaders**

NEW YORK GIG GUIDE

MONDAY (20): Palladium — **Rockpile, David Johansen, John Cooper Clark**; Central Park — **Taj Mahal, Richie Havens**; Max's Kansas City — **Real Americans, Sick Dick & The Volkswagens.**
TUESDAY (21): Hurrah — **Gang Of Four** (2 days); Max's Kansas City — **John King & The Cats, Mande Dahl, The Ants**; Village Gate — **Roy Ayers** (6 days); My Fathers Place — **Edgar Winter**; Tanglewood — **Joni Mitchell**; Lorelei — **Merle Travis** (2 days); Central Park — **Southside Johnny**; Village Vanguard — **Abbey Lincoln** (one week).
WEDNESDAY (22): Max's Kansas City — **Voodoo Shoes, Chi Pig**; Central Park — **Dr Hook**; My Fathers Place — **Louisiana La' Roux**; Lone Star — **Carl Perkins** (2 days); Calderone Hall — **Peter Tosh.**
THURSDAY (23): Radio City — **Red Skelton**; Bottom Line — **Alan Price** (3 days); Hurrah — **ZHF** (2 days); Nassau Coliseum — **Doobie Brothers.**
FRIDAY (24): Central Park — **Cars**; Tramps : **Koko Taylor** (2 days).
SATURDAY (25): Hurrah — **Sylvain Sylvain & Teenage News, Basics**; Forest Hill Stadium — **Joni Mitchell, The Persuasions**; Board Walk, Asbury Park — **Talking Heads**; Central Park — **Greg Kihn Band, Goffin**; My Fathers Place — **Aztec Two Step, Buzzy Linhart**; Pratt Institute — **Peter Tosh.**
SUNDAY (26): Negril — **New York Reggae Festival & Sound Finals**; Tramps — **Blind John Davies** (2 days); My Fathers Place — **Good Rats.**

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Sun 19 Aug (Adm £1.25)
THE CHORDS
Vapours + Jerry Floyd

Mon 20 Aug (Adm £1.25)
TERRA NOVA
plus Support + Jerry Floyd

Tues 21 Aug (Adm £1.50)
THE BUZZARDS
plus Support + Joe Lung

Wed 22 Aug (Adm £1.25)
THE DRONES
plus Friends + Jerry Floyd

Thurs 23 Aug (adm £1.50)
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+ Support

Friday August 17th — £1.50
BLACK SLATE
+ Support

Saturday August 18th & Sunday August 19 — £1.50
THE YACHTS

Monday August 20th — £1.25
VIRGIN XMAS PARTY
See press for details

Tuesday August 21st — £1.25
VIRGIN XMAS PARTY
See press for details

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Licensed bar till 3 am

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+ D.J. Jerry Floyd

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Open Till 3 am

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BUDGIE
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LIVE!

Blockhead Watt-Roy tries to halt the Dury backlash. Pic Pennie Smith.

Patti Smith

San Francisco

There was more 'poetry' scrawled across the bathroom walls of the Boarding House than Patti Smith delivered during a two hour show there. Still, the evening at the nightclub was advertised as a "Poetry Reading". But the self-absorbed New York rock star gave an extended exercise in acute boredom.

Scrawny Ms Smith didn't read a single poem. And anyone looking for some rock and roll could forget it.

San Francisco had been the first city (outside of New York, of course) that had responded to Smith's 'arty' blend of earthy verse and rock music. Four years back when there was only the 'Hey Joe'/'Piss Factory' single, Smith had performed in the loft of a Berkeley record store to a small, but appreciative cult.

So, although the big star with the hit single and the gold album would play to 6,000 in San Francisco the following night, tonight she would give the 300 lucky ones who scored a ticket to this *event* a rare chance to see her up close. A chance, it was hoped, to experience some of that manic, "Rockin' Rimbaud" that Patti Smith presented here for a few nights in early '75.

But, as one member of the audience so succinctly put it, the show was "poodleshit".

Dressed in tight black jeans, a man's white dress shirt, wrinkled black sportscoat that looked picked up off the street, white socks and black bedroom slippers, Smith strolled out onto the stage and sat at a small table in front of a white movie screen. She looked like a rumpled Johnny Carson for the hip set.

"I'd first like to take this opportunity to ..." she hesitated, "take a nap!" Though the crowd laughed, it was a telling omen of what was to come.

"The first poem on our program tonight will be a long, involved piece on Pasolini from my book, *Babel*. I tell you this because some of you will feel like you're in church by the time I'm done reading." But she never got the book open.

A girl in the audience screamed out, "Tell him not to hurt me, Patti!"

"Honey," snapped the ever-ready scarecrow, "if you're being hurt in a nice place like this, you must deserve it."

The serious expression on Smith's face suddenly desolved into a childlike smile. "I had a real nice day today," she said slowly.

"What did you do today?" chimed a chorus of young girls.

"I had fun," Smith responded, like a three-year-old just back from a trip to the zoo. "It was sort of silly."

Suddenly, she collapsed on the table. After a few moments, she sat up and giggled. "Sometimes people think I don't do my work because I'm too stoned and fucked up. That's the danger of having fun while you're working. Sometimes nothing gets done."

"Why don't you do something?" yelled an irate man.

"You don't think you're getting your money's worth?" snarled Smith, outrage replacing the apparent bliss of a moment before.

"Yes we are!" responded the girl chorus.

"No, not you suckers," said Smith. She looked at the guy. "What's Your definition of 'something'? I really want to know." She stared down at the floor for several minutes in silence.

"Alright, I'm going to read you the entire US constitution," she said finally. "It'll take three hours. We'll have nine foot tall security guards to make sure you don't make any noise."

For a full hour, Smith and the audience exchanged such banalities. The only break came when she sat at a grand piano and played a short, simplistic, droning instrumental. And there was the screening of a brief excerpt from an indulgent, artsy film called *Still Moving* about Patti that her former lover, gay photographer Robert Mapplethorpe is directing.

The second half of the 'show' faired only slightly better.

As Patti Smith Group keyboardist Richard Sohl took a seat at the black grand piano, Patti returned to the stage clutching a clarinet. She had traded in her dress shirt for a beatnikish red and black stripped sweater.

With eyes closed, she stood at the microphone and began a striking reading of 'Break It Up' off 'Horses'. As Sohl provided the sparsest of accompaniment, Smith's raw, tortured vocal provided some hint of the turmoil within her soul. During the instrumental break, she offered some surprisingly melodic riffs on the clarinet, an instrument she apparently approaches with more discipline than the electric guitar.

There was a so-so version of the 1963 Phil Spector classic, '(Today I Met) The Boy I'm Going to Marry' and Smith's 'You Light Up My Life' for '79, a melodramatic piece of trash from the Broadway musical, *Annie*.

And when Jay Dee Daughterty staggered out drunk and joined Sohl on the piano bench, while Lenny Kaye, wearing a Jimi Hendrix T-shirt, plugged a red Strat into a Marshall, sheer hell broke loose. They launched into a chaotic, 'free' jazz embarrassment called 'Variations On A Theme Of The Spider And The Fly' that was pure nonsense. Patti squawked away on clarinet while Lenny chanted *"Spider, creeping/A fly is in the web/Help me/Help me . . ."* ad infinausium.

The band split and once again seated at the table, Smith read much of the 23rd Psalm. The audience was understandably restless. "I don't know how you expect me to read my poems if I can't even get through the 23rd Psalm," whined Smith.

Strapping on Kaye's guitar, she attempted to imitate Jimi Hendrix, producing feedback for 10 minutes. "Awful Patti, just awful!" yelled a member of the audience.

"So what?" she retorted.

"Do it again!" shouted another in the crowd. "Maybe we'll have an earthquake."

"We've got to go," said Smith shortly after midnight.

No one in the audience argued.

Michael Goldberg

The cuddly cosy comfort of a tame and trusted teddy

Ian Dury And The Blockheads

Hammersmith Odeon

"Good evening! I'm from Essex . . ."

Hammersmith Odeon is soft and warm, awash with beer and love. The landuryandtheblockheads Experience is well under way: funk, farts and folk wisdom. Across the stage, the ensemble are strung out in a wavy line playing elasticated pinball music, rocking and bouncing like champs.

Davey Payne looks like a punk Dr Who and sounds like a flock of enraged geese; Mickey Gallagher sits inside his suit and goes *wheeooop wheeooop;* Chaz Jankel keeps his hat on his head and his cards close to his chest; Charley Charles puts the fear of God into his drums and makes sure that whatever it was they did to offend him, they certainly won't do it again; Norman Watt-Roy resembles Mick Jones with jaundice and makes his bass go *boing;* and John Turnbull looks normal and demonstrates without the faintest shadow of a doubt his unalienable right to own so many guitars.

Add up the figures in the left-hand column and the digital readout says that describing The Blockheads' music as "compulsively danceable" would be only slighlty less inane than complaining about the shortage of good pubs in the Gobi Desert.

In other words: a wonderful band (in case you couldn't tell).

From the one-two Sucker-punch curtain-raiser of 'Wake Up' and 'Clevor Trever' through to 'Lullaby For Franci/es' and the band walking off a houselit stage while Andy Dunkley spins a biscuit and gives the congregation their marching orders, the landuryandtheblockheads show was as cuddly and heartwarming an experience as any reasonable person could demand for their ackers.

And that was the bloddy trouble!

Since 'New Boots And Panties' became "the working man's 'Tubular Bells' ", Ian Dury has been adopted as some sort of mascot: as treasured and beloved an emblem as a battered teddy bear with a ripped ear and scorch marks on its fur. Qualities for which Ian Dury is loved: all-round strike-a-light chirpiness, acute observation, assimilation of the common parlance (which, of course, lays him open to all the boring old garf about who's - more - working - class - than - who - then), his deft wit and sleight - of - word, his beery anthems, his winning streak of danceable fluff singles, his warmth, his compassion . . . his excellent band!

So his shows are comfy and furry, all hands - knees - and - whoops - daisy and jolly good fun, and it's a telling demonstration of the way audiences take what they want from bands and leave the rest at the side of the plate. In a way, it parallels the way that the harsh urgency exhibited by The Boomtown Rats when they were dodging hails of sputum in crappy clubs gradually got eroded as the records sold and they became stars. On dury's first major outing in his current incarnation back in Live Stiffs days, his show was riveting because it balanced the cheerful and the macabre, the sweet and the savage, the darkness and the light. Dury was a genuinely awe-inspring figure, a victim taking his revenge, a vision of terror as well as delight. In terms of sheer emotional power and impact, he took on Elvis and the Attractions and beat them hands down.

The success he received was nothing less than his due. For his courage and his humour and his wit and his acuity, he was duly rewarded and recognised. No problem!

But now Ian Dury is a family entertainer. A *great* family entertainer beyond a shadow of a doubt (I ain't knockin', y'understand), but a family entertainer nonetheless, putting on a show where everything is flattened down to one dimension: that of bawdy warmth and cosy sentimentality.

The balancing factor of darkness and terror is all but gone as even songs like 'Plaistow Patricia' and 'Blockheads' itself (key example, that) have become cuddlycosynice by dint of sheer familiarity and repetition. As has most of Dury's show.

Keen amatuer environmental semanticists will have clocked the 'most.' Apart from the evergreen and utterly wonderful 'Sweet Gene Vincent', the most authentically affecting moments in the show were the darkest.

First there was 'Waiting For Your Taxi', and insidiously chilling exercise in mounting menace wherein Dury is impaled like a broken moth at the centre of rapiers of light beamed from all corners of the stage, a horrific allusion to the Union Jack for which kudos are due to the lighting chaps. Why won't the taxi come? What are the consequences of its non-arrival? Is it, in fact, a taxi

continues over page.

More reasons to be critical . . .

at all? Why are you staring at me like that?

And the real tour de force comes with 'Dance Of The Screamers,' far and away the most magnificent Dury opus thus far.

Here his compassion blends with anger rather than sentimentality, and rather than congratulating his audience, he reminds them that just because they've taken one victim to their hearts doesn't mean they're entitled to pat themselves on the back for the rest of their lives, because this society is full of people going under for lack of love and support.

Here, for once, Dury doesn't just twang your heartstrings with a chuckle and a grimace, he hangs a 16-ton weight off 'em and then fires it out of a cannon.

However, the echoes of this harrowing moment are swiftly dissipated by a return to jollity and the *de rigeur* volley of Oy-Oy! call - and - response routines.

There is a massive audience for the type of stylised music-hall funk he can churn out with seeming effortlessness and he can stick with that for as long as he wants and people will sentimentalise him and love him and all will be tickety-boo. Alternatively, he can take a step back and delve into the darkness which is the true source of his power and bring sweetness and light back from that.

Both aesthetically and commercially, the latter option is the tough one. Songs as heavy as 'Dance Of The Screamers' are hellishly hard to write (involving as they do no little psychic strain) and equally hard to take if you're just out for beery bawdry, but they're the ones that count.

I think it's time Ian Dury started shaking up his audiences again.

Charles Shaar Murray

New band, old barbarities. Pic Chris Horler.

Stately Home For The Aged Revisited

New Barbarians

Knebworth

Well, that's over. No more Led Zeppelin front-covers for a good while; no more wondering whether Mick would appear with The New Barbarians; no more cosy little outings to watch 'superstars' slag the press to the total apathy of both the victims and the mass of horizontal punters in the sunny pastures of Knebworth.

Knebworth (part two) came and went last Saturday and although there were mild 'memorable moments', one doubts whether the 150,000 to 300,000 people will cherish the event for eternity.

I missed everyone before Southside Johnny And The Asbury Dukes, and although the New Jersey middle-weights vigorously pumped out their wares, the elements facing them — excessive heat and mass apathy — created the sad vision of a good band in the wrong environment vainly struggling against an inert mass.

The first artiste to cause more than a ripple of approval from the hordes was Todd Rundgren wearing an orangey-red top, purplish pink strides and maroon-dyed hair. Even so, the navigator/mainman felt the need to be pseudo-democratic and once again drag in Utopia — the unit that has caused him to turn out the worst cosmic waffle throughout his career.

For every gem like 'Love Of The Common Man' and 'The Last Ride', one had to put up with drivel like 'Initiation', 'The Seven Rays' and a plethora of new, unreleased Utopia material which sounded just as bombastic. Such sudden leaps from the sublime to the flatulent weren't half as annoying as Rundgren's splenetic between-song snipes at that good old target, The Press.

The first shot was at least funny. "This song was performed to bolster the premise that the entire staff of *Sounds* suffer from exceptionally smali penises."

But it got worse.

Another two songs passed and Rundgren pointed at the press enclosure and whined

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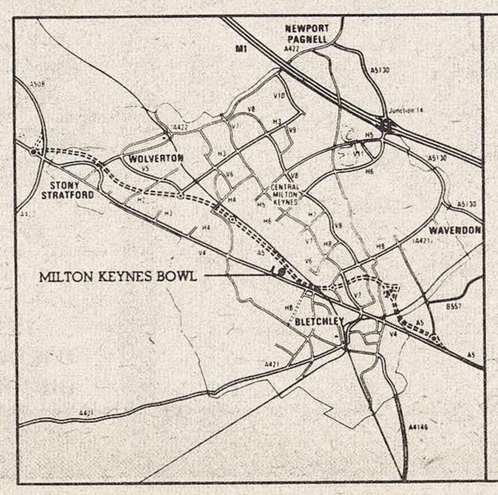

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"Oh look there's the man from *NME* getting butt-fucked by a security guard." (Hey Todd, that doesn't necessarily mean that I'm a bad person). And then, the floodgates opened and the full force of Rundgren's contempt/hatred for the rock press poured out.

Yet the crowd assembled weren't cheering. As far as the majority were concerned, Rundgren's tirade was futile self-indulgence.

The set's three-pronged climax — the sublime pop of 'Couldn't I Just Tell You', a great storming version of 'Anyway, Anyhow, Anywhere' and the ever-emotive 'Just One Victory' — vindicated much of the stupidity, and Rundgren left the stage in glory.

But having continually found Rundgren as annoyingly misguided as he can be supremely talented, to me it was very much a Pyrrhic victory.

The time between the Asbury Jukes leaving the stage and Rundgren's arrival was a neatly paced 15 to 20 minutes; but between Rundgren and follow up act, The New Barbarians, it was at least two hours.

This was particularly vexing to those in the audience not completely floored by the heat (or a combination of booze and drugs) and the masses of celebrities and liggers who were morosely pacing around backstage.

There was Mick Jones, Topper Headon, Steve Jones, Paul Cook, Steve "Attraction" Thomas and most of The Pretenders.

And they were all there for Keef. None of these new wave hot shots was there for Zeppelin; the name just caused them to smirk contemptuously.

The two hour delay was disturbing.

Stanley Clarke, the bassist for the Barbs during their US tour, was ill and Willy Weeks was advertised as his official replacement. For unknown reasons, Weeks had missed the gig, leaving them bass-less until at the eleventh hour Phil Chen (Rod Stewart's bass player) was located, ready and willing. So perhaps this wretched delay was because Wood and Richards were quickly teaching Chen the songs.

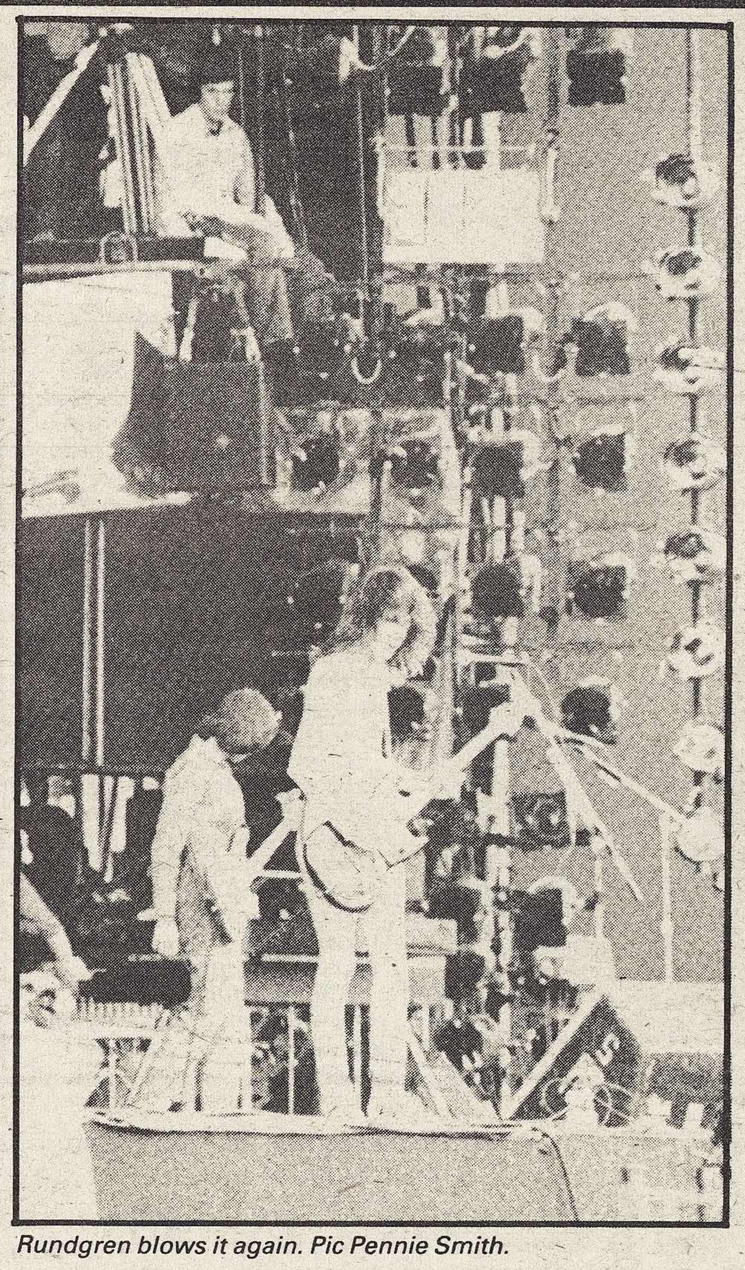
With the sun setting, the congregate ambled on to much cheering. Wood was prancing around the stage like a Dick Whittington in a village panto, with Richards in black velvet jacket and blood-red stripes loping over to the amps, hardly Action Man but clearly ready for what was to come.

Bobby Keyes looked like a rich man's Demis Roussos in hideous kaftan and beer gut, Chen wore a Hawaiian shirt, McLagan was as dapper as ever, with drummer Zig Modeliste hidden behind his kit.

They thumped into a gritty 'Sweet Little Rock'n'Roller'. Wood's voice sounded the typical 60-Woodbines-a-day croak, but he still managed to keep in tune. Nothing startling as Chen searched for the groove — a state of affairs that 'F.U.C. Here' (a Wood original from his 'Neck' album) built around a similar Berry slant, didn't help. It was messy and one shuddered at the debacle that *might* follow.

Fortunately, the music improved dramatically with an inspired version of 'Breathe On Me', a little-known but underrated original on Wood's second album, 'Now Look'.

Suddenly everything gelled. Keyes abetted by Sugar Blue on harmonica, comprised a fully and lusty horn section. Richards found his bearing, and he and Wood played off each other superbly, while the rhythm section of Chen and Modeliste laid down splendid formations.



Rundgren blows it again. Pic Pennie Smith.

Another underrated Wood chestnut 'I Can Feel The Fire' was dusted off next and again the band were on four-wheel drive. Wood and Richards were cooking on the riff whilst all other members busily locked into over-drive, both guitars and Sugar Blue's superb harp sparking on all cylinders.

It was what this ragged ensemble did best — using a hard-nosed and flexible rhythm section and building on the foundations with McLagan adding keyboard textures, Keyes and Sugar Blue a potent horn section, and Wood and Richards firing off on guitars.

It's undoubtedly rock at its most reactionary but when it hits the note, there's a spirit to it — a gut-level kick that won't quit.

Richards fronted the Barbarians several times; firstly on a gnarled but well-constructed 'Worried Life Blues', a similarly feisty 'Rock Me Baby' and, best of all, a rendition of the obscure late '50s doo wop affair, 'Let's Go Steady' featuring Wood duelling with Keyes. Richards' vocals always started off as if his larynx was about to crack completely but somehow he fell into sync with the melody.

Wood, after all the real frontman for the Barbs, has certainly learned a lot since his two solo gigs (also featuring Richards and McLagan) back in '74. His voice was much stronger and even when he dared to perform such sacred items as 'Honky Tonk Women' and 'Jumping Jack Flash', it was intriguing more than heretical because the incorrigible Honest Ron sounds like a '65-'66 'Pledging My Time' Dylan, making the Barbs come over like a mating of the Zim and the Stones.

One minor but nonetheless unsettling point was Keith Richards' 'Before They Make Me Run' coming straight after a superb 'Seven Days', which seemed too close to a rock'n'roll facsimile of Frank Sinatra's 'My Way'.

When it first appeared on 'Some Girls' with Richards' Toronto bust and his freedom in jeopardy, it meant something real. At Knebworth it was an empty gesture because everybody knew that no-one was going to make Richards run after that farce of a trial.

The 'Jumpin' Jack Flash' encore though had most of the audience on their feet clapping along for the first time during the event.

The Barbs had done their best but when Zeppelin went onstage an hour later, the difference between the two units was as clear as chalk and cheese.

Whereas The New Barbarians were endearingly sloppy, going from the near-disastrous to the sublime, Zeppelin from their opener 'The Song Remains The Same' were perfection in sound, dynamics and note-for-note fastidious playing.

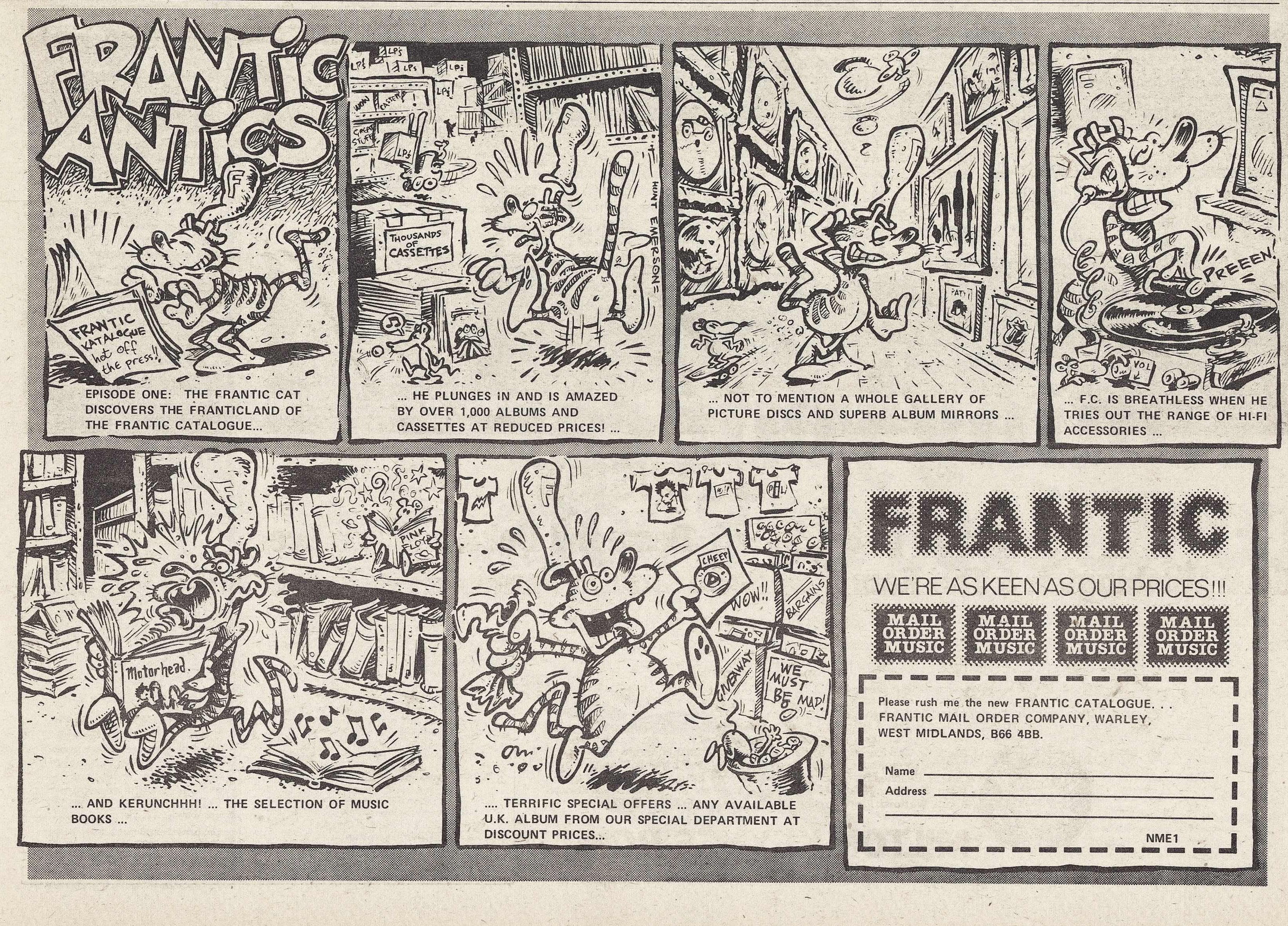
For the first half hour one couldn't help but be impressed by Zep's powerdrive; at times they were breath taking. But the mixture of Robert Plant's frequent snipes at their less-than-totally-adulatory press coverage and the elongated virtuosity of the likes of 'No Quarter' and 'Dazed And Confused' ultimately left me cold and bored.

For all their sloppiness, The New Barbarians did put over something real, even if it was just good old rock'n'roll dance music. Zeppelin, for all their virtuosity, had very little to say beyond the bombastic power. More pertinent is that Graham Parker, Costello, Dury and The Clash have the drop on both units because they are saying something new and relevant; *their* music is constructed on a truly realistic sense of passion.

The Barbs are only rock'n'roll (and, yes, I liked it). Zep are like a behemoth, impressive but something from the past — almost a museum piece.

Trouble is, real inspired rock'n'roll is never *only* anything and Knebworth 2 proved that with a vengeance.

Nick Kent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Cheap Perfume

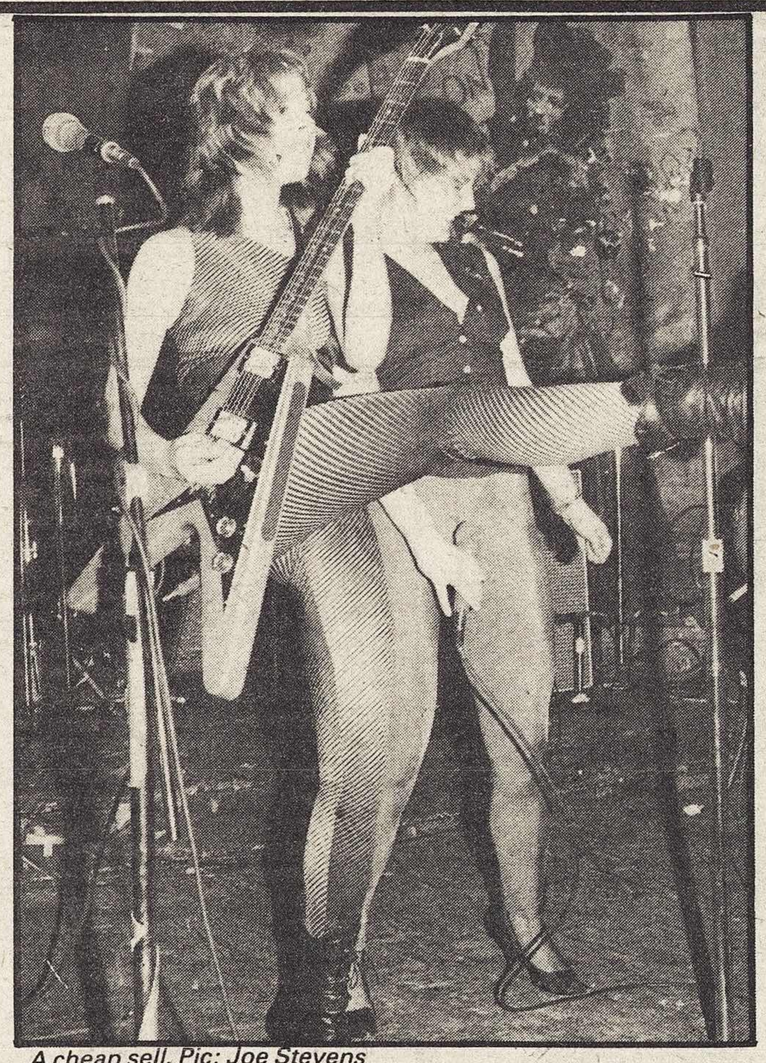
New York

"Don't bother with the local girls," Graham Parker sings. But the local girls keep vying for attention and they're hard to ignore.

This bunch aren't above using a bit of the old sex appeal to catch your eye. Nothing crass like Wendy of the Plasmatics with her breasts hanging out doing a strip-tease. Just restrained titillation (sic) and cute poses — bikini top and hot pants, tarty pouts and teasing leers at the audience.

Is this trashy? "*It's just the smell of cheap perfume,*" they sing in one song; meaning a passing fancy, to be thought about later on, but really not too important. The line defines them.

So Cheap Perfume are eminently disposable. A few good songs, pretty faces, visual flair, contrasting and colourful personalities — it adds up to a bit of fun and not a bad sound to accompany a summer night's beer down at the club.



A cheap sell. Pic: Joe Stevens

Lynn O'Dell (vocals) wriggles around the stage, teasing shamelessly. She's not the world's greatest rock and roll singer, but she has got spirit. Allison, the pretty blonde guitarist, is deliciously cute and looks just smashing with her guitar strapped on. She'll strike a macho guitar-hero pose, then counter it with a winking, 'come hither' glance at the front rows. She handles rhythm playing fine, gets off a few good, tuneful solos and a few predictable, boring ones.

Drummer Brenda Martinez is a Puerto Rican Big Moma who could be Buddy Miles' sister. She slams through the songs on pure muscle power. Nancy Street (guitar) and Susan Palarno (bass) play less descript but generally competent supporting roles.

"*Gimme gimme those pretty boys . . that's why I'm here,*" they sing in 'Pretty Boys'; what could be more direct and honest? Martinez adds big-voiced and soulful harmonies on the choruses. She should do more singing.

'Cheap Perfume' has yet more references to boys — young boys, and details of sexual merry-go-round of memories and lost love.

The set loses momentum in the middle. 'You Stepped In It Now' is a sluggish put down, 'Positively 4th Street' laced with doggy-do.

But they go out strong: 'Too Bad' is breezy and romantic and anchored with a solid hook. "*He's so sexy . . . it's too bad, he doesn't know what he never had,*" O'Dell sings with a bittersweet tinge. This one I'd love to hear on the radio.

Cheap Perfume are just nickel-and-dime stuff. But there's nothing but summer re-runs on TV, so what the heck?

Richard Grabel

"Gimme Those Pretty Boys"

The Undertones

Marquee

If ever there was a group to make you want to throw away your Ramones albums, then this is it. That's the ultimate compliment I can think of for the ultimate pop 'n' rock 'n' roll band, The Undertones.

If there ever was a group all about passion, excitement, sadness, joy and spontaneity, it's this lot. *Everyone loves The Undertones!*

What more is there left to say? I mean, I don't want to go over the top. They're here and they're great. They packed out the Marquee four nights running, but could have played for a month and I'd still probably have gone at least twice a week.

It's not only Fergal Sharkey's voice, though that magnificent chilling quavery whine does comprise a good part of their appeal. It's the corporate wit and pure pop

Stiff Little Fingers

Hammersmith Palais

Sunday night beneath the dandruff-enhancing white-blue light of the Hammersmith Palais: Stiff Little Fingers are playing a blinder. There's no better place to be.

It's a gig of tensions, both of the fruitful and of the destructive kinds, of elation that alternates with anger and, by the end of the night, with sheer bitter frustration.

To take it in sequel: the hall resounds to the strains of 'Land Of Hope And Glory', sharply and dramatically interrupted as SLF smash into their frenzied mini-classics 'Suspect Device' and 'Alternative Ulster' — just two of the songs born of their disgust at what became of life in their native Belfast.

The third number 'Closed Groove' sees the attempted intervention of a couple of skinheads; one makes his bid for the microphone, gets unceremoniously dragged off, tries a forlorn Tufty Club salute to re-assert what's left of his cretin-credibility.

Jake Burns is clearly bitter — guessing that we're playing host to some of the heroes of Sham's Last Stand he calls "Well you needn't think your gonna ruin this one!" to a vast cheer of approval.

And so they forge on — with a new song and likely single, 'Strong Boys', followed by 'Breakout' where Burns returns to his constant theme, namely relating all the violence and bigotry of his Ulster songs to the varieties of violence and bigotry found elsewhere, even in the Hammersmith Palais. "*But we got out of it and you can get out of it too.*"

'Wait And See' is another new number, a sort of autobiography of Stiff Little Fingers, leading into the one I like the best, 'Barbed Wire Love', with its bizarre but beautifully effective doo-wop middle section.

'State Of Emergency' again is "about Northern Ireland, about what's been going on for the past 11 years and looks like going on for the next 11 years . . ." And here, as throughout, the performance of the Rigid Digits is magnificent.

Jake Burns' voice is a hoarse and desperate rasp, propelled at breakneck speed by his own guitar and that of Henry Cluney, while the bass of Ali McMordie and Jimmy Reilly's explosive drumming combine to form a rhythm section of reckless power.

'Gotta Getaway' is extended as an invitation to the still-troublesome elements in

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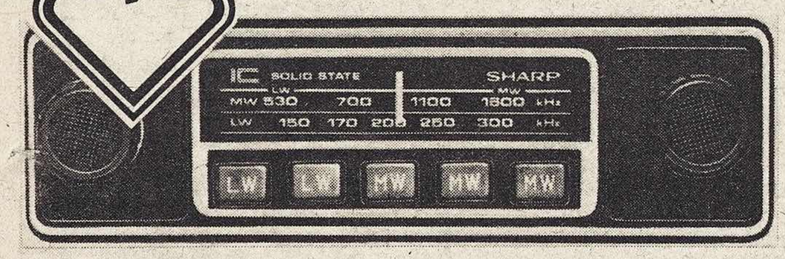

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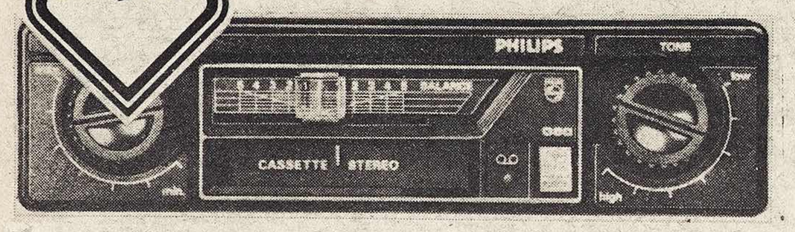

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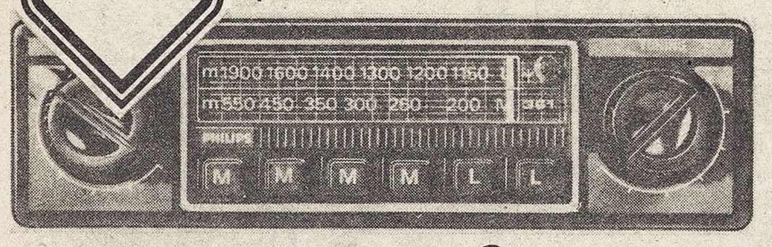

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Bashful Undertones. Pic: Chris Horler.

"I Never Kissed A Girl Before"

class of the whole band that so endears them to me; the flair of the Billy Doherty and Mickey Bradley rhythm section and the zap of the O'Neill brothers on the twin guitars.

The lack of what some doctors might term 'stagecraft' only adds to the immediacy of their set.

Speaking of which, there are already enough fine new songs (juxtaposed with the stuff from the singles and album) to ensure that they safely bridge that old problem of the second album syndrome.

The likes of 'Whizz Kids', 'Nine Times Out Of Ten', 'My Perfect Cousin', 'Wrong Way' and 'You Got My Number' are at least the equal of the songs already committed to vinyl.

But there's one song, 'The Way Girls Talk' that is something else altogether. A slow, emotive ballad, almost painfully delivered by Sharkey, it is far and away the best song the 'Tones have ever written.

"I never kissed a girl before/Too shy to go outside the door/Who cares what's right/I wanna know what we're doing tonight/Can't you listen to the way girls talk . . ."

Puts tears in my eyes and shivers all down my spine, and with a bit of luck it should be their next single.

In fact, the one criticism of their set is that a couple more slow songs would not go amiss. Sharkey's wailing, quivering voice is ideally suited.

After the group had been summoned back for encores of The Boys' 'TCP' (from that particular band's criminally ignored second NEMS album) and 'Emergency Cases' from the 'Teenage Kicks' EP, the squinting, sweat-drenched Sharkey turns and faces the crowd for the last time.

"Did ya enjoy that song?"

But no one needed to answer him.

Adrian Thrills

the crowd, whilst the angry 'Law And Order' is dedicated to the police and to the RUC in particular.

Bob Marley's 'Johnny Was' comes next ("like Strummer said — this song was written by a black man. And if you don't like black men you know where the door is"), though its beat is more paramilitary than reggae, succeeded by 'Wasted Life', maybe the starkest statement of simple, decent outrage that SLF have produced.

So it's a good indication of the essentially positive mood of their set that they were able to encore so naturally with Mud's 'Tiger Feet' — in itself, of course, a ridiculous little song but, in this context, a celebration of the natural right to enjoy yourself in defiance of every force that's tried to stop you.

Alas, it was not to end that perfectly.

Seeing more stupidity on the dance-floor, Burns curtailed the song abruptly, called for the house-lights to reveal the faces of those responsible.

Stopping only for Burns to spit the word "Bastard!" out, the band stalked off demolishing their equipment as they went.

A slightly theatrical over-reaction? Possibly: some of the audience seemed to believe so, though they'd been near-unanimous in endorsement of Burns' stance throughout the night.

It was a disturbingly bleak and sudden ending all the same.

Paul Du Noyer

Kevin Coyne

Queen Elizabeth Hall

You'd only wish Kevin Coyne's *Babble* traumas on your worst enemy, but I can't help thinking that his distressingly simple-minded world-view leaves him more open to misunderstanding than most.

His songs avoid irony and detachment like twin diseases: anyone feeling that these qualities are part of a complete response to experience can safely give Coyne a miss. Conversely, those who regard them as luxuries in these Dark Days — the 'How-can-you-smile-when-boat-people-are-drowning?' lobby — will find big-hearted Kevin a home from home.

This was a regular gig, with plenty of babble but little *Babble,* and showed little change from a Nashville evening 18 months ago. As then, Zoot Money kicked off, looking faintly ridiculous in a long smock and proving once more that he is possibly the best Joe Cocker currently available. The piano swings and 'Sentimental Journey' works well, but his own stuff is too long and shapeless to do his talents justice.

And, talking of shapelessness, here's your favourite anti-star, rumpled and dumpy in dungarees and black T-shirt, bellowing *"I'm still here"* over a backing tape.

The famed compassion melts into a sludge of reassurance — "This one's for all the people who . . ." was a recurring dedication — and I've not heard so many platitudes so eagerly devoured since my last Tom Baez (sorry, Joan Robinson) concert.

Coyne's chat shows him to be capable of humour and self-knowledge: introducing 'Amsterdam' he concedes that the city partly lived up to its picture-postcard image, but, "being Kevin Coyne, I had to find the pain." Little of this spills into the songs.

'Lunatic' trots out R. D. Laing for beginners (maybe it's they who are sane, etc.) and 'The Bourgeois Dance' does ditto for D. H. Lawrence, castigating emotional dwarfs incapable of honest relationships. 'Dance' is graced by a bile-filled rap from Ayatollah Kevin, laying into discos, ELO, people with sound systems and Abba records.

Laugh? I thought they'd never stop.

Revealing that he listened to a lot of Hendrix during his recent troubles, he includes a ponderous 'If Six Was Nine', substituting po-faced recital for Jimi's jive-talk. *'White collar conservative flashin' down the street/Pointin' their plastic fingers at me'* is taken *so* straight it's ludicrous.

There's so much to get up your nose you forget there's a fine voice trying to get in your ears.

A brief, closing interlude with full band redresses the balance, though Vic Sweeney's drums get stuck in a ramshackle 'Rainy Day Woman' groove. 'Dreaming' and 'Strange Locomotion', both with Money, are alright too.

Kevin Coyne is unquestionably Righteous to the soles of his plimmies, but while this commendable quality finds such indiscriminating, muddle-headed expression, less wholesale alternatives will continue to seem more palatable. If concentrating on life's unfortunate guaranteed realism, 'Streets Of London' would be top of the agitpops.

The Graham Nash of the Left, anyone?

Harry George

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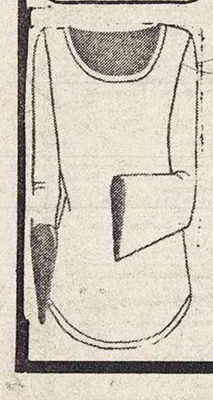

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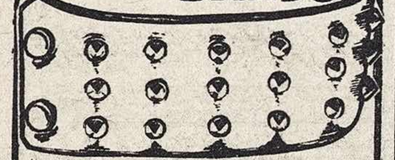

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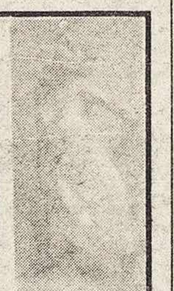

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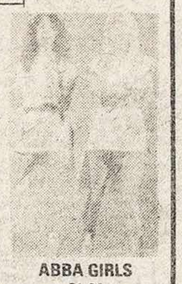

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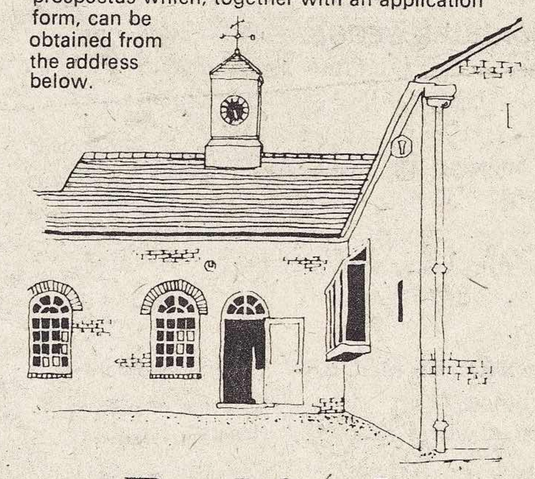

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JOHN PEEL

■ *From page 27*

sense. It is both his naivety and wisdom that has seen him play positive parts in the activity of both the late '60s and the late '70s.

"I think in a lot of ways the punk revolution, if you can categorise it as such, has actually put into practice a lot of the original hippy ideas and ideals."

Peel is currently hoping to set up his own label based in and for East Anglia. This suggests he sees something similar in the spirit of the two decades. A major difference is that it's now far more practical and effective to set up independently. Peel himself was one of the pioneers of the small label, attempting with typical purity and singlemindedness to set up something genuinely alternative in the late '60s with Dandelion records.

"Dandelion was named after a hamster, which just goes to show you how things were back then, and there was no way that you could expect to have records distributed independently then. We had to link with major labels, first of all CBS then Warners, then Polydor and as soon as any of them realised we weren't making chart albums, that we weren't concerned with making chart albums, they lost interest. Despite that, within three or four years, with never more than £5,000 in the bank at any one point, we managed to put out 27 albums in that time, and they are still albums that I'm quite proud of and that have rather irritatingly — because no-one at the time could give a bugger — become collectors' items. Things like Kevin Coyne, Medicine Head, Stackwaddy, Mike Hart, Tractor . . ."

Young William Peel begins to crawl all over his daddy. "I'm terribly soft with these," chuckles Peel, "I must admit, they're very good kids. I used to hate them and I don't like other people's at all — but I can't keep my hands off mine. Terrible really. Sentimental old twat! William's actually made his radio debut, I'm ashamed to say I detest people who drag their little kids onto the radio — but he screams 'Kenny Dalglish is magic'. The other day I was putting him to bed and he said 'Daddy, *why* is Kenny Dalglish magic?'. I said just 'cos he's the best footballer that your daddy's ever seen."

IT'S THIS kind of awe and enthusiasm that also maintains his stamina.

"I think so, yeah. It is naivety in a way, it has to be. I mean, a 40-year-old bloke shouldn't feel this way about anything. But I do and it's not something that you can contrive."

In many ways Peel remains unsure of himself and his motives. At one point he even moped that he wasn't sure what he was going to do with himself "once he got the elbow." "I've only got four 'O' levels," he fretted.

What it comes down to though is Peel's unshakeable belief in the benefit of rock'n'roll. "Rock is so beneficial — that makes it sound like a medicine — but one of the reasons it was so beneficial to me, and why I was so sympathetic to punk, was that when I was a kid rock'n'roll was the first thing which had ever happened, the first taste that I'd ever had that was wholly my own, something which I had discovered, which I knew about, my parents disapproved of, that represented everything that I wanted. In the process of growing up, all your tastes and appetites have been put in there previously by teachers or parents and family, so when you first find something that is your own, it's like a liberating experience.

"When punk first came along, where previously you felt that kids were like they are in America — I mean, how can a kid of 17 in the States sit down and listen to a Foreigner album, or Linda Ronstadt? And yet, if what you read is true and the charts are accurate, they do. It's almost got to the point where they're not listening to their older brothers' records; they're listening to their mums' and dads' records — and that is desperately, deeply unhealthy. They're just absorbing their parental influence and adding nothing of their own."

You're saying that one side of rock'n'roll is that enhancing and nourishing of growing up and discovering. "It's character-forming that sounds like something out of a Duke of Edinburgh award scheme, but it's true. And whereas you felt four or five years ago kids were listening to their older brothers' records, like Floyd, Roxy or Zep, then something suddenly came along which was theirs, which their older brothers didn't like. C'mon, you don't want to listen to that awful Pistols music, come and listen to Quicksilver Messenger Service."

It does seem strange that the people who listen to the progressive music of the early '70s have seemed to become so reactionary in their attitude. "As people become older they seem to become incredibly intolerant. That seems to be a period that I haven't reached yet, which is another reason that I say I'm a late developer, where you just shut up shop. Where everything that happens afterwards becomes alien and unpleasant and as you become older you become opposed to it, as opposed to not just liking it. It tends to represent a threat, becomes the enemy, and you start to oppose it quite violently. It's bound to happen to me eventually, but it hasn't happened yet."

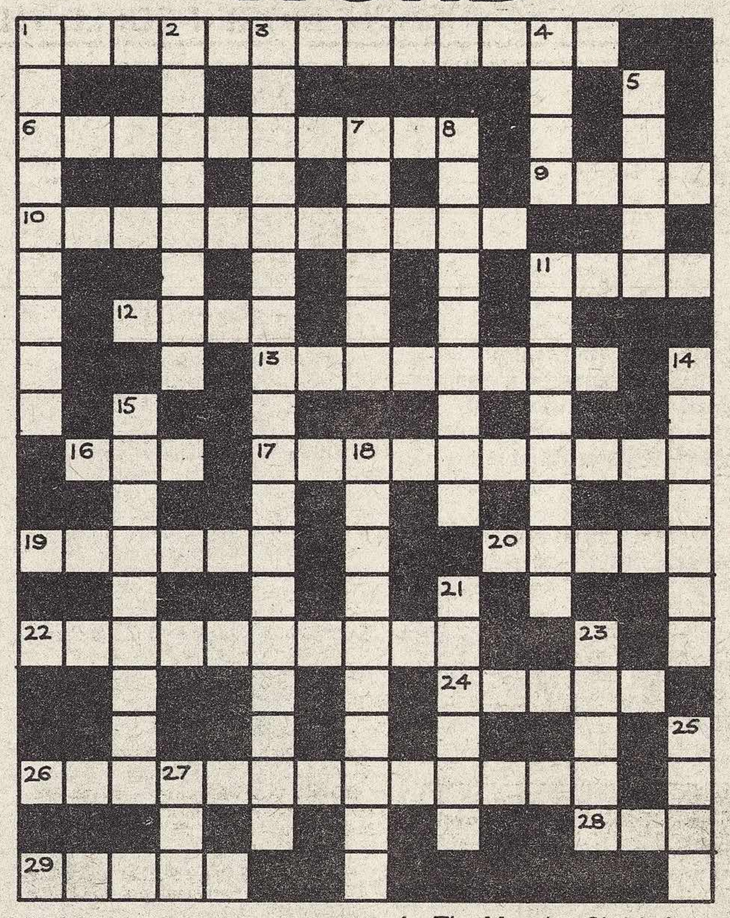
That could be because you celebrate the processes of growing old, exploit them almost, instead of letting the stages smother and depress you. "It's like there is no point in pretending that I'm not 40. There's no point in me trying to dress like you, because you're a lot thinner than I am and have got more hair, and if you have kids it seems silly to pretend that you haven't got them or you don't like them. I count myself — obviously there are times when I get pissed off, particularly when I get tired, and I get tired a lot these days because I work funny hours — but I count myself a uniquely lucky man, really in that I am doing exactly what I want ... if I was to sit down and define the kind of life that I'd wanted, it's the kind of life that I've got.

"There are very few people who can say that. I'm doing a job that gives me endless pleasure, that's still full of surprises and little excitments."

A lot of that's to do with the fact that we are right in the middle of some very exciting times. "It's like I meet kids of 15 who say '1977, that was the year, it's all gone off the boil.' That's bullshit! I'm speaking as a very old man and 1979 has been the best year for music *ever*. It really has. And previously 1978 was the best year, and before that 1977. It's terrific, it couldn't be better."

And it's this that is reflected in your programme. "Yes, I think that it is. Obviously I get carried away . . ." good sign. If you want to know where rock'n'roll is — and where it's been and possible places it's going to go — and you fail to regularly listen to the John Peel programme, then you are missing out. And, quite simply, you are missing out on something special.

N M EXPRESS WORD



ACROSS

1 Bubbling under with 'Conscious Man' (5,8)
6 The original was a 1962 U.S. No 1 for Gene Chandler (4,2,4)
9 See 20
10 'Electric' band!? (7,4)
11 The end of Margaret Thatcher!
12 NME Crossword celebrates the 10th anniversary of Woodstock Nation: remember the star of 'Alice's Restaurant'?
13 Rude Boys with bovver in mind.
16 The majority go back for mohair suits!
17 New wave distribution operation (5,5).
19 Queensway, London . . . strange place to find a Nashville cat!
20 & 9 For which Diane Keaton got her Oscar.
22 Cryptic City (Silly Season Special): Decapitated Dyan is taken on a British Rail boat trip! (5,5)
24 Long, hollow cylinders according to the O.E.D.
26 Neil Diamond's first UK hit (ask your mum) (8,5)
28 'Life Begins At The Hop' popsters
29 No relation to 3 down

DOWN

1 She rhymes with fluke! (4,5).
2 JA's master producer (3,5).
3 Seminal West Coast combo which first teamed Stills and Young (7,11).
4 The Monday Club's fave heavy metal listening?
5 Heroine of the Jilted John soap opera.
7 From 1960, Hank and The Shads first fab No 1 (ask Tonto).
8 1973 Top Tenner for D. Essex (ask your kid sister).
11 Jazz legend on Ian Dury's cheerful shopping list.
14 See 27.
15 In 1979 pigs grew wings and the Beach Boys returned to the Top Ten (4,5).
18 Derry (and John Peel's) favourite sons.
21 Pseudonymous christian name under which Rod Stewart had a 1972 hit with 'In A Broken Dream'.
23 EEC interpreters of Haley and The Comets.
25 Music to eat chips to?
27 & 14 Georgiou the Greek as he's better known.

ACROSS: 3 'Go West'; 6 'Money'; 8 Ray Davies; 10 Stranglers; 11 New (Wave); 13 Joan (Jett or Baez); 14 Jethro Tull; 16 Ramones; 17 Janet Kay; 18 The Crusaders; 20 (Grace) Slick; 21 (Elvis) Costello; 22 'Hot Rats'.

DOWN: 1 'Good Times'; 2 'Repeat When Necessary'; 4 (New) Wave; 5 Steve Hackett; 7 Carly (Simon); Darryl Way; 12 Joe Strummer; 15 John Reid; 16 Radar; 17 John McVie; 19 Skids; 20 South.

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"Alright? Bermondsey Bill Bermondsey's the name an' I live dahn the Blue, SE16. Yus, wall arv bin gettin fed up o'dese tuppenny 'apenny Bags ya keep gettin dished up, an I fort ard step in wiv a

Real Solid Workin' Clarss Bag

No ruff stuff — ladies mite be readin it see — but some real berks. Way ye go.

Edited by Bermondsey Bill Bermondsey.

Arfur Mullard played by Danny Baker, 5-7 Carnaby St., London W1.

Once upon a time *NME* had an arrogance that justified its existence, not through its attitude to specific areas of music, but in individual approach. Now the quantity of reasonable product is diminishing as formulated diatribe and plain weak journalism hide alongside acres of advertisement. (So *MM* may *read* like *Exchange and Mart,* but you're rivalling *E&M* in the editorial/classified stakes). I doubt I am alone in thinking I read *NME* increasingly only because the alternative papers are even worse.

Undoubtably there exist quality journalists on your staff, but that which once made *NME* what it was is riding rapidly into the sunset. I'm not arguing *against* progression, but there should be a maintenance of previous standards.

Now, I don't like to listen to Heavy Metal, and that's not what this letter is about, but that's no reason why I don't want to read constructive articles about its re-emergence — hell, I read about other forms of music I don't particularly admire. *But* I don't need cheap, cliched invective: as things get stale the same old party tricks are trotted out.

Where's the inventive slag-off gone? Stuff that made the *Sunday Times* (who?) refer to your great contribution to the English Language as Destruction (about 5 years ago). The same way as *Thrills,* I suppose, and the album reviews, which are put well to shame when someone like CSM/Bell/Morley produce a three or four page class feature.

Shit, I'd hate to lose you, you complacent sods. What happened to *Hungry* Journalism?

George Leroy Tirebiter, Sector "R".

You have cut us to the bone. Hungry journalism is out to lunch. — Alf Elephant and Castle.

I stopped reading *NME* quite a long time ago 'cause I thought it was bad *then,* but after reading those two pages of absolute drivel on the subject of Led Zep at Knebworth I'm quite convinced we have quite parted ways and I'll never read it again. Jesus Christ, you could've got *anybody* to write up the Zep and Knebworth thing (even Nick Kent who did the album review and is passably sane) but this guy Paul Morley just does *not* know how to string words together. He repeated himself about a hundred times, he didn't know what he was trying to say at all — he was useless, actually. Maybe it was a bit of a tricky review to do (after all, he might get thrown out of the Jimmy Pursey fan club if he was honest about Page's guitar playing or anything as concrete as that), but if this is the case *NME* should've got somebody who wasn't in the Jimmy Pursey fan club to do it. Someone who might have given us a straightforward view of what Zep were doing, instead of all this pseudo-reflective complacent shit.

Ellie Ling, Hastings.

Y'mean someone t'show a bit of respect instead of how he felt, like? Don't worry, lady, I'll put the record straight. "Jimmy Page really plays a guitar well." There you go now — like at Knebworth, you've just paid to hear something you had already convinced y'self of. Good game, ennit? — Tragic Lou New Cross Gate.

This is it! The final straw has finally ruptured the vertebrae of the proverbial ruminant!

I refer to the outrage of the picture-disc. The filthy deed was perpetrated at my record store (well, not *mine* per se — rather that which I frequent). I walked into the joint and asked for the latest Tourists single — a perfectly reasonable request don't you think? Well, we all know what the Budget has done to the price of these things but I still didn't expect to have to pay more than one greenback for the disc. "That'll be £1.49 please . . ." came the dulcet tones from beyond the counter.

Why the price increase? Well, the record was a picture disc.

"Can I have it on ordinary vinyl please?"

"Cor blimey mate, where've you been? They all want the pic-disc 'cos it's limited edition innit?"

Well I didn't want the pic-disc at 50p more than the usual (already exorbitant) cost. I hereby institute the arch-enemy of the gimmick — Rock Against Picture-discs (incorporating Rock Against Coloured Vinyl). If it needs gimmicks to sell it it ain't worth listening to.

A Blank Student, Preston.

I tell ya, people like you make me larf. You don't wanna argue with these jumped up wallies behind shop counters — just 'it 'em. That'll get a fair price in the end. Otherwise — offer 'em 'alf a quid and say you won't need a receipt. Knowotarmean? — Honest Bill Bemondsey.

Whilst Max Bell's review of the Cambridge Folk Festival did draw attention to the farcical police presence unfortunately he made no mention of the fact that over 200 people were busted for smoking or possessing cannabis at the festival. That's right, one in fifty of the fun-loving tokers had their weekend — maybe their lives — ruined by the fervent Cambridge D.S. That's another 200 names to add to the current annual total of 10,000 passing through out courts for cannabis offences!

Imagine getting dragged out of your tent at 3 am for cracking open a can of Newcastle Brown Ale or being busted for having a lager stain in your pocket? This is a farce that's been going on for too long and one which seems to be getting worse, so get your proverbial shit together and stop this reefer madness.

Andy Cornwall, Legalise Cannabis Campaign, 2 Blenheim Crescent, London W11.

P.S. The lethal dose of Cannabis is 4 kilograms . . . when it hits you on the head.

Note to readers: This letter may be carefully cut out and ignited. On inhaling the smoke you may start claiming you are able to see Paris. — Intruding Vaughan Chelsea.

I have no criticism to make of *NME* these days. That's because I can't read it. Its pages are obscured by large blotches of dark blue and grey ink, no doubt intended as a mass Rorschach test for your 202,030 viewers. If your designers are looking for diversion, why don't they try embroidering the works of Maurice Merleau-Ponty in cross-stitch? This would afford them hours of blameless pleasure and enable me to scrutinise your columns without the aid of a 200-watt bulb and a pair of 3-D glasses.

Kate Copping, Battersea.

Triffic letta! Wor, wot a letta. Good letta girl. What? I should say so. — Articulate Jim Deptford.

Having just got back from four weeks in Greece, I picked up a copy of *NME* and read Julie Burchill's singles reviews. Just one point. How comes she thinks the name 'Marlon' has homosexual connotations? OK, so it's a bit prissy, but no-one has ever suggested that I am gay because it's my name. How about an apology — not only to us 'Marlons' but to the many 'Jims' and 'Johnnies' too!

Marlon Seton.

Four weeks in Greece? I mean don't get me wrong an' all nat, john, but let's face it, I mean, all nem old Sostophones geezers weren't exactly Oliver Reeds, right? I mean, y'gotta 'ave priorities entcha? Knowhatarmean? — Regular Chris Catford.

Public Idiots Ltd are up a blind alley. The Slits are waiting for the next new wave, Steel Pulse are historians, Generation X are embarrassing and Sex Pistols Mark 3 is just insulting.

Sham 69 conveniently forgot the promises and spent the money from five hit singles on new suits for *Juke Box Jury.* Stiff Little Finger are following The Clash and The Clash are rich. (If they are really in debt why don't they try working? All six tracks they have released this year have been cover jobs, re-releases or left-overs from heavy metal albums that they had to go to Jamaica to write and America to record — "street band" huh? Ain't noticed many tours this side of the Atlantic lately either . . .)

'Are Friends Electric' is a recording of a faulty vacuum cleaner, The Police have taken the fire out of reggae (like sing-a-long-a-Bob Marley) and The Adverts sank in the Red Sea 18 months ago.

The Heartbreakers are old men releasing most of their album again, played badly, to sustain their unhealthy habits and I can smell the rest of America from here (including Debbie Harry who is a podgy little middle-aged lady desperately saving up for her retirement which will be as soon as the Press find another lady to throw at us, for example Niagara or Chrissie Hynde).

Talking of the Press, ain't it the hippie revival after the Mods? And can't people see that *Sounds* praises everything (including Heavy Metal — snigger), *Melody Maker* is for people two steps behind and Fleet Street is run by sadists.

The National Front make me feel sick and I think RAR is the best thing to happen in Britain since I was born.

Trendiness is for people who are scared to say what they think (if they get as far as thinking for themselves), fashion is for people who aren't capable of being original and smoking is for people who enjoy paying to die quicker.

Linton Johnson, Julie Burchill and Tony Parsons are people telling the truth, The Undertones make me smile and Culture make me dance.

I don't care if you put some crappy little witticism under this letter 'cos it's me.

J. Vanes, West Midlands.

Witty reply: A fella walks into Trafalgar Square with a bucketful of shit and throws it all over the pigeons, saying, "Now how'djou fakkin like it?" — Truculent Tom Wapping.

You may think you are on Easy Street with your pulp palp punk paper — after all you haven't any competition, but just wait until a decent music paper gets published. Then you will join the realms of the Dodo and Status Quo. Unless, of course, I decide to lock on phasers and vaporise you before all this happens.

Captain Buddy.

I don't like your tone, my man. — Killer Ken Kennington.

Whatever happened to "Dear Ed" at the front of your letters?

Worried, Ampthill.

Well, Ed left like, and Frank took over and somehow that doesn't have the same air of dignity. Knowotarmean? — Stevedore Steve Lambeth.

All you *NME* chaps seem to hate Led Zep nowadays, so why do you always splash their name across the front of your paper every time you have an article about them? Has it got anything to do with you being a bunch of money grabbing turds who'll do anything to increase the sales of your poxy rag?

Conk, Orpington.

Don't point that moot at me, Moriarty. — Worried Max Bell. (I don't get that one — Frank.)

I'm 15, taking eight 'O' levels and CSE maths. My dad says I can't go to a gig till I'm 21. He says I can't even talk to boys until I'm 18! He thinks that if I don't go to university I'll have a worthless life and also that all *NME* readers are pot smoking layabouts.

A warped, depressed Sally in Richmond.

Dr Bermondsey writes: You are suffering from a case of what we experts have termed 'myoldmansa millionlaffs'. A simple cure is to obtain one of the old type '1d' penny pieces. Then, once your pater is engaged in watching *Spooner's Patch,* creep up behind him and with all possible force bring the outer rim of the coin down onto his bald skull. After this you are on your own.

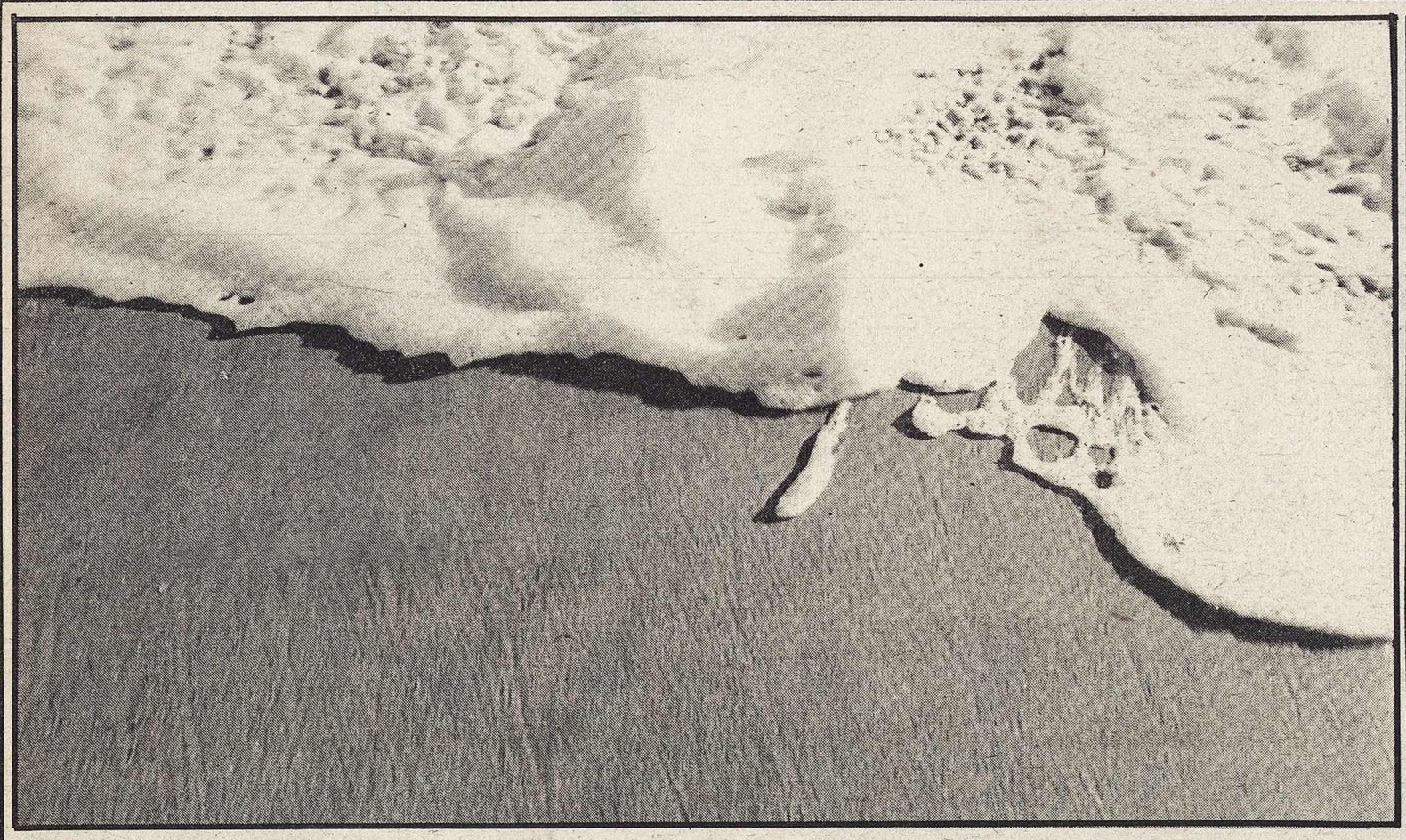
I would like to point out to 'Real Working Class Youth' of Newcastle that being receptive to and enjoying contemporary music is not the perogative of 'working class dopes'.

A middle class fart.

"Dopes? 'Scuse me pal, I just wantcha to look at somefing outside fer a minit . . ." — Exceptional Keith Camberwell.

Lord Chalfont St Giles keeps an eye on BB to ensure there's no class discrimination.

T-ZERS ON THE BEACH



Yes, it's Art from the lens of Pennie Smith again; and to accompany our shot of Marine erotica, what better thought for a steamy, languid summer's day than that of the right Rev Roy Harper from his 'Come Out Fighting Ghengis Smith' Long Player. To wit:
"Nobody's got any money in the summer/Oh dear me what a terrible drag/And half the bleeding students are stuck in Yugoslavia/With hardly a Dina/And getting no cleaner/than a Chinese wrestler's jockstrap fried in chip fat on a greasy day . . ."
Anyone for a swim.

WELL that's that then. You can fold away the plastic sheets, stash the ruck sack, and put the bongoes back by the fireplace.

With any luck we're rid of them for another three years. And with inflation currently running at over 15 per cent, who knows what it'll cost to see them next time, eh? I mean you can't call Peter Grant a fool, can you? He knew. He had it worked out all along that taking those long years off the British stage would allow Zep fans just about the right amount of time to earn enough money to be able to afford a ticket to Knebworth *and* maybe a can of warm flat soda to keep the spirits up and *(Get on with it — Ed.)* But we can't. We're still waiting for this week's Knebworth T-Zer! *(Never mind that. Just Go! — Ed.)* Oh. Right ...

Punk rocker **Hugh Cornwell,** 29 (ahem) has been having a spot of bother with his *amours* of late. But if he will write songs like 'Duchess' what does he expect? 'Duchess' is allegedly about a former 'special friend' of The Stranglers' guitarist; not a duchess exactly, but some titled broad or other said to be in her late '20s and known to reside in a London borough alarmingly close to the one Hugh himself lives in. Cornball claims he met the muse in the bar of the Covent Garden Opera House, but don't despair; he was working as a barman at the time...

Meanwhile back at the **Squeeze** Lyceum gig last weekend our 'Huge' was seen consoling himself to the fact that the romance is probably over twixt himself, 52, and his 16-year-old Japanese fiance, **Shoko.** He had flown out to Japan two weeks ago to wed this little nymph, but a marriage licence was refused because Shoko wouldn't divulge the neccesary details. "Shoko kept our romance a secret from her parents," said the toothy old rake to a dot busy trying to mop the tears out its lager...

Fact: Mr Cornwell has been known to be less than truthful about his age!

Fact: China has a population of over 900 million people, half of whom are under 21!

Fact: **Blondie's** next album will be called 'Eat To The Beat' and **Pere Ubu's** next will be 'New Picnic Time'...

Fact: The Knebworth *T-Zer* still hasn't arrived...

Dolly Parton has been threatened with a spell in the slammer unless she provides the answers to 21 questions relating to her business affairs with former singer partner **Porter Wagoner.** Porter stands to collect the tote on a million dollar plus law suit if Dolly gets the wrong answers...

Supertramp, who in the time it takes to read this page will have earned more money than you see in a week, cancelled five dates in Canada after being on the receiving end of a series of threatening phone calls. "The only true artist is a dead one," said the anonymous caller. The fact that old pomp rock hags are still alive must prove something...

Patti Smith recently told *High Times,* the US doper's gazette, that, "My Favourite High is to stand in the middle of a stage and have my electric guitar strapped on to me and struggle and struggle and (steady now Patti) *struggle* with it until I hit with the perfect moment and fall on my knees and really feel it!" Too many 'ands' in that sentence for *T-Zers'* liking, but we'll let it pass because elsewhere in the same magazine we find that for relaxation noted bohemian **Tom Waits** enjoys "marinated herring in wine sauce injected directly into the jugular vein."...

Simply oodles of pop stars were seen complementing the furniture backstage at **Ian Dury's** week-long Hammersmith bash. Why, on Thursday alone there was **Phil Rambow, Vermilion, Siouxsie, Fingerprintz's Jimme O'Neill, Wee Willie Harris** and, er, Phil Rambow and ... *(is that the best you can do? — Ed)* Look, a dot saw **Elvis Costello** and **Nicky Tesco** in the stalls on Friday. Will that do? *(No — Ed)* How about: the big 'E' looked fit and trim and with his wife in tow and left during 'Rhythm Stick' to catch the eastbound Piccadilly line? *(You're getting there — Ed)* Alright, the last word on the matter: Ian Dury his tour finished, sent the hard working **Blockhead** road crew for a six week 'holiday' in Barbados. The holiday will include 'all the trimmings'; maids, chauffeurs, butlers, native carriers, a free manicure, the lot. I.D. & the Bs meanwhile are said to be on 'holiday' in the far flung reaches of the Thames delta ...

What were **Phil Collins** and **John Martyn** doing together in a Holborn pub last Friday night? Answer: Drinking...

Noted surrealist **Ralph Steadman,** who has been sending his cartoon contributions to the *New Statesman* long distance from America recently, has had his work stopped and refused entry by H.M. Customs because they were "pornographic". Pornographic? Dirty maybe, rude probably, but pornographic, never. Why not waste a bit of your time today by writing in complaint to the British Responsible Society at 1-28 Portland Place, London W1, whose aim is to encourage "a responsible and balanced attitude towards sexual behaviour and the treatment of sex in culture", and who have already called for a government enquiry into the latest **Sex Pistol** interview album type thing on the grounds that it is 'sick' (but that's exactly *it,* Virginia) ...

Fact: The voice in the Lee Cooper jean advert song called 'Don't Be A Dummy' belongs to peroxide *chanteur* **Gary Numan.** Gary, how could you? Jeans are so *passe* ...

Fact: There is, as yet, still no Knebworth *T-Zer* ...

"People are more into the lives, habits and political preferences of today's celebrities," says savvy **Jerry Brown,** aspiring presidential candidate and 'special friend' of **Linda Ronstadt.** "Who will **Charlie's Angels** endorse for president? It might sound ridiculous but people really care!" They do? then how come only a third of them bothered to vote last time ...

One of the programmes caught up in ITV's weekend blackout was *Born Fighters,* the **Lowe/Edmunds** real life drama show. What you missed was loads of film of the Chaps pissing about in the studio, plus **Nick Lowe** doing his "my dad bombed jerries during the war" routine, says our dot on the spot, who adds that Lowe was sober as a newt at the time ...

Lowe later told the *Soho Weekly News* that talking to **Dave Edmunds** was like "talking to a brick wall. I mean, he's not a bad bloke, but he's so thick. I think it's because he's Welsh."...

It was with deepest regret that *T-Zers* learned last week that the Venue, London's over-priced music biz watering hole, was severely flooded. The tragedy meant the cancellation of **No Dice** gigs. Apparently, the accident was caused when distraught customers received their bills ...

Cheap Trick's long-awaited 'Dream Police' album originally due for release in March, but shelved when 'Live At The Budokan' turned into a blockbuster, is now due out in September ...

Randy Newman's new 'Born Again' has a sticker on the cover reading: "This album contains material likely to offend young children". One of our more mature reviewers gives it the big shakedown next week...

Noted dead rock 'n' roll star **Eddie Cochran** is to be the subject of yet another rock biopic. But in a moment of pure inspiration the makers of the film have decided that the big Ed won't die in that car crash after all...

The latest addition to the gallery of stars who boast specially refurbished noses is ex-**Rolling Stones** guitarist **Mick Taylor.** He says he acquired a taste for the ancient Inca stimulant whilst working with the Stones, but frankly we find this hard to believe...

When he jets in to play the Edinburgh rock festival next month, noted Irishman in exile **Van Morrison** will enjoy the austere comfort of the Royal Suite of rooms normally used to house the **Queen** and her siblings when they drop by to appraise the livestock at the Royal Highland show. The Suite has four, yes four lavatories ...

Such shocking revelations about the lifestyles of people more famous than you as those above must pale into insignificance when you realise that two 'reefers' were found only inches away from the two firing keys in a super secret bunker somewhere in America that houses a Titan II nuclear missile pointed at Russia with a warhead capable of destroying an entire city. All personnel at the site were immediately suspended, so that the Pentagon can try to trace the culprit. *T-Zers* would like to announce that it has solved the crime. They were obviously **Led Zeppelin** fans leaving in a hurry to get to Knebworth ...

Which can only mean: No babies were born this week, but the tot who arrived last weekend is said to be 'very ill'. (So would you be if the first sound to ever greet your ears was **John Bonham's** drum solo ...)

Apart from that, a veritable parade of new wave stars showed up backstage to fraternise with their formerly despised peer groups: **Mick Jones, Topper Headon, Tony James, Pete Thomas, Gary Tibbs** and **Steve Jones** and **Paul Cook** all came along and swanned around and went home. Most everybody else who had no reason to be backstage but was there anyway spent their time trying to get mistaken for **Keith Richards** or his girlfriend, or both. **The Barbarians,** with **Phil Chen** from **Rod Stewart's** band stepping in for **Stanley Clarke,** gave a performance that verged on the geriatric. "They must all be on downers," quipped **The Members J.C.**

Then he, too, went home ...

Pic: Adrian Boot.

Still finding no trouble pulling then Pete? Mr Townshend takes a stroll with Angie, whose debut single 'Peppermint Lump' he has produced and arranged for Stiff Records. Mr. T. also plays guitars and keyboards on the waxing.

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